



A PRINCESS'S VENGEANCE.

THE PRINCESS HALF RECLINING ON A SOFA, WITH TWO WHITE-ROBED EGYPTIAN MAIDENS BEHIND.



The Experiences of Loveday Brooke, Lady Detective.

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A PRINCESS'S VENGEANCE.

"**T**HE girl is young, pretty, friendless and a foreigner, you say, and has disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened to receive her," said Miss Brooke, making a résumé of the facts that Mr. Dyer had been relating to her. "Now, will you tell me why two days were allowed to elapse before the police were communicated with?"

"Mrs. Druce, the lady to whom Lucie Cunier acted as amanuensis," answered Mr. Dyer, "took the matter very calmly at first and said she felt sure that the girl would write to her in a day or so, explaining her extraordinary conduct. Major Druce, her son, the gentleman who came to me this morning, was away from home, on a visit, when the girl took flight. Immediately on his return, however, he communicated the fullest particulars to the police."

"They do not seem to have taken up the case very heartily at Scotland Yard."

"No, they have as good as dropped it. They advised Major Druce to place the matter in my hands, saying that they considered it a case for private rather than police investigation."

"I wonder what made them come to that conclusion."

"I think I can tell you, although the Major seemed quite at a loss on the matter. It seems he had a photograph of the missing girl, which he kept in a drawer of his writing-table. (By-the-way, I think the young man is a good deal 'gone' on this Mdle. Cunier, in spite of his engagement to another lady.) Well, this portrait he naturally thought would be most useful in helping to trace the girl, and he went to his drawer for it,

intending to take it with him to Scotland Yard. To his astonishment, however, it was nowhere to be seen, and, although he at once instituted a rigorous search, and questioned his mother and the servants, one and all, on the matter, it was all to no purpose."

Loveday thought for a moment.

"Well, of course," she said presently "that photograph must have been stolen by someone in the house, and, equally of course, that someone must know more on the matter than he or she cares to avow, and, most probably, has some interest in throwing obstacles in the way of tracing the girl. At the same time, however, the fact in no way disproves the possibility that a crime, and a very black one, may underlie the girl's disappearance."

"The Major himself appears confident that a crime of some sort has been committed, and he grew very excited and a little mixed in his statements more than once just now."

"What sort of woman is the Major's mother?"

"Mrs. Druce? She is rather a well-known personage in certain sets. Her husband died about ten years ago, and since his death she has posed as promoter and propagandist of all sorts of benevolent, though occasionally somewhat visionary ideas: theatrical missions, magic-lantern and playing cards missions, societies for providing perpetual music for the sick poor, for supplying cabmen with comforters, and a hundred other similar schemes have in turn occupied her attention. Her house is a rendezvous for faddists of every description. The latest fad, however, seems to have put all others to flight; it is a scheme for alleviat-

ing the condition of 'our sisters in the East,' so she puts it in her prospectus; in other words a Harem Mission on somewhat similar, but I suppose broader lines than the old-fashioned Zenana Mission. This Harem Mission has gathered about her a number of Turkish and Egyptian potentates resident in or visiting London, and has thus incidentally brought about the engagement of her son, Major Druce, with the Princess Dullah-Veih. This Princess is a beauty and an heiress, and although of Turkish parentage, has been brought up under European influence in Cairo."

"Is anything known of the antecedents of Mdlle. Cunier?"

"Very little. She came to Mrs. Druce from a certain Lady Gwynne, who had brought her to England from an orphanage for the daughters of jewellers and watchmakers at Echallets, in Geneva. Lady Gwynne intended to make her governess to her young children, but when she saw that the girl's good looks had attracted her husband's attention, she thought better of it, and suggested to Mrs. Druce that Mademoiselle might be useful to her in conducting her foreign correspondence. Mrs. Druce accordingly engaged the young lady to act as her secretary and amanuensis, and appears, on the whole, to have taken to the girl, and to have been on a pleasant, friendly footing with her. I wonder if the Princess Dullah-Veih was on an equally pleasant footing with her when she saw, as no doubt she did, the attention she received at the Major's hands." (Mr. Dyers shrugged his shoulders) "The Major's suspicions do not point in that direction, in spite of the fact which I elicited from him by judicious questioning, that the Princess has a violent and jealous temper, and has at times made his life a burden to him. His suspicions centre solely upon a certain Hafiz Cassimi, son of the Turkish-Egyptian banker of that name. It was at the house of these Cassimis that the



MDLLE. CUNIER.

Major first met the Princess, and he states that she and young Cassimi are like brother and sister to each other. He says that this young man has had the run of his mother's house and made himself very much at home in it for the past three weeks, ever since, in fact, the Princess came to stay with Mrs. Druce, in order to be initiated into the mysteries of English family life. Hafiz Cassimi, according to the Major's account, fell desperately in love with the little Swiss girl almost at first sight and pestered her with his attentions, and off and on there appear to have passed hot words between the two young men."

"One could scarcely expect a princess with Eastern blood in her veins to sit a quiet and passive spectator to such a drama of cross-purposes."

"Scarcely. The Major, perhaps, hardly takes the Princess sufficiently into his reckoning. According to him, young Cassimi is a thorough-going Iago, and he begs me to concentrate attention entirely on him. Cassimi, he says, has stolen the photograph. Cassimi has inveigled the girl out of the house on some pretext—perhaps out of the country also, and he suggests that it might be as well to communicate with the police at Cairo, with as little delay as possible."

"And it hasn't so much as entered his mind that his Princess might have a hand in such a plot as that!"

"Apparently not. I think I told you that Mademoiselle had taken no luggage—not so much as a hand-bag—with her. Nothing, beyond her coat and hat, has disappeared from her wardrobe. Her writing-desk, and, in fact, all her boxes and drawers, have been opened and searched, but no letters or papers of any sort have been found that throw any light upon her movements."

"At what hour in the day is the girl supposed to have left the house?"

"No one can say for certain. It is conjectured that it was some time in the afternoon of the second of this month—a

week ago to-day. It was one of Mrs. Druce's big reception days, and with a stream of people going and coming, a young lady, more or less, leaving the house would scarcely be noticed."

"I suppose," said Loveday, after a moment's pause, "this Princess Dullah-Veih has something of a history. One does not often get a Turkish princess in London."

"Yes, she has a history. She is only remotely connected with the present reigning dynasty in Turkey, and I dare say her princess-ship has been made the most of. All the same, however, she has had an altogether exceptional career for an Oriental lady. She was left an orphan at an early age, and was consigned to the guardianship of the elder Cassimi by her relatives. The Cassimis, both father and son, seem to be very advanced and European in their ideas, and by them she was taken to Cairo for her education. About a year ago they 'brought her out' in London, where she made the acquaintance of Major Druce. The young man, by-the-way, appears to be rather hot-headed in his love-making, for within six weeks of his introduction to her their engagement was announced. No doubt it had Mrs. Druce's fullest approval, for knowing her son's extravagant habits and his numerous debts, it must have been patent to her that a rich wife was a necessity to him. The marriage, I believe, was to have taken place this season; but taking into consideration the young man's ill-advised attentions to the little Swiss girl, and the fervour he is throwing into the search for her, I should say it was exceedingly doubtful whether —"

"Major Druce, sir, wishes to see you," said a clerk at that moment, opening the door leading from the outer office.

"Very good; show him in," said Mr. Dyer. Then he turned to Loveday.

"Of course I have spoken to him about you, and he is very anxious to take you to his mother's reception this afternoon, so that you may have a look round and —"

He broke off, having to rise and greet Major Druce, who at that moment entered the room.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow of about seven or eight and twenty, "well turned out" from head to foot, moustache waxed, orchid in button-hole, light kid gloves, and patent leather boots. There was assuredly nothing in his appearance to substantiate his statement to Mr. Dyer that he "hadn't slept a wink all night, that in fact another twenty-four hours of this terrible suspense would send him into his grave."

Mr. Dyer introduced Miss Brooke, and she expressed her sympathy with him on the painful matter that was filling his thoughts.

"It is very good of you, I'm sure," he replied, in a slow, soft drawl, not unpleasant to listen to. "My mother receives this afternoon from half past four to half past six, and I shall be very glad if you will allow me to introduce you to the inside of our house, and to the very ill-looking set that we have somehow managed to gather about us."

"The ill-looking set?"

"Yes; Jews, Turks, heretics and infidels—all there. And they're on the increase too, that's the worst of it. Every week a fresh importation from Cairo."

"Ah, Mrs. Druce is a large-hearted, benevolent woman," interposed Mr. Dyer; "all nationalities gather within her walls."

"Was your mother a large-hearted, benevolent woman?" said the young man, turning upon him. "No! well then, thank Providence that she wasn't; and admit that you know nothing at all on the matter. Miss Brooke," he continued, turning to Loveday, "I've brought round my hansom for you; it's nearly half past four now, and



"MAJOR DRUCE, SIR!"

it's a good twenty minutes' drive from here to Portland Place. If you're ready, I'm at your service."

Major Druce's hansom was, like himself, in all respects "well turned out," and the indiarubber tires round its wheels allowed an easy flow of conversation to be kept up during the twenty minutes' drive from Lynch Court to Portland Place.

The Major led off the talk in frank and easy fashion.

"My mother," he said, "prides herself on being cosmopolitan in her tastes, and just now we are very cosmopolitan indeed. Even our servants represent divers nationalities: the butler is French, the two footmen Italians, the maids, I believe, are some of them German, some Irish; and I've no doubt if you penetrated to the kitchen-quarters, you'd find the staff there composed in part of Scandinavians, in part of South Sea Islanders. The other quarters of the globe you will find fully represented in the drawing-room."

Loveday had a direct question to ask.

"Are you certain that Mdlle. Cunier had no friends in England?" she said.

"Positive. She hadn't a friend in the world outside my mother's four walls, poor child! She told me more than once that she was 'seule sur la terre.'" He broke off for a moment, as if overcome by a sad memory, then added: "But I'll put a bullet into him, take my word for it, if she isn't found within another twenty-four hours. Personally I should prefer settling the brute in that fashion to handing him over to the police."

His face flushed a deep red, there came a sudden flash to his eye, but for all that, his voice was as soft and slow and unemotional, as though he were talking of nothing more serious than bringing down a partridge.

There fell a brief pause; then Loveday asked another question.

"Is Mademoiselle Catholic or Protestant, can you tell me?"

The Major thought for a moment, then replied:

"'Pon my word, I don't know. She used sometimes to attend a little church in South Savile Street—I've walked with her occasionally to the church door—but I couldn't for the life of me say whether it was a Catholic, Protestant, or Pagan place of worship. But—but you don't think those confounded priests have——"

"Here, we are in Portland place," interrupted Loveday. "Mrs. Druce's rooms are already full, to judge from that long line of carriages!"

"Miss Brooke," said the Major suddenly, bethinking himself of his responsibilities, "how am I to introduce you? what rôle will you take up this afternoon? Pose as a faddist of some sort, if you want to win my mother's heart. What do you say to having started a grand scheme for supplying Hottentots and Kaffirs with eye-glasses? My mother would swear eternal friendship with you at once."

"Don't introduce me at all at first," answered Loveday. "Get me into some quiet corner, where I can see without being seen. Later on in the afternoon, when I have had time to look round a little, I'll tell you whether it will be necessary to introduce me or not."

"It will be a mob this afternoon, and no mistake," said Major Druce, as, side by side, they entered the house. "Do you hear that fizzing and clucking just behind us? That's Arabic; you'll get it in whiffs between gusts of French and German all the afternoon. The Egyptian contingent seems to be in full force to-



MAJOR DRUCE'S HANSON.

day. I don't see any Choctaw Indians, but no doubt they'll send their representatives later on. Come in at this side door, and we'll work our way round to that big palm. My mother is sure to be at the principal doorway."

The drawing rooms were packed from end to end, and Major Druce's progress, as he headed Loveday through the crowd, was impeded by hand-shaking and the interchange of civilities with his mother's guests.

Eventually the big palm standing in a Chinese cistern was reached, and there, half screened from view by its graceful branches, he placed a chair for Miss Brooke.

From this quiet nook, as now and again the crowd parted, Loveday could command a fair view of both drawing-rooms.

"Don't attract attention to me by standing at my elbow," she whispered to the Major.

He answered her whisper with another.

"There's the Beast—Iago, I mean," he said; "do you see him? He's standing talking to that fair, handsome woman in pale green, with a picture hat. She's Lady Gwynne. And there's my mother, and there's Dolly—the Princess I mean—alone on the sofa. Ah! you can't see her now for the crowd. Yes, I'll go, but if you want me, just nod to me and I shall understand."

It was easy to see what had brought such a fashionable crowd to Mrs. Druce's rooms that afternoon. Every caller, as soon as she had shaken hands with the hostess, passed on to the Princess's sofa, and there waited patiently till opportunity presented itself for an introduction to her Eastern Highness.

Loveday found it impossible to get

more than the merest glimpse of her, and so transferred her attention to Mr. Hafiz Cassimi, who had been referred to in such unceremonious language by Major Druce.

He was a swarthy, well-featured man, with bold, black eyes, and lips that had the habit of parting now and again, not to smile, but as if for no other purpose than to show a double row of gleaming white teeth. The European dress he wore seemed to accord ill with the man; and Loveday could fancy that those

black eyes and that double row of white teeth would have shown to better advantage beneath a turban or a fez cap.

From Cassimi, her eye wandered to Mrs. Druce—a tall, stout woman, dressed in black velvet, and with hair mounted high on her head, that had the appearance of being either bleached or powdered. She gave Loveday the impression of being that essentially modern product of modern society—the woman who combines in one person the hard-working philanthropist with the hard-working woman of fashion. As arrivals began to slacken, she left her post near the door and began to make the



BESIDE THE BIG PALM.

round of the room. From snatches of talk that came to her where she sat, Loveday could gather that with one hand, as it were, this energetic lady was organizing a grand charity concert, and with the other pushing the interests of a big ball that was shortly to be given by the officers of her son's regiment.

It was a hot June day. In spite of closed blinds and open windows, the rooms were stifling to a degree. The butler, a small, dark, slight Frenchman, made his way through the throng to a window at Loveday's right hand, to see if

a little more air could be admitted.

Major Druce followed on his heels to Loveday's side.

"Will you come into the next room and have some tea?" he asked; "I'm sure you must feel nearly suffocated here." He broke off, then added in a lower tone: "I hope you have kept your eyes on the Beast. Did you ever in your life see a more repulsive-looking animal?"

Loveday took his questions in their order.

"No tea, thank you," she said, "but I shall be glad if you will tell your butler to bring me a glass of water—there he is, at your elbow. Yes, off and on I have been studying Mr. Cassimi, and I must admit I do not like his smileless smile."

The butler brought the water. The Major, much to his annoyance, was seized upon simultaneously by two ladies, one eager to know if any tidings had been received of Mdle. Cunier, the other anxious to learn if a distinguished president to the Harem Mission had been decided upon.

Soon after six the rooms began to thin somewhat, and presentations to the Princess ceasing, Loveday was able to get a full view of her.

She presented a striking picture, seated, half-reclining, on a sofa, with two white-robed, dark-skinned Egyptian maidens standing behind it. A more unfortunate sobriquet than "Dolly" could scarcely have been found by the Major for this Oriental beauty, with her olive complexion, her flashing eyes and extravagant richness of attire.

"'Queen of Sheba' would be far more appropriate," thought Loveday. "She turns the commonplace sofa into a throne, and, I should say, makes every one of those ladies feel as if she ought to have donned court dress and plumes for the occasion."

It was difficult for her, from where she sat, to follow the details of the Princess's dress. She could only see that a quantity of soft orange-tinted silk was wound about the upper part of her arms and fell



MRS. DRUCE.

from her shoulders like drooping wings, and that here and there jewels flashed out from its folds. Her thick black hair was loosely knotted, and kept in its place by jewelled pins and a bandeau of pearls; and similar bandeaus adorned her slender throat and wrists.

"Are you lost in admiration?" said the Major, once more at her elbow, in a slightly sarcastic tone. "That sort of thing is very taking and effective at first, but after a time —"

He did not finish his sentence, shrugged his shoulders and walked away. Half-past six chimed from a small clock on a bracket. Carriage after carriage was rolling away from the door now, and progress on the stairs was rendered difficult by a descending crowd.

A quarter to seven struck, the last hand-shaking had been gone through, and Mrs. Druce, looking hot and tired, had sunk into a chair at the Princess's right hand, bending slightly forward to render conversation with her easy.

On the Princess's left hand, Lady Gwynne had taken a chair, and sat in converse with Hafiz Cassimi, who stood beside her.

Evidently these four were on very easy and intimate terms with each other. Lady Gwynne had tossed her big picture hat on a chair at her left hand, and was fanning herself with a palm-leaf. Mrs. Druce, beckoning to the butler, desired him to bring them some claret-cup from the refreshment-room.

No one seemed to observe Loveday seated still in her nook beside the big palm.

She signalled to the Major, who stood looking discontentedly from one of the windows.

"That is a most interesting group," she said; "now, if you like, you may introduce me to your mother."

"Oh, with pleasure — under what name?" he asked.

"Under my own," she answered, "and please be very distinct in pronouncing it, raise your voice slightly so that everyone

of those persons may hear it. And then, please add my profession, and say I am here at your request to investigate the circumstances connected with Mdlle. Cunier's disappearance."

Major Druce looked astounded.

"But—but," he stammered, "have you seen anything—found out anything? If not, don't you think it will be better to preserve your incognita a little longer."

"Don't stop to ask questions," said Loveday sharply; "now, this very minute, do what I ask you, or the opportunity will be gone."

The Major without further demur, escorted Loveday across the room. The conversation between the four intimate friends had now become general and animated, and he had to wait for a minute or so before he could get an opportunity to speak to his mother.

During that minute Loveday stood a little in his rear, with Lady Gwynne and Cassimi at her right hand.

"I want to introduce this lady to you," said the Major, when a pause in the talk gave him his opportunity. "This is Miss Loveday Brooke, a lady detective, and she is here at my request to investigate the circumstances connected with the disappearance of Mdlle. Cunier."

He said the words slowly and distinctly.

"There!" he said to himself complacently, as he ended; "if I had been reading the lessons in church, I couldn't have been more emphatic."

A blank silence for a moment fell upon the group, and even the butler, just then entering with the claret-cup, came to a standstill at the door.

Then, simultaneously, a glance flashed from Mrs. Druce to Lady Gwynne, from Lady Gwynne to Mrs. Druce, and then, also simultaneously, the eyes of both ladies rested, though only for an instant, on the big picture hat lying on the chair.

Lady Gwynne started to her feet and seized her hat, adjusting it without so much as a glance at a mirror.

"I must go at once; this very minute," she said. "I promised Charlie I would be

back soon after six, and now it is past seven. Mr. Cassimi, will you take me down to my carriage?" And with the most hurried of leave-takings to the Princess and her hostess, the lady swept out of the room, followed by Mr. Cassimi.

The butler still standing at the door, drew back to allow the lady to pass, and then, claret-cup and all, followed her out of the room.

Mrs. Druce drew a long breath and bowed formally to Loveday.

"I was a little taken by surprise," she began——

But here the Princess rose suddenly from the sofa.

"Moi, je suis fatiguée," she said in excellent French to Mrs. Druce, and she too swept out of the room, throwing, as she passed, what seemed to Loveday a slightly scornful glance towards the Major.

Her two attendants, one carrying her fan, and the other her reclining cushions, followed.

Mrs. Druce again turned to Loveday.

"Yes, I confess I was taken a little by surprise," she said, her manner thawing slightly. "I am not accustomed to the presence of detectives in my house; but now tell me what do you propose doing;

how do you mean to begin your investigations—by going over the house and looking in all the corners, or by cross-questioning the servants? Forgive my asking, but really I am quite at a loss; I haven't the remotest idea how such investigations are generally conducted."

"I do not propose to do much in the way of investigation to-night," answered Loveday as formally as she had been addressed, "for I have very important business to transact before eight o'clock this evening. I shall ask you to allow me to see Mdlle. Cunier's room—ten minutes there will be sufficient—after that, I do not think I need further trouble you."

"Certainly; by all means," answered Mrs. Druce; "you'll find the room exactly as Lucie left it, nothing has been disturbed."

She turned to the butler,



MR. CASSIMI

who had by this time returned and stood presenting the claret-cup, and, in French, desired him to summon her maid, and tell her to show Miss Brooke to Mdle. Cunier's room.

The ten minutes that Loveday had said would suffice for her survey of this room extended themselves to fifteen, but the extra five minutes assuredly were not expended by her in the investigation of drawers and boxes. The maid, a pleasant, well-spoken young woman, jingled her keys, and opened every lock, and seemed not at all disinclined to enter into

Mrs. or Major Druce. She walked the length of Portland Place in leisurely fashion, and then, having first ascertained that her movements were not being watched, she called a hansom, and desired the man to drive her to Madame Céline's, a fashionable milliner's in Old Bond Street.

At Madame Céline's she spent close upon half-an-hour, giving many and minute directions for the making of a hat, which assuredly, when finished, would compare with nothing in the way of millinery that she had ever before put upon her head.

From Madame Céline's the hansom conveyed her to an undertaker's shop, at the corner of South Savile Street, and here she spent a brief ten minutes in conversation with the undertaker himself in his little back parlour.

From the undertaker's she drove home to her rooms in Gower Street, and then, before she divested herself of hat and coat, she wrote a brief note to Major Druce, requesting him to meet her on the following morning at Eglacé's, the confectioner's, in South Savile Street, at nine o'clock punctually.

This note she committed to the charge of the cab-driver, desiring him to deliver it at Portland Place on his way back to his stand.

"They've queer ways of doing things—these people!" said the Major, as he opened and read the note. "Suppose I must keep the appointment though, confound it. I can't see that she can possibly have found out anything by just sitting still in a corner for a couple of hours! And I'm confident she

didn't give that beast Cassimi one quarter the attention she bestowed on other people."

In spite of his grumbling, however, the Major kept his appointment, and nine o'clock the next morning saw him shaking hands with Miss Brooke on Eglacé's doorstep.

"Dismiss your hansom," she said to him. "I only want you to come a few doors down the street, to the French Protestant church, to which you have sometimes escorted Mdle. Cunier."

At the church door Loveday paused a moment.



SHE SWEEPED OUT OF THE ROOM

the light gossip that Loveday contrived to set going.

She answered freely a variety of questions that Loveday put to her respecting Mademoiselle and her general habits, and from Mademoiselle, the talk drifted to other members of Mrs. Druce's household.

If Loveday had, as she had stated, important business to transact that evening, she certainly set about it in a strange fashion.

After she quitted Mademoiselle's room, she went straight out of the house, without leaving a message of any sort for either

"Before we enter," she said, "I want you to promise that whatever you may see going on there—however greatly you may be surprised—you will make no disturbance, not so much as open your lips till we come out."

The Major, not a little bewildered, gave the required promise; and, side by side, the two entered the church.

It was little more than a big room; at the farther end, in the middle of the nave, stood the pulpit, and immediately behind this was a low platform, enclosed by a brass rail.

Behind this brass rail, in black Geneva gown, stood the pastor of the church, and before him, on cushions, kneeled two persons, a man and a woman.

These two persons and an old man, the vergier, formed the whole of the congregation. The position of the church, amid shops and narrow back-yards, had necessitated the filling in of every one of its windows with stained glass; it was, consequently, so dim that, coming in from the outside glare of sunlight, the Major found it difficult to make out what was going on at the farther end.

The vergier came forward and offered to show them to a seat. Loveday shook her head—they would be leaving in a minute, she said, and would prefer standing where they were.

The Major began to take in the situation.

"Why they're being married!" he said in a loud whisper. "What on earth have you brought me in here for?"

Loveday laid her finger on her lips and frowned severely at him.

The marriage service came to an end, the pastor extended his black-gowned arms like the wings of a bat and pronounced the benediction; the man and woman rose from their knees and proceeded to follow him into the vestry.

The woman was neatly dressed in a long dove-coloured travelling cloak. She wore a large hat, from which fell a white gossamer veil that completely hid her face from view. The man was small, dark and slight, and as he passed on to the vestry beside his bride, the Major at once identified him as his mother's butler.

"Why, that's Lebrun!" he said in a still louder whisper than before. "Why, in the name of all that's wonderful, have you brought me here to see that fellow married?"

"You'd better come outside if you can't keep quiet," said Loveday severely, and leading the way out of the church as she spoke.

Outside, South Savile Street was busy with early morning traffic.

"Let us go back to Eglacé's," said Loveday, "and have some coffee. I will explain to you there all you are wishing to know."

But before the coffee could be brought



"WHY, THEY ARE BEING MARRIED!"

to them, the Major had asked at least a dozen questions.

Loveday put them all on one side.

"All in good time" she said. "You are leaving out the most important question of all. Have you no curiosity to know who was the bride that Lebrun has chosen?"

"I don't suppose it concerns me in the slightest degree," he answered indifferently; "but since you wish me to ask the question—Who was she?"

"Lucie Cunier, lately your mother's amanuensis."

"The ——!" cried the Major, jumping to his feet and uttering an exclamation that must be indicated by a blank.

"Take it calmly," said Loveday; "don't rave. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it. No, it is not the doing of your friend Cassimi, so you need not threaten to put a bullet into him; the girl has married Lebrun of her own free will—no one has forced her into it."

"Lucie has married Lebrun of her own free will!" he echoed, growing very white and taking the chair which faced Loveday at the little table.

"Will you have sugar?" asked Loveday, stirring the coffee, which the waiter at that moment brought.

"Yes, I repeat," she presently resumed, "Lucie has married Lebrun of her own free will, although I conjecture she might not perhaps have been quite so willing to crown his happiness if the Princess Dullah-Veih had not made it greatly to her interest to do so."

"Dolly made it to her interest to do so?" again echoed the Major.

"Do not interrupt me with exclamations; let me tell the story my own fashion, and then you may ask as many questions as you please. Now, to begin at the beginning, Lucie became engaged to Lebrun within a month of her coming to your mother's house, but she carefully kept the secret from everyone, even from the servants, until about a month ago, when she mentioned the fact in confidence to Mrs. Druce in order to defend herself from the charge of having sought to attract your attention. There was nothing surprising in this engagement; they were both lonely and in a foreign land, spoke the same language, and no doubt had many things in common; and although chance has lifted Lucie somewhat out of her station, she really belongs to the same class in life as Lebrun. Their love-making appears to have run along smoothly enough until you came home on leave, and the girl's pretty face attracted your attention. Your evident admiration for her disturbed the equanimity of the Princess, who saw your devotion to herself waning; of Lebrun, who fancied Lucie's manner to him had changed; of your mother, who was anxious that you should make a suitable marriage. Also additional complications arose from the fact that

your attentions to the little Swiss girl had drawn Mr. Cassimi's notice to her numerous attractions, and there was the danger of you two young men posing as rivals. At this juncture Lady Gwynne, as an intimate friend, and one who had herself suffered a twinge of heartache on Mademoiselle's account, was taken into your mother's confidence, and the three ladies in council decided that Lucie, in some fashion, must be got out of the way before you and Mr. Cassimi came to an open breach, or you had spoilt your matrimonial prospects."

Here the Major made a slightly impatient movement.

Loveday went on: "It was the Princess who solved the question how this was to be done. Fair Rosamonds are no longer put out of the way by 'a cup of cold poison'—golden guineas do the thing far more easily and innocently. The Princess expressed her willingness to bestow a thousand pounds on Lucie on the day that she married Lebrun, and to set her up afterwards as a fashionable milliner in Paris. After this munificent offer, everything else became mere matter of detail. The main thing was to get the damsel out of the way without your being able to trace her—perhaps work on her feelings, and induce her, at the last moment, to throw over Lebrun. Your absence from home, on a three days' visit, gave them the wished-for opportunity. Lady Gwynne took her milliner into her confidence. Madame Céline consented to receive Lucie into her house, seclude her in a room on the upper floor, and at the same time give her an insight into the profession of a fashionable milliner. The rest I think you know. Lucie quietly walks out of the house one afternoon, taking no luggage, calling no cab, and thereby cutting off one very obvious means of being traced. Madame Céline receives and hides her—not a difficult feat to accomplish in London, more especially if the one to be hidden is a foreign amanuensis, who is seldom seen out of doors, and who leaves no photograph behind her."

"I suppose it was Lebrun who had the confounded cheek to go to my drawer and appropriate that photograph. I wish it had been Cassimi—I could have kicked him, but—but it makes one feel rather small to have posed as rival to one's mother's butler."

"I think you may congratulate yourself

that Lebrun did nothing worse than go to your drawer and appropriate that photograph. I never saw a man bestow a more deadly look of hatred than he threw at you yesterday afternoon in your mother's drawing-room; it was that look of hatred that first drew my attention to the man and set me on the track that has ended in the Swiss Protestant church this morning."

"Ah! let me hear about that—let me have the links in the chain, one by one, as you came upon them," said the Major.

He was still pale—almost as the marble table at which they sat, but his voice had gone back to its normal slow, soft drawl.



HE WAS STILL PALE.

"With pleasure. The look that Lebrun threw at you, as he crossed the room to open the window, was link number one. As I saw that look, I said to myself there is someone in that corner whom that man hates with a deadly hatred. Then you came forward to speak to me, and I saw that it was you that the man was ready to murder, if opportunity offered. After this, I scrutinised him closely—not a detail of his features or his dress escaped me, and I noticed, among other things, that on the fourth finger of his left hand, half hidden by a more pretentious ring, was an old fashioned curious looking silver one. That silver ring was link number two in the chain."

"Ah, I suppose you asked for that glass of water on purpose to get a closer view of the ring?"

"I did, I found it was a Genevese ring of ancient make, the like of which I had not seen since I was a child and played with one, that my old Swiss bonne used to wear. Now I must tell you a little bit of Genevese history before I can make you understand how important a link that silver ring was to me. Echallets, the town in which Lucie was born, and her father had kept a watchmaker's shop, has long been famous for its jewellery and watchmaking. The two trades, however,

were not combined in one until about a hundred years ago, when the corporation of the town passed a law decreeing that they should unite in one guild for their common good. To celebrate this amalgamation of interests, the jewellers fabricated a certain number of silver rings, consisting of a plain band of silver, on which two hands, in relief, clasped each other. These rings were distributed among the members of the guild, and as time has gone on they have become scarce and valuable as relics of the past. In certain families, they have been handed down as heirlooms, and have frequently done duty as betrothal rings—the clasped hands no doubt suggesting their suitability for this purpose. Now, when I saw such a ring on Lebrun's finger, I naturally guessed from whom he had received it, and at once classed his interests with those of your mother and the

Princess, and looked upon him as their possible coadjutor."

"What made you throw the brute Cassimi altogether out of your reckoning?"

"I did not do so at this stage of events; only, so to speak, marked him as 'doubtful' and kept my eye on him. I determined to try an experiment that I have never before attempted in my work. You know what that experiment was. I saw five persons, Mrs. Druce, the Princess, Lady Gwynne, Mr. Cassimi and Lebrun all in the room within a few yards of each other, and I asked you to take them by surprise and announce my name and profession, so that every one of those five persons could hear you."

"You did. I could not, for the life of me, make out what was your motive for so doing."

"My motive for so doing was simply, as it were, to raise the sudden cry, 'The enemy is upon you,' and to set every one of those five persons guarding their weak point—that is, if they had one. I'll draw your attention to what followed. Mr. Cassimi remained nonchalant and impassive; your mother and Lady Gwynne exchanged glances, and then both simultaneously threw a nervous look at Lady Gwynne's hat lying on the chair. Now as I had stood waiting to be introduced to Mrs. Druce, I had casually read the name of Madame Céline on the lining of the hat and I at once concluded that Madame Céline must be a very weak point indeed; a conclusion that was confirmed when Lady Gwynne hurriedly seized her hat and as hurriedly departed. Then the Princess scarcely less abruptly rose and left the room, and Lebrun on the point of entering, quitted it also. When he returned five minutes later, with the claret-cup, he had removed the ring from his finger, so I had now little doubt where his weak point lay."

"It's wonderful; it's like a fairy tale," drawled the Major. "Pray, go on."

"After this," continued Loveday, "my work became very simple. I did not care two straws for seeing Mademoiselle's room, but I cared very much to have a talk with Mrs. Druce's maid. From her I elicited the important fact that Lebrun was leaving very unexpectedly on the following day, and that his boxes were packed and labelled for Paris. After I left your house, I drove to Madame Céline's, and there, as a sort of entrance fee, ordered an elaborate hat. I praised freely the hats they had on view, and while giving minute directions as to the one I required, I extracted the information that Madame Céline had recently taken on a new milliner who had very great artistic skill. Upon this, I asked permission to see this new milliner and give her special instructions concerning my hat. My request was referred to Madame Céline, who appeared much ruffled by it, and informed me that it would be quite useless for me to see this new milliner; she could execute no more orders, as she was leaving the next day for Paris, where she intended opening an establishment on her own account.

Now you see the point at which I had arrived. There was Lebrun and there was this new milliner each leaving for Paris on the same day; it was not unreasonable to suppose that they might start in company, and that before so doing, a little ceremony might be gone through in the Swiss Protestant church that Mademoiselle occasionally attended. This conjecture sent me to the undertaker in South Savile Street, who combines with his undertaking the office of verger to the little church. From him I learned that a marriage was to take place at the church at a quarter to nine the next morning and that the names of the contracting parties were Pierre Lebrun and Lucie Cuénin."

"Cuénin!"

"Yes, that is the girl's real name; it seems Lady Gwynne re-christened her Cunier, because she said the English pronunciation of Cuénin grated on her ear—people would insist upon adding a *g* after the *n*. She introduced her to Mrs. Druce under the name of Cunier, forgetting, perhaps, the girl's real name, or else thinking it a matter of no importance. This fact, no doubt, considerably lessened Lebrun's fear of detection in procuring his licence and transmitting it to the Swiss pastor. Perhaps you are a little surprised at my knowledge of the facts I related to you at the beginning of our conversation. I got at them through Lebrun this morning. At half-past eight I went down to the church and found him there, waiting for his bride. He grew terribly excited at seeing me, and thought I was going to bring you down on him and upset his wedding arrangements at the last moment. I assured him to the contrary, and his version of the facts I have handed on to you. Should, however, any details of the story seem to you to be lacking, I have no doubt that Mrs. Druce or the Princess will supply them, now that all necessity for secrecy has come to an end."

The Major drew on his gloves; his colour had come back to him; he had resumed his easy suavity of manner.

"I don't think," he said slowly, "I'll trouble my mother or the Princess; and I shall be glad, if you have the opportunity, if you will make people understand that I only moved in the matter at all out of—of mere kindness to a young and friendless foreigner."

Famous Women.

ACTRESSES.

MRS. KENDAL.

Miss Margaret Brunton Robertson made her first bow to a London audience at the Marylebone Theatre, when she was a child of about three years of age; and, from what she can remember of the circumstance, she does not seem to think that it was a very brilliant debut. Thirteen years later she appeared as Ophelia at the Haymarket Theatre; but her first great success was as Blanche, in the now forgotten play, "The Hero of Romance." In 1869, Miss Robertson was married to Mr. William Hunter Grimston, and they have since acted under the name of Kendal. In

1875 Mr. and Mrs. Kendal joined Mr. Hare's company at the Court Theatre, and a year later were associated with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales', where leading parts were assigned to them in "Peril," "London Assurance," "Diplomacy," etc.

In 1881, Mr. Kendal and Mr. Hare became joint managers of the St. James's Theatre, which proved a most prosperous undertaking. A large share of the success was due to Mrs. Kendal, who is inimitable in light comedy, and as

an emotional actress has few rivals and certainly no equals. In 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal made a triumphal progress through the States, which, owing to their enthusiastic reception at every town they visited, they were encouraged to repeat a short time after.

Since their return from the second American tour, they have delighted provincial audiences with various new plays and revivals of old favourites.

Early in the present year Mr. and Mrs. Kendal engaged the Avenue Theatre, for the purpose of producing "The White Lie," a play admirably adapted for displaying their dramatic talents; and this, after a successful run, has been followed by "The Ironmaster."

The great gifts of Mrs. Kendal as an actress are harmoniously blended with the noblest qualities of womanhood. She is an affectionate wife and mother, and in her pretty and artistic home in Portland Place she shines no less brightly than in her impersonations of domestic life on the stage.

MRS. BANCROFT, formerly Miss Marie Wilton, has delighted two generations of playgoers, and,



From a Photo. by]

MRS. KENDAL.

[Barrand.

with Mr. Bancroft, retired from the stage a short time since in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, the result of their joint labours at the Prince of Wales' and Haymarket Theatres.

She resides with her husband and family in a handsome mansion in Berkeley Square, which contains an interesting memento of her first essay in the management of a theatre—the quaint little house in Tottenham Street, now devoted to the interests of the Salvation Army. I refer to a curious stone, engraved with the words, "Mary's Place, Fortune's Gate," which is inserted over the door of the library. Miss Marie Wilton's mother felt a very natural anxiety respecting this new venture, and on the opening day was persuaded to take a drive to divert her thoughts from the business in hand. Referring to the subject uppermost in her mind, she remarked to her companion, "What would I not give to know the end of this undertaking:" and at the same moment her eyes rested on a passing direction, bearing the words given above, which were accepted as a fortunate omen, and one which the passing years have verified to the fullest degree. The owner of the property, hearing of the incident some time later, had the stone removed, and presented it to Miss Marie Wilton.

The pretty room which contains this reminiscence of her early days is panelled with dark oak, has a richly-embossed ceiling showing the Tudor rose, and is an exact reproduction of an ancient masterpiece of carving. Round the walls run a double row of bookcases, and over these are the following mottoes in black letter: "Old wood to burn," "Old books to read," "Old wine to drink," "Old friends to trust." Another striking feature is the fireplace, which is particularly picturesque, and in the various nooks and corners are to be found old curios and pictures of past and living celebrities.

Mrs. Bancroft, in her time, has played many parts, but she was specially successful in her delineation of the humorous characters in Robertson's pieces, and particularly distinguished herself as Polly Eccles, in "Caste." Nan, in "Good for Nothing," was another favourite

part, and she was exceedingly popular as Peg Woffington, in "Masks and Faces."

In "Diplomacy," which was produced some years since at the Haymarket Theatre, Mrs. Bancroft played the complex rôle of Countess Zicka, and, to oblige her old friend, Mr. Hare, who has revived this popular play, she has emerged from private life and is again delighting the public in the smaller character of Lady Fairfax. Her reappearance may, in a measure, be attributed to family reasons, as the son of Mrs. Bancroft and the daughter of Mr. Hare are about to contract a matrimonial alliance, which will doubtless further cement the strong feelings of friendship which have existed for so many years between their respective parents.

MISS FANNY BROUGH

makes her home in a charming little house called Grovedale, in that semi-rural district known as Parsons Green. Here the popular actress spends her few leisure hours, surrounded by the house-



From a Photo. by]

MRS. BANCROFT.

[arranged.]

hold gods collected during a long and successful theatrical career.

Miss Fanny Brough is the daughter of the late Mr. Robert Brough (a journalist and playwright,) and the niece of Mr. Lionel Brough—himself a bright and shining light in the profession, and a great favourite with the public. She was born in Paris in 1856. In 1869 was given her first part—that of a fairy in a pantomime produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Manchester, by the late Charles Calvert. Then came a course of Shakesperian plays in the provinces (an excellent training), followed by small speaking parts in modern dramas. In 1870 Miss Brough made her first appearance before a metropolitan audience at the St. James' Theatre, in the title rôle in "Fernande." After this, she went on another provincial tour in Robertsonian

comedy. By this time her undoubted talent made many London managers desirous of obtaining her services, and she appears to have acted in most of the leading theatres, and with the late Charles Mathews, the ever-green Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, under the Kendals, and later, under the management of Sir Augustus Harris at Drury Lane. It would be impossible to enumerate a tithe of the rôles in which this charming and versatile woman has delighted the public; but a few may be selected for special mention. The part of Petrella, in the adaptation of "The World and the Law," was one of Miss Brough's finest creations and elicited high commendation from the author. As

Mrs. Bompas, of "The Times," she is familiar to playgoers; in "Our Flat" she scored another success, and recently she has charmed us as the demure little Quakeress in "The Prodigal Daughter," who developed in such an extraordinary manner after marriage.

Miss Brough is not only a talented actress and a pleasing hostess, but she may also be regarded as the good fairy and philanthropist of the stage. For not only is she the kindly adviser of many young girls anxious to adopt this fascinating career, and an ardent supporter of the Actors' Association, an institution which it is hoped will form the nucleus of a dramatic school of acting similar to those existing in Paris and other places on the Continent, but is one of the executive committee and an earnest worker in the Theatrical Ladies' Guild, a

charitable society which has already ably assisted many of the poorer members of the profession in times of sickness and sorrow.

Her charm of manner and personal magnetism have done her good service on the stage; they are also equally attractive in her own home, where she has the happy knack of putting a complete stranger entirely at her ease, and from the interviewer's point of view she cannot be surpassed, as she spares neither time nor trouble in presenting to the notice of her visitor anything likely to prove of an interesting or agreeable nature. In Miss Brough's pretty little drawing-room are portraits of all the best-known actors and



From a Photo. by]

MISS FANNY BROUGH.

[Barraud.

actresses of the day, besides those of all the members of her own family, including that of her grandmother, now over ninety years of age, but nevertheless an industrious worker at the weekly Sewing Bees held for making articles of clothing for the Theatrical Ladies' Guild. A speaking likeness of Mr. Lionel Brough occupies a prominent position, and there are also excellent photographs of Miss Brough's mother, brother and sister, who, in Melbourne, Sydney, and throughout the Australian Colonies, are well known to the patrons of the drama.

MISS MAUDE MILLETT,

in girlish parts, is an ideal actress, and her freshness, youth, and personal attractions, in conjunction with decided talent, have placed her at an early age in the front rank of the actresses of the day. Some five or six years ago Miss Millett, who had been playing with the Irving Amateur Society, had the good fortune at an afternoon reception to be introduced to Mr. Hawtrey, who was then arranging the caste for "The Private Secretary." Confiding to his hostess his difficulty in finding young and charming actresses for the feminine rôles, he glanced at Miss Millett, saying, "That is just the girl I want." On the subject being broached to the lady in question, who was desirous of distinguishing herself in this particular direction, the affair was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties; and, through a

long run, she played the part of Eva Webster at the Globe. Since then we have seen her in that delightfully quaint play "Sweet Lavender;" as one of "The Two Roses;" as Mary Blenkarn in "The Middleman," in "The Crusaders," "The Idler," a Pantomime Rehearsal, and other favourite pieces.

Her father, the late Major Hugh Mil-

lett, saw military service in India; and her mother, as an amateur actress, used to delight their friends with the talent she displayed: so the gifts of this bonnie English girl are certainly hereditary, though by hard study and training she has developed them to a remarkable degree. Miss Millett's success may be accepted as direct encouragement to the many youthful aspirants who are desirous of making name and fortune behind the footlights, and who so far have not been fortunate in meeting with a manager capable of appreciating their talents.



From a Photo. by] MISS MAUDE MILLETT.

[Barrand.

MISS MARY MOORE

is the daughter of an Irish gentleman who settled in London twenty-five or thirty years ago. Though her family were not in any way connected with the theatrical profession, she appears to have shown dramatic talent at a very early age. She was educated at Warwick Hall, Maida Vale, at the same school as Marie Van Zandt. Her fluency in conversational German, we are told, arose from her

acting formed a marked contrast to that of Mrs. Bernard Beere, who excels in striking and dramatic characters, and was thus an excellent foil. At present, Miss Moore is appearing in "The Bauble Shop," a play for which a long run is anticipated.

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE, the wife of the popular lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, was educated at Queen's College, Harley Street, London, where she distinguished herself in classics and mathematics; as a diversion, she often engaged in private theatricals; and when she was Miss Maud Holt appeared in a



From a Photo. by] MISS MARY MOORE.

[Barrand

intimacy with a little girl of that nationality, whom she first knew when she was seven years old. When about sixteen she married Mr. James Albery, the author of "The Two Roses," "Pink Dominoes," and other popular plays, and soon after her marriage, Mr. Charles Wyndham gave her a small part in one of his touring companies. As Ada Ingot, in "David Garrick," at the Criterion Theatre, she scored a distinct success in 1886, and has since remained a prominent member of Mr. Wyndham's London Company, she has also played this character in German at Berlin and other Prussian towns, and repeated the play most successfully in St. Petersburg and Moscow, in the former place appearing before the Czar and Royal Family. In "Still Waters Run Deep," which had a long run at the Criterion Theatre, she was assigned an important part, and her quiet style of



From a Photo. by]

MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

[Barrand.

Greek play before that severe critic, Mr. Gladstone. However she was not long an amateur, as her marriage with Mr. Beerbohm Tree caused her to seriously adopt the stage as her profession, a decision which she has had no reason to regret. As Betty Noel, she made a great hit in "Lady Clancarty," and her Princess Claudia Morakoff, in "The Red Lamp," did much to redeem that conventional play. She scored another success in "A Man and his Shadow," where, as a wife who believes that she

has seen her husband commit a deliberate and cold-blooded murder, she acted with considerable dramatic force. As Madame de Pompadour (in a play which largely depended upon its elaborate mounting) she did not show to so great an advantage as in "The Dancing Girl," where, though her part was only a small one, it was rendered with singular pathos and artistic finish. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has also essayed Shakespeare, acting Ophelia to her husband's Hamlet, in a manner which satisfied her audience to the fullest extent.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY

proudly describes herself as "a child of the Theatre," for her father was Mr. Samuel Emery, the eminent comedian, and manager of the Preston Theatre; and her grandfather and great grandfather were likewise actors. She possesses one of the greatest of dramatic gifts—that of concealing her own personal characteristics, and of being one with and entirely



From a Photo. by]

MISS WINIFRED EMERY.

[Baird.]

the character she is enacting. Miss Emery holds everything else as secondary to her art, and at an age when other children were playing with toys, she was preparing herself for her business in life, under the tuition of her father.

She made her first appearance in Manchester, in that almost forgotten play, "The Green Bushes," and when quite a young girl she was chosen as the understudy of Madame Modjeska, a perfect actress, from whom she drew many inspirations. After-

wards she was cast for a part in "The Old Love and the New," under the Kendal and Hare management. Then we find her at The Lyceum in "Louis XI.," "Richelieu," and "The Bells;" at Toole's in "Auntie," and at the Vaudeville in "The Rivals;" a training which was calculated to make her a very versatile actress. During Miss Ellen Terry's illness she supplied her place in the difficult rôle of Marguerite, and she has twice been to America with Mr. Irving's company.

Under Sir Augustus Harris she acted in two spectacular pieces, "The Armada" and "The Royal Oak." As Dearest, in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," she was particularly successful, while her portrayal of Lady Windermere, in Mr. Oscar Wilde's drama, was a character-study highly appreciated by all who had the good fortune to see her in this rôle.

Besides her dramatic, Miss Emery possesses considerable literary talent, and from time to time articles upon matters relating to the stage and other subjects appear from her pen. She is also in-

directly distinguished through her little daughter, who a short time since was awarded the first prize "for the most beautiful baby," in a competition promoted by that bright little paper, *Woman*.

Miss Emery is the wife of Mr. Cyril Maude, also an actor of great promise, and they reside in one of the pretty Queen Anne villas which have been built of late years at Merton, in Surrey.

MISS ELLEN TERRY

was born at Coventry on the 27th of February, 1848, and was one of five children, all of whom have distinguished themselves on the stage, though in a lesser degree than the subject of this little sketch, who made

her first appearance at the Princess's Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, when not more than eight years of age. After acting in the Provinces and at the Royalty and Haymarket Theatres, Miss Terry played for the first time with Mr. Irving, in "The Taming of the Shrew;" but this must not be confused with the opening of the Lyceum under that distinguished tragedian's management in 1878, when he engaged Miss Terry to play

leading rôles with him, which she has continued to do ever since with such success that she is now regarded as one of the most striking figures on the English stage.

Since that date she has charmed us as Portia, in "The Merchant of Venice," as Letitia Hardy, in "The Belle's Stratagem," as Catherine Duval, in "The Dead

Heart;" as Juliet, as Marguerite and as Ophelia. She was Queen Henrietta Maria in "Charles I.," Camma in "The Cup," Lucy Ashton in "Ravenswood," Viola in "Twelfth Night," Ellaline in "The Amber Heart," the erring daughter of "The Vicar of Wakefield," the guilty Lady Macbeth, the unhappy wife of that much married monarch, Henry VIII., and last, but not least, Fair Rosamund.

This appears to be a fairly long list of characters, but it is by no means a complete one, and only includes some of the principal rôles which have been placed in the hands of this talented actress.

Miss Terry lives in one of those modern red-brick houses at Earl's Court, known

as Barkstone Gardens. Here she has made for herself a delightful nest, where she can enjoy the charms of domesticity with her son and daughter, Ailsa and Gordon Craig, and her friend and companion, Mrs. Rumball.

Pretty surroundings and plenty of flowers are necessities of life to Miss Terry; consequently, the first things that strike one on entering her home are the quaint nooks and corners, soft harmonies of colour, and the delicate scent of floral trophies which greet you on every side.

One of the most interesting rooms in the house is the study, a real working-room of diminutive size, but large enough to contain a theatrical library, a number of original sketches for costumes, a bust of Fechter, and other odds and ends suggestive of the fair occupant's dramatic



From a Photo. by]

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

[Barrand.

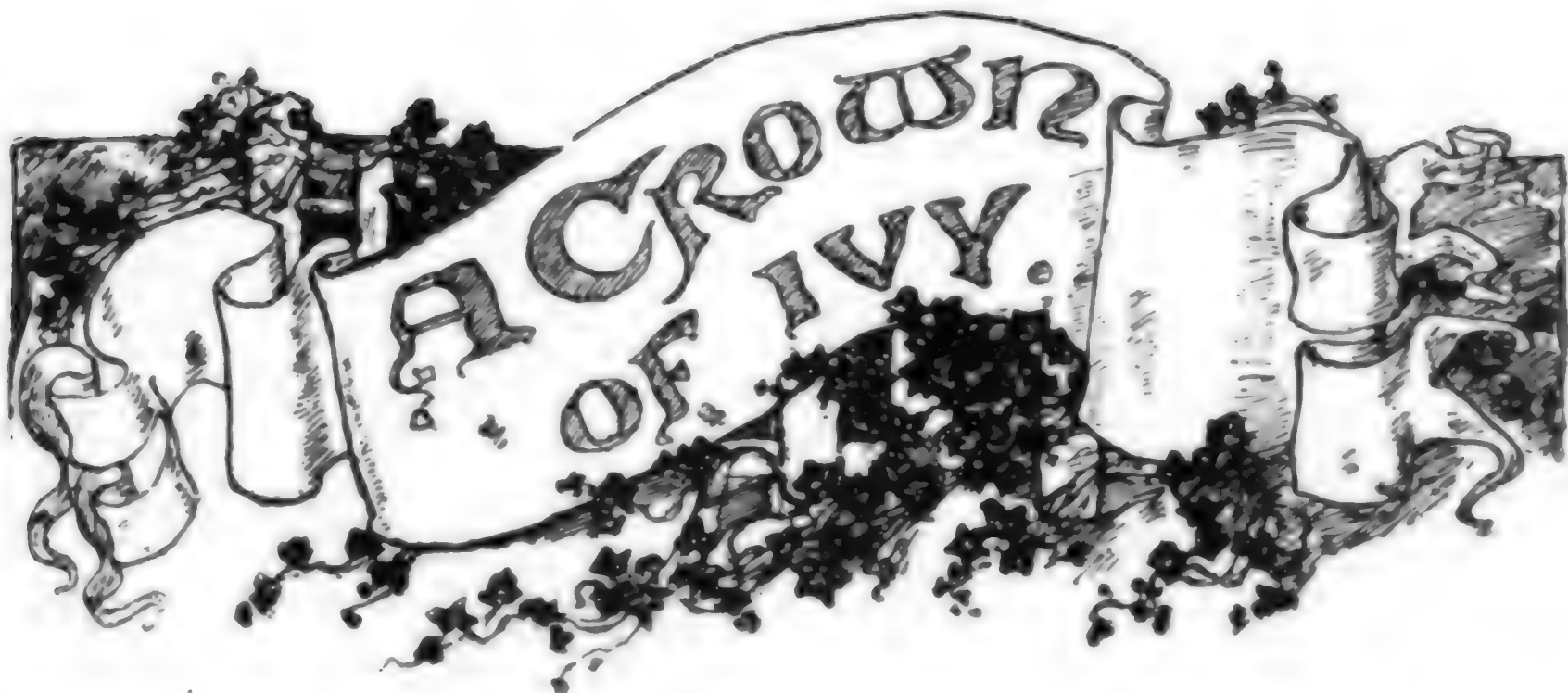
career. The dining-room is decorated in tones of green and pink, with a high dado separated from the upper portion of the wall by a heavy wooden moulding. The fireplace and overmantel are of excellent design, and the oaken sideboard is another attractive feature, while the softly-shaded lamp suspended from the ceiling suffuses the dinner-table with light and brightness. The staircase above has been converted into a miniature sitting-room, with dwarf bookcase opposite the fireplace, and deep window-seat cosily cushioned and surrounded by a fretted arch of ivory-tinted wood. Portraits of Miss Terry's intimate friends and fellow-workers, including Mr. Henry Irving, Madame Bernhardt, Miss Mary Anderson, Mrs. Fred Terry, Salvini, Sarasate, Tosti and a host of other popular favourites, gaze upon you from the walls, and an ancient spinning-wheel, oak table and chairs fill up the available space. A few more steps, and the amber silk curtains are drawn aside and disclose the drawing-room, with its old-fashioned square piano, cabinet, filled with blue and white china, and little tables with silver trinkets and curios. A handsome apartment, anyone entering it feels; but not more attractive to Miss Terry than her quaint little cottage at Winchelsea, where she elects to spend the few leisure hours the public allow her to enjoy. These short spells of quietude put new life and vigour into the popular favourite; and here she laughs and says: "You can entirely forget that such a thing as a theatre exists; and I have the opportunity of indulging in photography, my latest hobby, and of recruiting after an exceptionally long run; or preparing for those that are to come."

Those who only know Miss Terry as the celebrated actress should see her in her home, where the natural instincts of her

nature have full play; and the kindliness of her disposition is shown by many a philanthropic scheme for the improvement of the condition of her poorer neighbours. Miss Terry, however, is one of those women who never let their left hand know what their right doeth; and only those who are immediately benefited are aware how much she finds time to do in the sacred cause of charity.

Two simple acts of kindness I can vouch for, from personal knowledge, namely—on a first night, when flowers are plentifully showered upon her by those who are intense admirers of her genius, she frequently fills her own carriage, and the first available cab; and, regardless of fatigue, drives to some hospital, and deposits her floral burden. And again, when on tour, in the Comedy of "New Men and Old Acres," she stayed, now many years since, for a few nights in Leicester, it was just at the time that the craze for the collection of autographs was at its height, and every properly-constituted little boy and girl was supposed to possess a textbook for this purpose—for then Shakesperian autograph books had not been thought of. Coming into her hotel one morning, she found the hall porter besieged by an excited and loudly gesticulating throng of girls from the Wygston School, who declined to be appeased or to deprive him of their presence. Hearing her own name, she stopped to inquire the cause of all this uproar; and finding that a jealous rivalry existed for her signature, she there upon sat down at the hall table, and boldly inscribed "Ellen Terry" in at least twenty textbooks, which were treasured as priceless possessions by the girls, long since grown to womanhood, and who by this simple incident will ever remain her most ardent and sincere supporters.

M. F. G.



By ROBIN HOLMWOOD.

Ivy—"I cling to thee."
Language of Flowers.

THE Rectory garden was a confused tangle of sweetness and colour. Old Robert, the Rector's man-of-all-work, said he liked "to see things growin' as God made 'em."

So it came to pass that, on this glowing August afternoon, sweet peas, stocks, sunflowers, carnations, marigolds and mignonette flourished in profusion in the old-fashioned garden, and vied with each other in sweetness and colour.

The Rectory itself was a many-gabled building whose only distinguishing feature was ivy. Ivy everywhere; not content with embowering the whole house, the clinging tendrils bade fair to smother the chimneys and shut in the small, diamond-paned windows.

"My dear," the Rector often said, "we really must have this ivy cut."

"Yes, John," answered his wife placidly; but year by year the aggressive thing was allowed to grow unchecked until in some places it had literally overflowed the house, and long, running sprays were fighting their way,

inch by inch, with rosemary and lavender, among the garden beds on the sunny southern slope. Down this slope, as far as the river, stretched the kitchen garden, where downy-cheeked plums, seedless raspberries and *such* strawberries grew with a determination hitherto unparalleled in the history of even the sunniest of Rectory gardens.

Over the garden gate leaned Daisy Austen, the Rector's only daughter, in an attitude of dreamy indolence. The ivy-covered gateway made a fitting frame for the slight, girlish figure in its white dress, and the sunny golden head was crowned by a careless wreath of ivy leaves. Dreaming she surely was. The great blue eyes had a far-away look in them; just the look one would expect to see on the face of an only girl, whose near world was bounded by the other-worldly atmosphere of the household behind the old-fashioned garden, and whose farther world was the sleepy village at her feet.

Presently there came up the lane from the village an



OVER THE GARDEN GATE.

athletic, boyish figure clad in a careless cricket suit of white flannel, relieved here and there by dashes of gay red and yellow—the colours of the local club of which he was captain.

Colin Lindsay was a hearty, healthy English boy of remote Scotch extraction, and very proud he was of the double line of ancestors, in which was to be found many an honoured name—flowers of the chivalry of both nations. Just now his dark, sun-burnt face was glowing with excitement, and Daisy could hear his merry whistle long before he came in sight. At the gate he stopped.

"Well," said Daisy, "I suppose you've come straight from the cricket-field, and I can see you've beaten them."

"Yes, we have, hollow—scored nearly as many in our first innings as they did in two. At first they knocked the balls about a bit with an air of 'easy-to-beat-these-country-lads-you-know,' but by-and-by —"

"By-and-by Master Colin went in, and then——"

"Well, I *did* get a run or two, Miss," and a rough, boyish hand made a dive after the ivy crown.

"Oh! Colin, my hair!" screamed Daisy.

"Sorry I hurt you," answered the boy coolly; "but you've plenty of hairs left, I see, and besides, if I wanted them all, you ought to give them to me, you know."

"Why, indeed, you masterful boy?" said Daisy, indignantly, smoothing down her ruffled locks.

"Oh, well, because—because—well, I don't know, except just that I'm always going to be master, and, Daisy, don't you wish these were the days of chivalry? and then I'd be your knight and ride out to battle with this ivy crown on my helmet! It means 'I cling to thee,' you know, and when I was found dead on the field, with its tendrils dyed in my heart's blood, you could ——"

"You horrid boy! But I don't suppose your heart's blood would ever reach your head; they are too far apart. And don't wax sentimental; it doesn't exactly suit a very brown boy in very dirty flannels."

"Well, I won't, then, if you'll let me in and give me some strawberries and cream. I feel they would be nearer my heart's blood at present than either ivy crowns or knightly helmets. Daisy," said Colin, a few minutes later, with his



"OH! COLIN, MY HAIR."

mouth full, "in a year I'm going out to my uncle in South Africa. When the holidays are over, I shall go back to school and work real hard. I don't think I should like to go to college, as John has done; and, above all, I *couldn't* be a parson. Just fancy me got up in a white sheet, and moving round with a 'bless-you-my-children' air about me!"

"I couldn't, irreverent boy!" answered Daisy; "but, seriously, what are you going to do in—Port Elizabeth, isn't it, where your uncle lives?"

"Oh, I mean to see the world, and then I'll make my fortune; and then—why, I'll come back and marry you, of course!"

"Will you? What a delightful prospect! Supposing I won't have you?"

"Oh, but you'll have to! I always intended that," said the boy confidently.

So the strawberries were eaten, and the boy and girl, who had grown up for each other in the eyes of the village world in which they moved, had another sunny year of free, glad comradeship. Then Colin's last term at the Grammar School was over, and, after many tearful good-byes, he set his hopeful, resolute young face towards a new future and the South African fortune which, he never doubted, there awaited him.

And Daisy, leaning once more over the ivied gateway, with a pair of swollen blue

eyes, a very red nose and a disconsolate droop of the golden head, declared between her sobs that "life was over now, and she didn't care if she died, because Colin would never, never come back any more!"

But hearts are not easily broken at eighteen, and ere two golden summers came and went, the dreamy blue eyes were again scanning the fair horizon line of life, which was not always bounded by an unknown, far-away South African town. Colin's letters were always welcome, but it would have been no small surprise to Daisy could she have seen how the merry, saucy replies were read and re-read, and finally found their way to a certain sacred hiding-place, to rest beside a mangled wreath of shrivelled ivy leaves.

Still more of a surprise would it have been to Colin's work-a-day friends and companions, to have guessed the existence of this same treasure-box. They only knew him as a generous, high-souled English lad, who toiled daily with true British tenacity, having found, as many another of our exiled sons has done, that the fair blossom of success will not grow in the sunniest clime under heaven, except from the healthy root of honest labour.

So the months rolled on, and Daisy's world was no longer the sleepy village. She, too, saw life beyond the sheltered limits of her girlhood. A fairer, brighter world it seemed than even the one pictured so often in the dreamland of the old garden. And Colin's distant field of labour grew very far away indeed.

Perhaps it seemed to come about more suddenly than was really the case to the hitherto unsuspecting Colin; but, one day, a very white set face bent over the treasure-box for the last time. Almost unconsciously the dainty letter was crushed in a man's strong hand. Then it was smoothed out again, to read just these words—not very cruel ones on the face of them:—"You know, Colin, we have always been like brother and sister, and now I want you to be a brother to this very dear friend of mine. I don't

mind telling you he is dearer to me than I ever thought anyone could be. By the time you get this he will have sailed for Port Elizabeth, to make his fortune, as you did. And I want you to be good to Jack for my sake. By-the-by, is the fortune nearly made now? Shall we ever see you in dear old England again?"

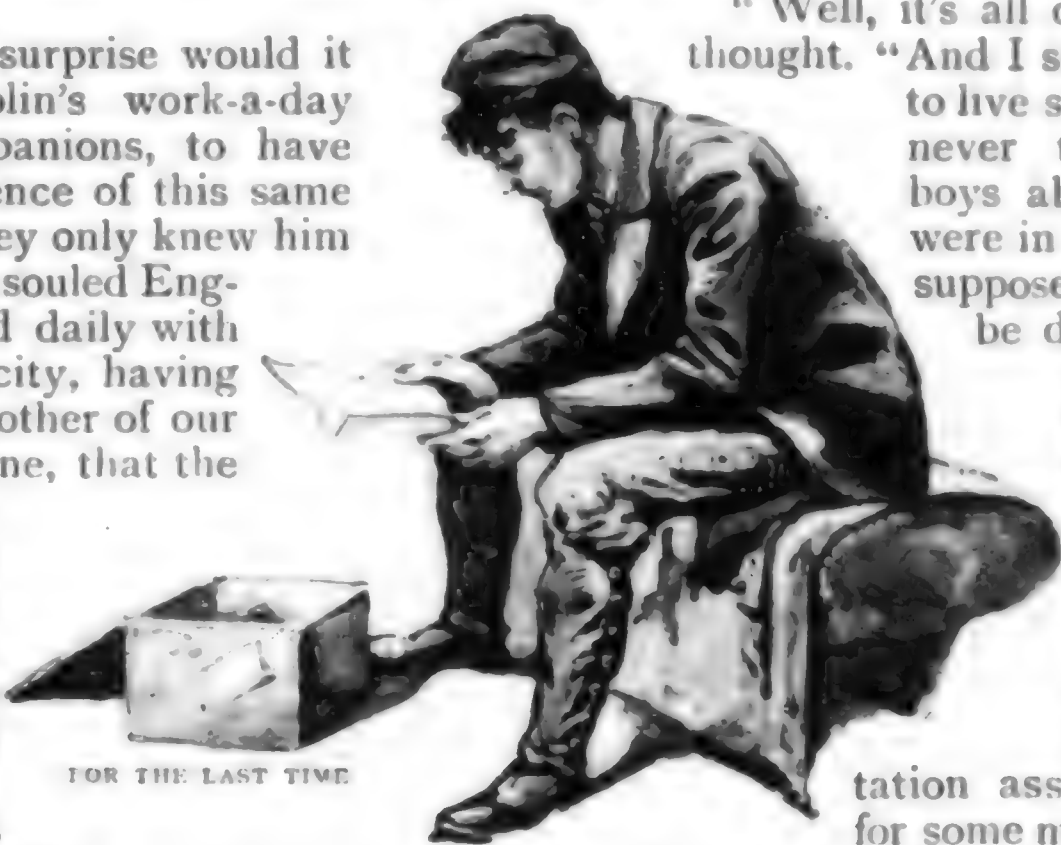
"No, never!" muttered Colin between his teeth. "Why did I ever go away? Yes, Daisy, the fortune is nearly made now, or, at least, enough of it to have made me the happiest fellow in South Africa. But now I could curse the very gold itself. My darling, why did I ever leave you?" And the poor fellow groaned aloud in the very strength of the love which had grown with his growth till both were giants indeed.

"Well, it's all over now!" he thought. "And I suppose I've got to live still. I'm glad I never told the other boys about her. If I were in a book, now, I suppose this Jack would be drowned on the voyage out, and then she would find that she loved me best after all; but I'm not in a book, and so —" Then a horrible temptation assailed him, and for some minutes he wished

with all his might that Jack Russell might never land safely at Port Elizabeth.

"God forgive me!" he said aloud presently, and, burying his face in his hands, he fought the hardest battle of his whole life. At length, some hours later, he rose to his feet, and, shaking himself, stepped out upon the broad verandah, now bathed in the westering sunlight of a calm Sabbath evening, leaving behind him the locked treasure-box, and the one hope of his early manhood.

A few weeks later Jack Russell arrived, and received a right brotherly welcome. All he ever knew of the great life sorrow beside him was gathered from a few words, evidently wrung from Colin during one of their evenings together some months afterwards. Jack had been raving as usual about Daisy's charms and his own future hopes and expectations, never



FOR THE LAST TIME

noticing his companion's silence, until suddenly Colin broke in abruptly:

"You're a lucky fellow, Jack. I meant to win the prize you have won. Try to be worthy of her, and love her as she deserves to be loved. She will need all you can give her!" And, with a hearty grip of his hand, Colin was gone, leaving Jack to shrug his shoulders in wonder and dismay.

"Daisy never told me that," he said; "but he'll get over it well enough. All the same, he's a good fellow. I don't think I could have done for him all that he has done for me, had he been the lucky one!"

"Fire, fire!" That most terrible of all alarms rang out fiercely on the clear, tro-



pical night air—fearful enough even in our English cities, with their solid walls and lavish water supply—ininitely more terrible where the houses are chiefly composed of wood and other light materials, which have been exposed all day to the scorching heat of a tropical sun.

The wild cry roused Jack Russell from his first sound sleep, and, hastily throwing on his clothes, he prepared to follow the already hurrying crowd to the scene of danger. "Where is it?" he shouted, as he gained the street. "Lindsay's place!" someone answered.

Jack's first thought was for Colin's safety. "I hope he's all right," he muttered; "but he's just the sort of fellow to help everybody else, and never think of himself at all."

No one knew how the fire originated, but everyone said it was too late to save the pretty villa, half foreign, half English, which Colin's uncle had built for himself in the suburbs of Port Elizabeth. Already the flames were curling round the roof of the verandah, and wreaths of smoke issued from the front windows.

At length, to his great relief, Jack caught sight of Colin himself, and, seizing him by the arm, asked anxiously:

"Are they all safe?"

Scarcely were the words uttered when a fearful shriek rang out above the shouting of the excited crowd and the roaring of the flames.

"Oh! my boy, my boy!" and a white, distracted face appeared at Colin's elbow.

"Is it Norman, aunt?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes, he must have been left in the night nursery at the back.

I thought he was with Rhoda and the other children, and he'll be killed!" and poor Mrs. Lindsay's cries broke out afresh.

"No, he won't, aunt," answered Colin, firmly, unclasping her frenzied grasp on his arm. "The flames haven't reached the back yet, and, God helping me, I'll save him."

Already half-a-dozen athletic young Englishmen had thrown off their coats, for the British lion element is not wanting in the hearts of our youthful colonists.

Without a moment's hesitation, Colin sprang towards the burning building, only pausing to grasp his friend's hand and to say hurriedly as he pushed him gently but firmly back:

"No, Jack, not you. I know my way, and besides, you've got Daisy, and—" with a sudden break in his voice—"I've got—nothing."

The suspense of the next few minutes was breathless. Then it was broken by cheer upon cheer echoing from the white and dusky throats of the motley crowd as Colin appeared once more with little Norman's unconscious form rolled in a blanket. Scarcely had the brave lad time to realise that these exultant shouts

COLIN BROKE IN ABRUPTLY.

were meant for him, or to hear Mrs. Lindsay's fervent expressions of gratitude, ere he staggered and would have fallen but for Jack's timely aid. Very tenderly they bore him to the hospital, and then waited impatiently for the result of the doctor's brief examination.

Colin's injuries were not from the direct action of fire, he told them. He had evidently received a severe blow on the head, from falling timbers probably, and perhaps there might be internal complications; but it was difficult to ascertain precisely the nature and extent of the harm done until consciousness returned.

Nothing was left undone that skill and care could accomplish; but, in spite of all, in a few days it became known among his friends that the young life was ending and that the bright, boyish face would be seen no more in their midst.

One by one, at Colin's request, they came to bid him good-bye. Most of them were work-mates in his uncle's warehouse, and, here and there, a soli-



"OH! MY BOY. MY BOY."



VERY TENDERLY THEY BORE HIM.

tary home-sick boy, fresh from his mother. They had never known before how dear he was to them; and more than one young fellow felt that he was losing his best friend, and shuddered to think of where he might have been but for the help and counsel and the daily example of the life which was slowly fading from their sight.

"He won't suffer much," the doctor had said, "and will most likely be conscious to the very end." And now the end had come. There was silence in the ward except for the ticking of the clock and the sounds of Mrs. Lindsay's sobs. Beside her sat her husband, with his head buried in his hands, thinking, with a half suppressed groan, what he should say to the widowed mother in the far-off

English village—how he should tell her that her boy had taken his life in his hands and laid it down for an untried baby, whose life might prove a failure in the end.

As if to answer the unspoken question, Colin's dark eyes unclosed and he murmured:

"Tell Mother I couldn't have done anything else. I'm glad the little one is all right; he'll be a fine lad some day. I'm going to Father. John will take care of her better than her wild, restless laddie ever could have done. Jack," he added faintly.

The young man raised his head from the bed-clothes, where he had been hiding it in a vain attempt to check the rising sobs which threatened to choke him.

"It's better so, old fellow. Bid Daisy good-bye, and give her the packet. It was the only thing I saved from the fire."

The tired voice grew faint, and again there was silence. Then the dark eyes opened once more, and the watchful nurse bent forward to raise the weary head, and stroke back the thick, curly hair, already damped by the rising waves of the river of Death.

"Hush! he is trying to say something," said Jack, in an awed voice.

"A crown—of—ivy—a crown of —"

"Life" added the hospital nurse softly.

A look of infinite peace settled on the young, still boyish face.

"Yes," he murmured, "be faithful—a crown—of—ivy fadeth—a crown—of—life—fadeth—not."

* * *

Eight years have passed away, and Daisy Russell is at home



THEY CAME TO BID HIM GOOD-BYE

again in the old rectory. The golden head looks almost as sunny as ever, but the ivy crown is replaced by a widow's cap. On her knee are spread the contents of an old box, and in her hand the picture of a dark-eyed, laughing boy.

Beside her stands a child of some six or seven years.

"Oh! Colin, Colin! my more than brother," she sighed,

"after all, you were the only true knight I ever had."

"Who is that pretty boy, mother?" asked the child at her knee.

"An old, old friend of mine—the first friend I ever had, Colin."

"And was he a good boy, mother?"

"Yes, dear, a very good boy. He gave his life to save a little child, and also to keep his friend from risking his life. He thought someone he loved would be happier if he died."

"And were they very happy, mother?"



"IT'S BETTER SO, OLD FELLOW."

"No, darling, not very; not so happy as he wanted them to be."

"That was a pity; 'cause I s'pose then it was no use dying, was it, mother?"

"I don't know, dear. When we give all we have, God will never let it be wasted. I will tell you about him some-day when you are older. His name was Colin, like yours."

Other treasures there were in the old box—a tinted photograph of a sweet, golden-haired girl, with dreamy blue eyes,

worn and rubbed by constant wear in a boyish pocket, a withered wreath of dead ivy-leaves, and, last of all, a photograph of a newly-made grave marked by a plain marble cross, wreathed with carved ivy-leaves, and on which could be plainly read the simple inscription:

COLIN LINDSAY

DIED SEPTEMBER 6, 1880.

AGED 21 YEARS

A Crown of Life.



"AND WAS HE A GOOD BOY, MOTHER?"

Some English Pen Artists and their Work.

By ERNEST F. SHERIE.

ILLUSTRATED journalism has made rapid strides of late years, and the clever artists who have contributed to this result are now as well known by their sketches as famous authors and writers.

Who does not know Phil May's caricatures? His work confronts us in most of the best comic papers of the day; it is always before us, here, there and everywhere.

Visiting Mr. May at his studio, I found him surrounded with curios, pictures, casts, sketches in all stages, books, musical instruments, and articles of all descriptions that we meet with in our daily life, and which at some time or other have figured, or will figure, in the artist's work. They are scattered about in profusion; down one side of the studio is a long and comfortable settee, at the back of which are arched openings into another apartment, which, in turn, has another settee, running parallel with the first. A grand piano, in one corner, bears witness to the fact that the artist and his charming wife are devoted to music, and, in the words of "Maggy Murphy's Home," "On Sunday night it's his delight" to have a bevy of fellow Bohemians "drop in." Those who are fortunate enough to figure amongst his friends, are always unanimous in praise of their host and hostess's resources for their amusement.

Mr. May has Irish blood in his veins. He

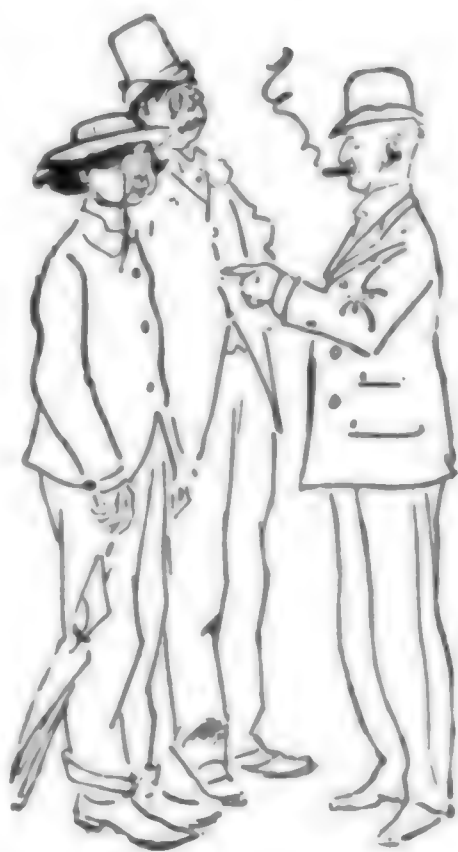
commenced to draw when quite a child, and preferred a pencil and sketch-book to any toy, and used actually to go about provided with these materials at an absurdly early age. Indeed, his first drawing for a paper was made when he was but twelve years old; that was for a paper in Yorkshire; he sent in several sketches and they were accepted. He was always sketching and never attended any Art School, his impression being, that for a pen draughtsman (at any rate) the best school is practice. With painting, he holds other views, and maintains that a certain amount of tuition is necessary; he always draws from models, and makes most careful studies in chalk of every figure before the final pen drawing is commenced. He is a great believer in going to nature for his subjects, and is never so happy as when he is sketching. The first paper of importance

he worked for in London was the *St. Stephen's Review*. He came to London ten years ago, and had a pretty rough time of it at first; he was unknown, and consequently had a hard struggle to make both ends meet. He was introduced to the Editor of the paper by a Mr. Russell, for whom he had made a drawing of Mr. Bancroft, which was much liked. This brought his name forward, and in 1885 he had an offer to go to Australia to work for *The Sydney Bulletin* (a paper to which he still contributes). The experience gained there



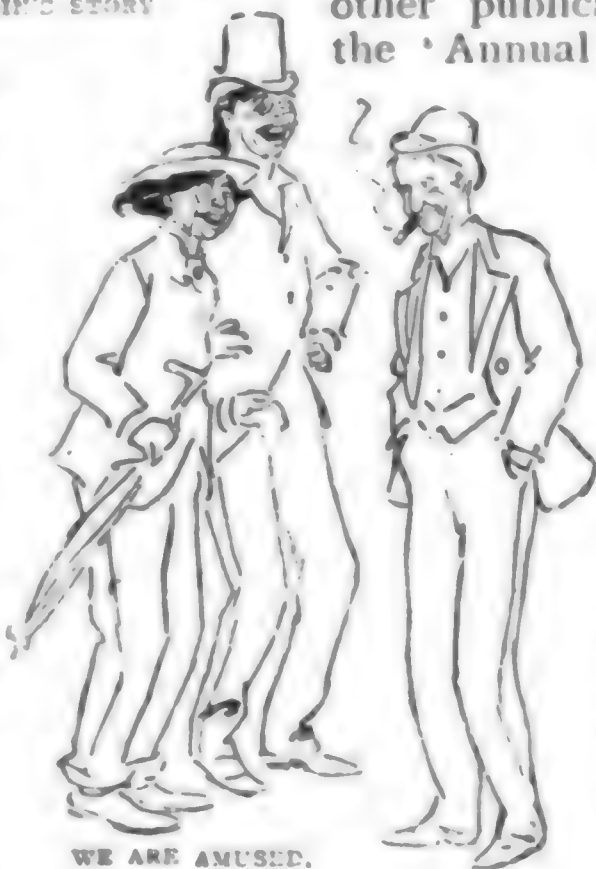
MR. PHIL MAY.

had its good effects. He remained on the *Bulletin* for three years and then made tracks for home with his wife, calling at Rome on the way, and afterwards settling down in Paris. There he rented a studio close to one occupied by Meissonier, and saw much of the great artist. "You're looking at that policeman's helmet," remarked



NAT GOODWIN'S STORY

Mr. May; "funny thing how I picked that up: walking through the city one day, I saw a youngster with it on his head, and gave him a shilling for it, and I can assure you it has come in very useful—they are uncommonly awkward things to draw. Most of the younger generation who come in here, make the crown too high, whereas it is not much higher than an ordinary round hat. Talking about policemen reminds me of a very funny thing which occurred to



WE ARE AMUSED.

me some years ago; I had a studio at Hampstead, and wishing to make a drawing (which has since appeared) of a row of policemen going on duty, I went to every constable I met in the neighbourhood and asked them to come up to my studio to be 'took.' I thought by this means I should get a variety of character; well, one day, by a strange coincidence, I had no less than seven or eight guardians of the peace turn up, and you may imagine the sensation it caused in the vicinity; the neighbours evidently imagining that some horrible tragedy had taken place in their midst."

"You don't work entirely in England, do you?"

"Not by any means. I travel a great deal, and am at home either in London or Paris, where I still have a studio. I

only spend four months out of the twelve in England, and the rest (when I am not globe trotting) in Paris. In April, this year, I am going to Rome, and next year, Japan will be my resting-place. There is a wide field of humour there, and it has never been properly done, so I'm going to try my hand at it."

"How did your 'Parson and the Painter' go?"

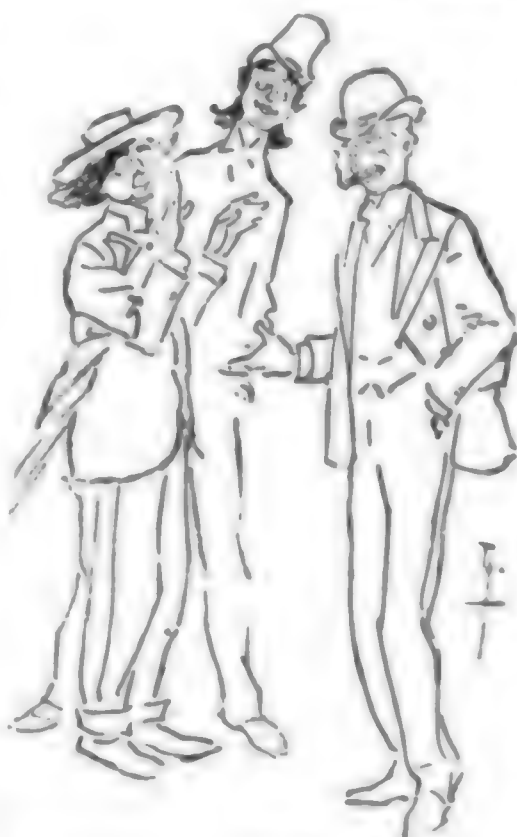
"Splendidly; it far exceeded my expectations. I am publishing a second edition this summer, when the adventures of those gentlemen at home and in Australia will be the subject."

"Are you doing another summer annual?"

"No; I think once a year is sufficient, and I have quite enough to do with the other publications; therefore, in future the 'Annual' will be an *Annual* and be published only at Christmas."

As Mr. May was now due in the city, we journeyed thither together, in a well-appointed hansom. During our drive I could not help noticing Mr. May's acute observation; there were few things that escaped his notice, and, as the vehicles and mass of humanity rolled by, many were the remarks made on the possibility of humorous subjects; the artist having a decided habit of regarding everything from an amusing

point of view, and continually giving expression to his thoughts by a chuckle and saying: "That's funny!" This remark was frequently made about some passing object, or being that, personally, I did not see the slightest humour in until it was pointed out to me, when the construction he



"REALLY, MR. GOODWIN, REALLY."
(From "The Parson and the Painter.")



(From Mr. Phil May's "The Parson and the Painter.")

would put upon it least itself to merriment. A glance at Mr. May's career cannot fail to impress us with his undoubted pluck and talent which, at the early age of twenty-eight, have placed him in the foremost rank of caricaturists. In one respect (at any rate) he stands alone: *viz.*, that, unlike so many of our talented caricaturists, he is a perfect draughtsman. We have even now two or three excellent exponents of the art, but for pure draughtsmanship we have not one to excel Mr. May.

The accompanying illustrations, "Nat Goodwin's Story" and "High Jinks at Scarborough," are typical specimens of Mr. May's work.

Another very clever draughtsman is Mr. Reginald Cleaver, whose excellent drawings are so well known in *The Daily Graphic*. Seeking out this gentleman, I found him busily at work at the offices of the paper, and, having coaxed him over the way to Carr's, we chatted pleasantly over a cup of coffee.

Mr. Cleaver's first sketch for a London paper appeared in *The Illustrated London News*, when he was twenty-three years of age. He was then engaged in a commercial pursuit, but, being so very fond of drawing, he resolved to take to the profession as a means of gaining a livelihood. With this object, he enrolled himself a member of "The Old Westminster School of Art," and was there during the last days of that institution. After that he went to "Brown's," where so many



MR. REGINALD CLEAVER.

of our leading artists have studied, and ultimately he joined a class over which Mr. Solomon J. Solomon presided, and it was from this gentleman that he received his most valuable insight into composition. While yet studying, he worked from time to time for various periodicals.

"How did you come to draw for *The Daily Graphic*?" I remarked.

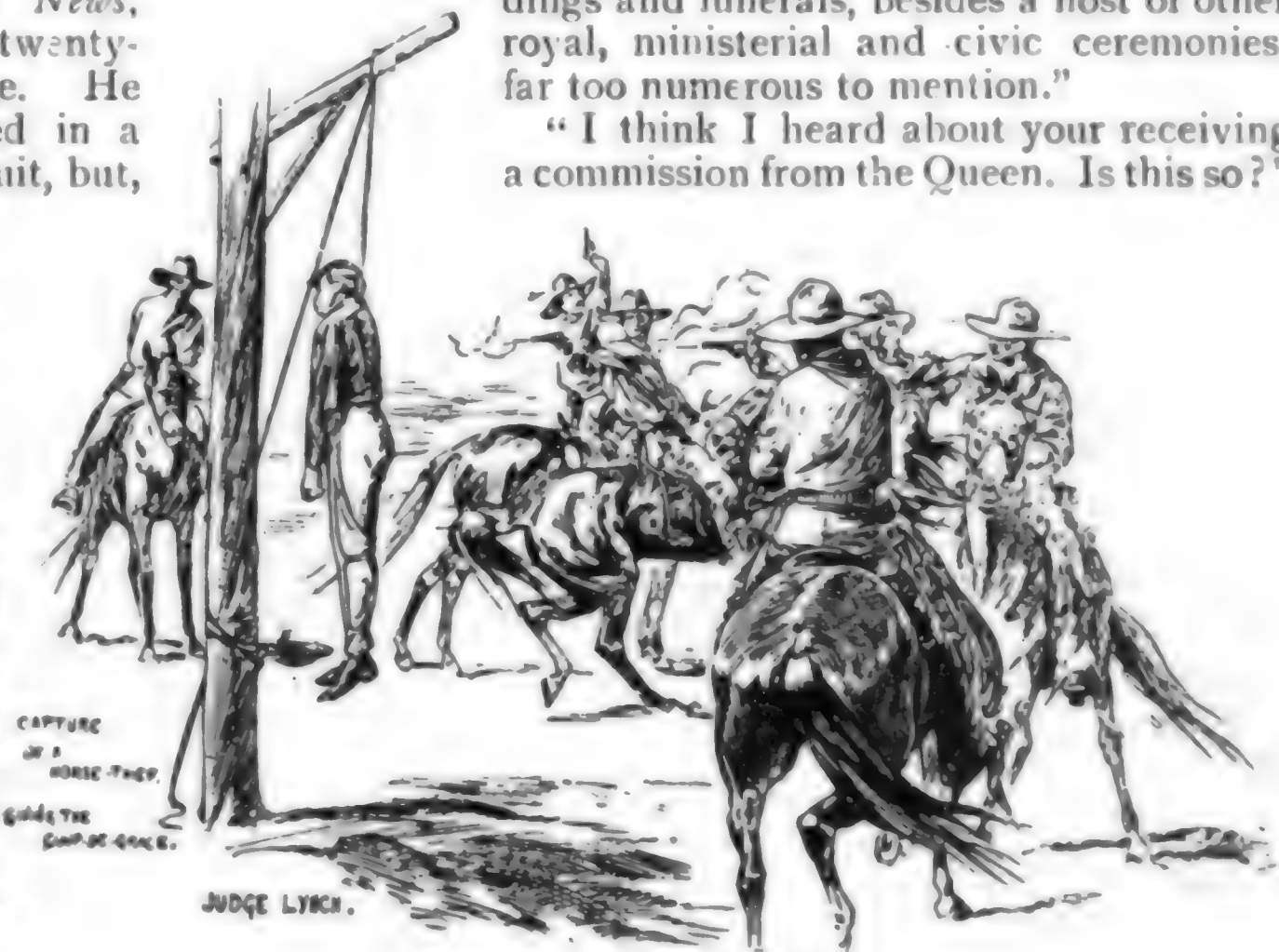
"I was offering a drawing to the weekly publication, when the editor told me of the intended daily, and asked if I would like to work for them. Of course, I

was only too pleased, and from the first number to the present day, there have been few numbers in which my work has not appeared."

"What a quantity of events you must have attended to sketch, during your engagement!"

"Yes, indeed; I suppose few artists can show such a record of events attended in the space of, say two years. I have been present at State balls, Drawing-Rooms, garden parties at Marlborough House and elsewhere, levées, royal weddings and funerals, besides a host of other royal, ministerial and civic ceremonies, far too numerous to mention."

"I think I heard about your receiving a commission from the Queen. Is this so?"



(From "The Daily Graphic.")

"Quite right. Sir Henry Ponsonby wrote to the proprietors of *The Graphic*, commanding them to send an artist to Windsor to sketch a performance of *The Gondoliers*, which was to be played there, and I was fortunate enough to be the chosen one. Her Majesty has been good enough to express her satisfaction of my efforts by honouring me, since then, with further commands on three separate occasions. In one instance, I had to forsake the everyday coat and shining headgear

indiscriminately over the platform. I have contributed sketches to *Punch* and other popular periodicals, from time to time, but now my *Daily Graphic* work occupies nearly all my time."

Mr. Cleaver's work is so well known that it is unnecessary for me to expatiate upon its merits; some of his drawings which we reproduce are in his best style, and may be taken as very good examples of his finesse and execution. Regarding his personality, one cannot fail to be im-



A RECEPTION AT THE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY'S.
(From "*The Daily Graphic*.")

for the Court uniform and cocked hat, and I can assure you that this was a very amusing experience; being unused to the composition of the garments, I felt far from comfortable—a feeling which was increased by a disconcerting episode which occurred. I must tell you that I have a small ticket-pocket at the top of my everyday continuations for the purpose of carrying my money, and, forgetting for the moment that I had changed, instead of the coins taking their place in this receptacle, they descended, without my noticing them, into the knee breeches, lodging at the knee until I alighted from the train at Windsor, when, to my dismay, I found I was showering money

pressed with his undemonstrative and retiring disposition, which shows that he, like all true artists, is not objectionably elated with success, which he has attained at the early age of eight-and-twenty.

Before concluding this paper, I will mention the name of one more artist, whose artistic pictures, disclosing the vein of genius in every line, cannot fail to impress us on perusing the pages of the many journals for which he works. This gentleman shares with Mr. May the distinction of having contributed to the Press when early in his teens, and also holds the enviable position of being the youngest artist of note at present working for the illustrated papers.



MR. FRED PEGRAM.

Mr. Pegram occupies a studio at Chelsea, in conjunction with Mr. Ronald Gray (another young draughtsman, who is rapidly forging his way to the front), where I found him in his charming workshop.

"First of all I want to know your age; I won't bother you about your birth certificate nor your ancestors, but your age is of importance."

"Certainly; I am nearly twenty-two, and have had to make my own living since I was fourteen and a half, at which age I first commenced to draw for *The Pall Mall*, continuing to do so for some time until I joined the staff of *The Pictorial World* (now no more). I was engaged on that journal for a period of two years and a half; during this time, and, in fact, ever since I began, I have been a constant devotee to study; and I attribute what success I have obtained, in no small degree, to the excellent tuition I received at 'Brown's.' Upon discontinuing work for the last-mentioned paper, I went to Paris for a time and studied at 'Julien's,' the celebrated Parisian school; and it was during this time that I commenced to draw for *The Illustrated London News*. Upon returning to England, I commenced to work for various papers, amongst others, *The Lady's Pictorial*, *The Gentlewoman* and *Judy*.

"Besides my regular work for the papers I have mentioned and others, I

am, at the present moment, much interested in a book I am illustrating, entitled 'Pascoe and Pegram's Forthcoming Peepshow.' It is a social sarcasm on life in London, and will be published very shortly. I am also tempting Fortune in a fresh direction, as I am engaged on a pastel drawing of Miss Mabel Love in the costume she wore in last year's pantomime. I am going to send it to the Royal Academy."

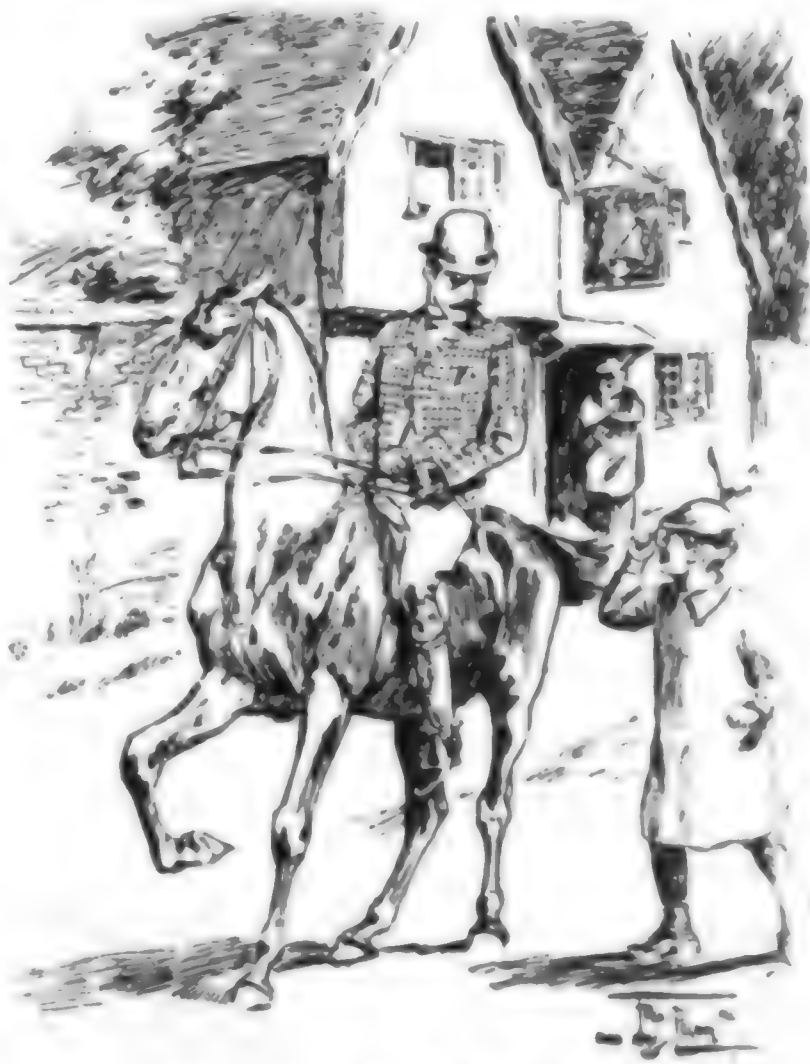
Taking me to an easel which was mysteriously draped, and, drawing back the curtains, he revealed the figure of that lady in a graceful dancing pose. The expression is happily caught, and I ventured to congratulate the industrious artist on his work and to wish him fortune in his new departure.

"I don't know, of course, whether I shall be lucky enough to get it accepted, but, at any rate, I can try," he modestly replied.

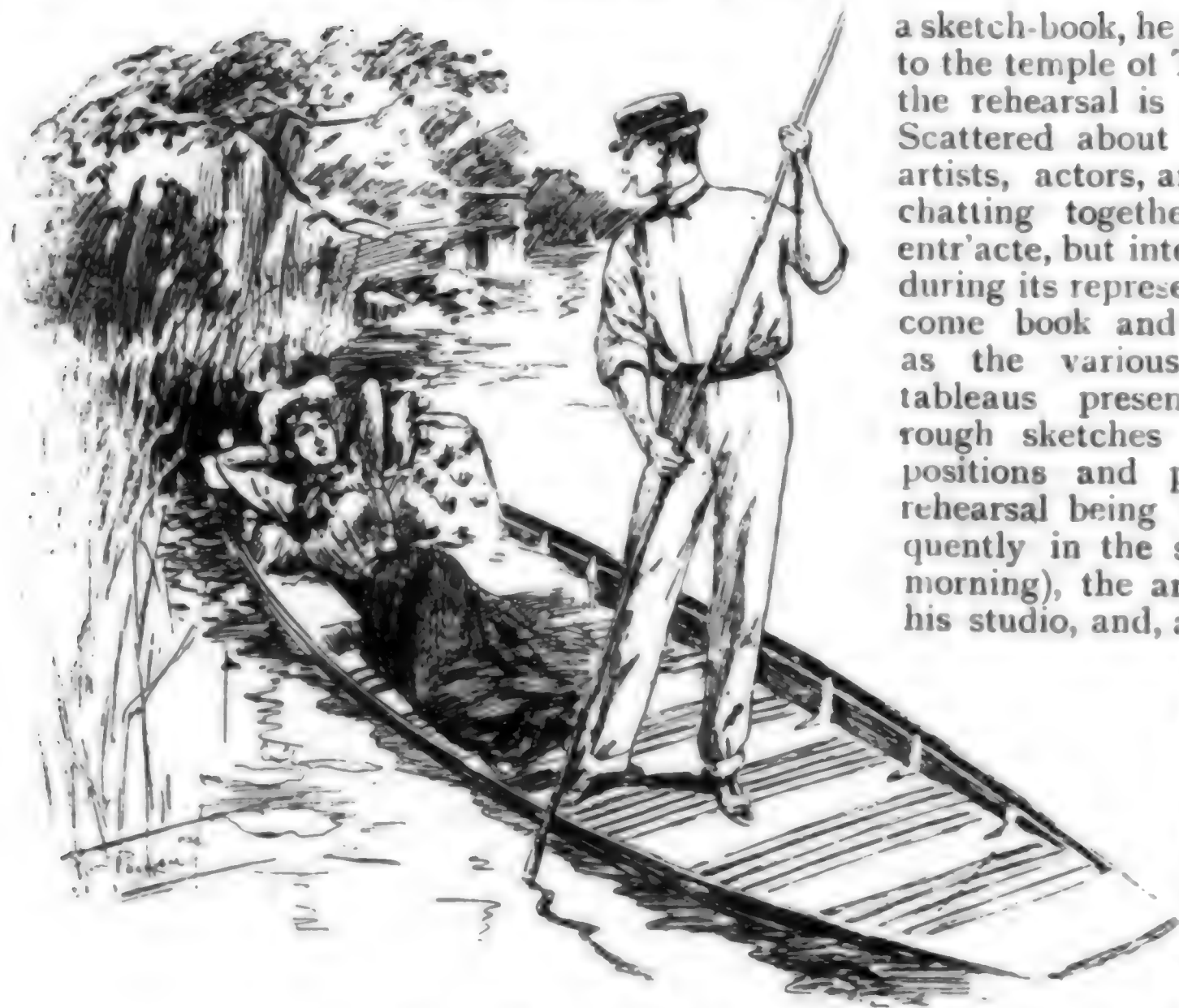
"Can you let me have a portrait to reproduce in *THE LUDGATE MONTHLY*?"

"Yes, I'll send one on to you." And so, wishing my genial young host good-night, I wended my way home, retaining congenial remembrance of a most pleasant visit.

We are indebted to the proprietors of *Judy* for permission to reproduce the accompanying drawings, necessarily much reduced, owing to the limited space at



(From "Judy." By Fred. Pegram.)



(From "Judy." By Fred. Pegram.)

our disposal. A glance at the illustrations will suffice to show the amount of cleverness in draughtsmanship and technique which Mr. Pegram displays. Although primarily a figure draughtsman, he (unlike so many men who make the "human form divine" their study) is equally successful in drawing animals, the spirit and animation displayed in his horses being especially excellent.

There is a vast proportion of our readers who have not the slightest idea of the means by which the drawings in pen and ink are produced in printed form, and it may, therefore, be of interest if I give a short outline of the process from first to last. Pen drawing, as known at the present day, is of comparatively recent growth and owes its vitality to the advancement made in the science of photography and chemistry. A few years back the preparation of a block for printing with type would have taken as many days as now it takes hours, and the effect probably would be inferior. The artist is requested by an editor (say for instance) to attend a dress rehearsal at a theatre to make sketches of a piece which is to be produced the following night. Provided with an invitation from the manager and

a sketch-book, he makes his way to the temple of Thespis, where the rehearsal is in full swing. Scattered about the house are artists, actors, and journalists, chatting together during the entr'acte, but intent on the play during its representation. Out come book and pencils, and as the various scenes and tableaux present themselves, rough sketches are made of positions and portraits. The rehearsal being over (very frequently in the small hours of morning), the artist hastens to his studio, and, after snatching

a few hours' sleep, commences his drawing in pen and ink, aided by his sketch-book; the completed drawing is sent to the engravers and photographed

down to the size required; the negative being taken on glass, by the aid of natural or electric light. The next stage is the printing of the subject on to a zinc plate; these plates are usually about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and have a highly polished surface, which is first sensitised, and afterwards placed face to face with the negative and printed by exposure, in much the same way as an ordinary photograph; this process reproduces the lines of the original drawing on the zinc, *reversed*, and after being rolled up with a hand roller and lithographic ink (which adheres only to the lines, and does not affect the exposed metal), it is ready for the etchers. The etching room contains a number of "baths," which are made to rock, so as to allow a nitric acid solution to thoroughly sluice the plates, and it is into these "baths" that the plate is then put, having first been coated with a resin solution at the back to prevent the acid from eating away the reverse side; this process continues until the metal exposed to the acid is eaten away sufficiently, leaving only the lines protected by the ink in relief. The block is then printed, and in due time appears to the public, surrounded by the news of the day.



By RICHARD DOWLING.

CHAPTER I.

"THE MAN IS MAD."

"**B**UT, James, why can't I go with you? The captain's wife is going with him. They have been married years and years, and it's only three months since we were married. Why am I to stay at home? I will go—I must go. I'll never get into the boat." She clung closer to him, and would not release him.

"You can't, Jane; you can't. The captain would not hear of it. The owners would not allow it, and I wouldn't trust you, Jane—my little Jane—for a long voyage in this crazy old tub."

"But you're the mate—the first mate—and why shouldn't the first mate's wife go as well as the captain's? I'll keep out of the way the whole time. I'll never come on deck. Tell the captain I'll never ask to come on deck once."

"There's no use in asking; he would not allow it. It's never done. Go now, darling, and I'll be home in no time, and I'll never make another foreign voyage." He kissed her, and brushed a tear from his eye with the back of his hand.

"But you say she's crazy, and they say she'll never see land again. Let me go with you, James. Let me go with you. Let us die together. What can I do? How can I live while you are away? When they come to me and say, 'She'll never see land again! Poor James!' it will kill me. I tell you I shall—I must die before the four months are up. O, why did you ship in

this horrid old *Neptune*! I can feel her shake under me. I felt her shake under me when I jumped aboard. Why did you not stay in the coasting?" She wept, and the strength of her embrace relaxed.

"There, there, don't cry? Why, the whole ship's crew are looking at us. You know I couldn't make money enough coastwise to buy a little furniture. I am going only this one foreign voyage, and then I'll try and get a vessel of my own—I mean as master of one—and never be more than a few cables' length away from my little wife." He bent over her and held her closer to him.

"Now, then," sang out the captain from the poop, "make fast the tow-line. How's the anchor?"

"Up and down, sir," answered the man on the top-gallant forecastle.

"Heave up! Start it away, my lads!" sang out the captain to the men at the windlass.

For a minute the bow of the barque dipped a little and then rose with a sudden jerk. The captain walked forward on the poop, and leaning over the rail, whispered in a kindly tone to the first mate standing in the waist, "Now, Mr. Fulton, she's free. Better get Mrs. Fulton ashore; there's not much more water than we want on the bar, and the tide is running away fast."

James Fulton, first mate of the barque *Neptune*, had no longer any appealing words or protesting embraces to combat, for his young wife lay white and insensible in his arms. He was a tall, powerful man of three-and-thirty, with broad, flat back and chest, thick dark brown beard, moustache and whiskers. The front of his face exposed to the air was bronzed, but his forehead was white and clean, and under the forehead shone a pair of light blue eyes, shaded by projecting brows and low, dark eyebrows. The rest of his face showed signs of toil and anxiety and suffering, but

the eyes were clear and bright and undisturbed, like the water of a sheltered pool when the wind is off the land.

Fulton gathered his wife closely to his breast, and went to the side of the barque where the ladder hung. He raised her gently, and holding her in the loop of his powerful right arm seized the ladder with his left, and descended into the boat.

There was only one man in the boat. When the rope was cast off this man should attend to the oars, and could not render any assistance to the insensible woman. She could not sit up. After a moment's reflection he placed her gently on the stern-sheet, and saying to the man, "I'll be back in a minute," sprang up the ladder to fetch something to put under her head.

No sooner had he disappeared than a slender, brown-eyed, swarthy man clambered over the bulwark and descended the ladder with the utmost haste. When he reached the boat he went forward, cast off the line, and cried out in a foreign accent to the boatman, "Pull off, my man."

The boatman made a few strokes of the oars. The captain waved an adieu to the foreigner, and signalled the tug to go ahead. As the barque leaned forward under the first sharp strain of the tow-rope, the foreigner stepped aft, and, raising the form of the inanimate woman, set it beside him on the stern thwart, and supported her with his arm.

At this moment the figure of the mate rose above the bulwark. He carried a bundle in his hand. When he saw that the barque was under way he glanced hastily over the side to which the shore-boat had been made fast. The boat was now twenty yards distant. He at once



"HOW CAN I LIVE WHILE YOU ARE AWAY?"

took in what had happened. With a shout, he leaped on deck, tore off his coat, jacket and boots, and bounded to the bulwark once more. Some of the men saw him, and, suspecting his design, flung him to the deck and held him down.

"Let me go!" he roared. "Let me go! It's Bartolino, the scoundrel! Let me go, men, I tell you. I saw him smile. For the love of Heaven, hands off! I'll kill the man that lets me."

He was a powerful man, and it took five of the sailors to restrain him. Foam was at his mouth, and his eyes were bloodshot with fury.

"I must go, men, I must go. You don't know all. That black villain made love to her, and wanted her to marry him, and I know he has a wife already. If you don't unhand me, I'll kill someone."

"What's all this about?" asked the captain.

The men told him.

"Why, you must be mad, Fulton—mad or drunk! The boat is a quarter of a mile astern now, and it's a mile to the shore, and you can't swim."

A sudden change came over the mate. He ceased to struggle. He lay perfectly still.

"Captain," he pleaded, in a trembling voice, "you are right; but tell them to let me go. I want to have one more look at her. I swear to you on the word of a man not to go over the side. Trust me."

"Let him up, my lads. Let him up. He's a man of his word, and he'll keep it. I'll go bail for him."

They released him. He rose hastily, and, without a word, rushed from where he had lain, and entered the house on deck. In an instant he emerged, grasping a gun by the barrel in his powerful

right hand, and, whirling it round his head, he ran aft, shouting:

"The first man that lets me I'll brain. I'll brain him! Keep off!"

A raging lion could not have had more terror for the crew than this infuriated man with the deadly weapon. They shrank from him and stood petrified with fear. For a moment even the captain was surprised into inactivity.

Fulton reached the taffrail, rested the gun on it, and aimed at the boat. He raised his head once or twice.

Meanwhile the captain had dropped down from the poop and stolen behind him.

"Fulton," he whispered, "it's a long shot, and if you miss him you may stave the boat, or ——"

"Hit her," he groaned, throwing down the gun.

The captain had been afraid to touch the mate, lest the latter might, upon the impulse, fire.

The captain put his foot on the gun, beckoned men aft, and made signs to them. They stole upon the mate and caught him. He made no resistance now.

"Take him below," ordered the captain, "and put him in irons. The man is mad."

CHAPTER II.

THE DERELICT.

THE boat which bore Jane Fulton and Giovanni Bartolino was close to the shore before the mate's wife opened her eyes. She was at first too feeble to think, and he carefully kept his head out of her view. At length she became aware that she was supported against a man by a man's arm. Gradually memory returned, and she recalled the scene upon which her eyes had closed.

"O James, it was so good of you to come away! Did I faint?" she whispered in a weak voice.

The Italian did not move or speak.

"Let me raise up my head, James. Raise up my head a little, darling, so that I may see you and feel safe."

Still he was motionless and silent.

She became uneasy. Was James ill? Why did James not speak? This was not like him.

She made an effort, turned and saw. With a cry of disappointment and dread, she strove to free herself from him, but he held her firmly.

"You are too much frightened," he said softly. "There is no cause, however. I am Bartolino. He is gone. He said to me: 'Take you her to the land. Take you care of her, and see her to the house where we live. I commend her to your good care, *caro* Bartolino,' was what he said. Ah, he was a great—how do you call it?—fool to go away from his enchanting bride! But some men love only with their eyes, and not with their—how do you call it?—hearts."

He whispered these words into her ears in low, regretful tones, under which lay a tremor that filled her with alarm. He had been the rival of James. She had never given heed to him, but he had courted her



AND DESCENDED INTO THE BOAT.

with southern assiduity, and filled her ears with southern hyperbole. James had told her he was a bad—a bad, shameful man; but James had told her no more. He did not wish that she, who was so free from evil, should know how vile a vile man could be.

She shrank from him while he spoke. She felt he was telling lies. But how did he come there?

"No, no," she moaned; "I know James did not give me into your charge. I know he did not. How did I come to be here, boatman?" she demanded, raising her voice, and trying to disengage herself from the arm of Bartolino.

"The mate brought you down the side, and laid you on the stern sheet, and told me to wait for something or someone. I couldn't hear plain, as the tug was blowing off steam. And then he went up the side, and Mr. Bartolino came down and cast off the line we had from the barque, and told me to pull ashore. And nice work it is, too, pulling ashore with a four-knot tide running away under her keel."

"See!" said Bartolino, in the ear of the young woman. "He is waving a farewell to us, *cara*. Salute him. He is overcome by joy at seeing the great care I take of you."

She struggled in his arms and sought to free herself.

"Do you want to drown us all?" said the boatman angrily, as the boat heeled over perilously to one side and then the other.

"Take away your arm at once, sir, I bid you!" she cried in great distress. "Mr. Cahill, will you make this man sit properly in the boat?"

"Ah! pardon me," he said, releasing her. "I did not mean to be disagreeable to you. I only meant to be polite; but you always did put bad—how do you call it?—bad thoughts to my innocent acts. I meant only that dear James might see you, that he might salute you, and held you up, and, for example, you are annoyed with me. But, oh! I would not annoy you for all the whole—how do you call it?—lock, stock and barrel of the world. Ah! no."

Although his words and manner were fawning, there ran a tone of menace through his voice.

"You are no man, or you would not persecute me in my trouble," said Jane, breaking down and sobbing convulsively.



IN AN INSTANT HE EMERGED.

"Persecute her! Oh, *cielo*! Good Mr. Cahill, did you not hear and see all the kindness I have shown Jane—dear Jane?"

"I will not, Mr. Bartolino, allow you to call me Jane. My name is Fulton."

"Then I will call you Mrs Fulton. *Per Diavolo*, I will call you anything so long as I may call you something. There was a time when I thought I might call you Bartolino, and even yet I am not without hope. If you take down your hands, you will be able to get a last look at the *Neptune*. She is just rounding the point."

She took down her hands from her face, and looked through her tears at the barque, as she moved slowly round the point, as if drawn forward by the bent smoke from the tug now hidden by the point. She dropped her face into her hands again, and wept quietly. Bartolino lent back on the thwart with a sinister smile on his dark, crafty face.

The remainder of the distance to the shore was rowed in silence. The young wife never took down her hands from her face; Bartolino leaned back, and twisted his moustaches, and the old man rowed with the dogged force of habit born of resolution chronically exerted. When the boat touched the stairs the young

wife refused to take the foreigner's hand, stepped ashore, and told him if he dared to force his company on her she would ask protection of the first man she met. He bowed in silence, and moving aside on the steps of the slip, made room for her to pass. She passed him with bent head, and walked to her plain lodging at the very top of the High Street, overlooking the sea, outside the port of Dunlee.

The port of Dunlee is a place of much commercial importance in the south of Ireland.

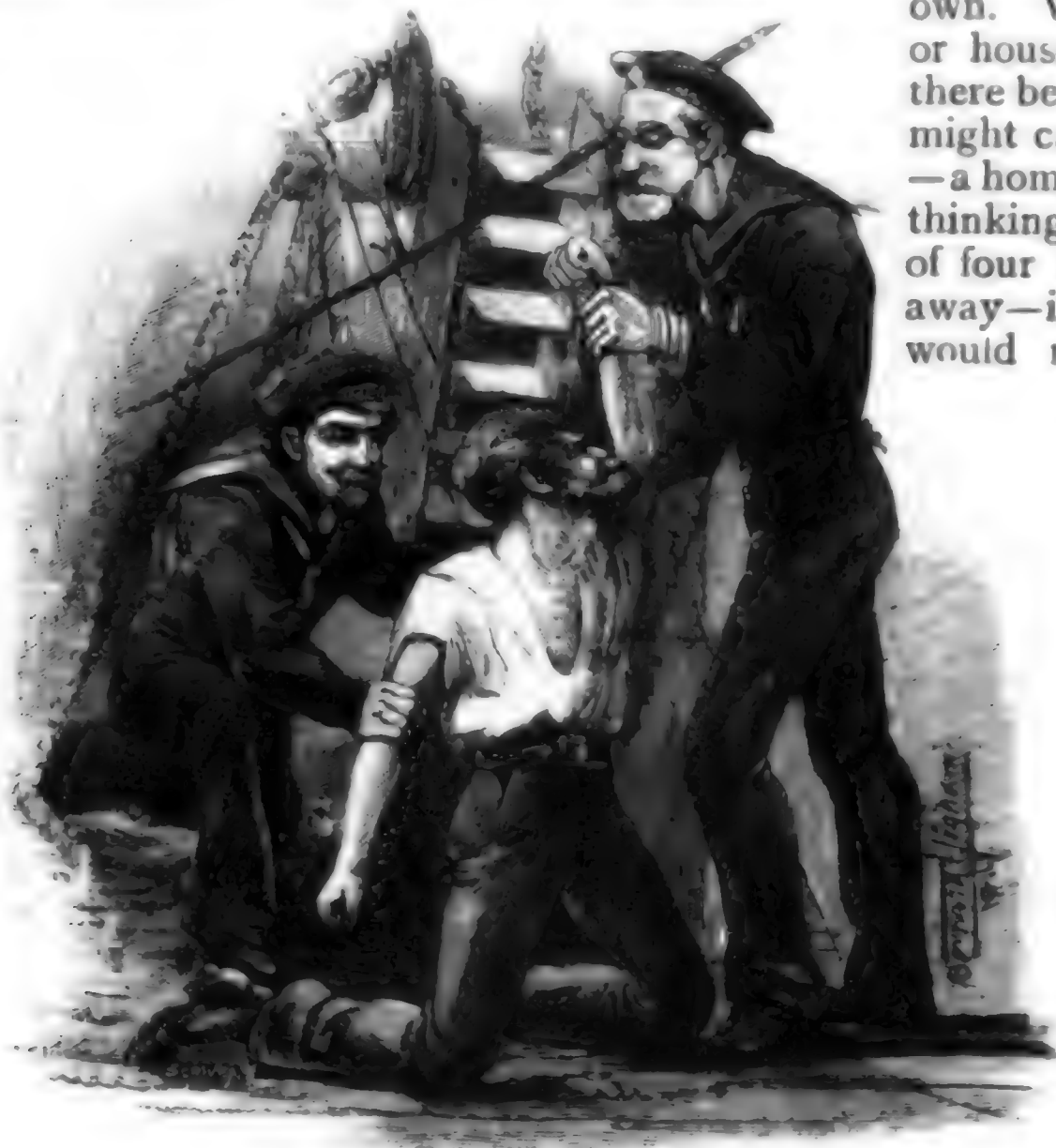
In this town, to which many Italian ships came in the course of the year, Giovanni Bartolino lived—no one knew exactly how, for what he earned as an interpreter would not have kept him in the meanest penury, whereas he lived very well, and wore a great profusion of jewellery. In this town lived James Fulton and Jane O'Byrne, who had recently become Jane Fulton; and with Jane O'Byrne these two men had, after their different kinds, fallen in love. Towards the foreigner Jane never turned a kindly eye. She loathed the sight of him. But all in vain. He would not take a refusal. He persisted in following her wherever she went, and as Fulton was much away from Dunlee, he had many opportunities

of forcing himself upon Jane. At last, when Jane and Fulton were engaged, the latter met the foreigner, and told him, in unmistakable terms, that any further interference on his part would lead to—well, a fight. “That is,” said Fulton, scornfully, “if you lubberly foreigners can fight without your knives.”

And now, here was Fulton as good as disposed of by his own act. He was gone in the rotten old *Neptune* to Quebec, and the chances were she would never see land again. In the case of the strongest craft that ever swam going such a voyage there was a chance of her not coming back; but here was this old worn-out timber-ship ready to sink on the slightest provocation. O! he had a brave chance of revenge without risk. Then, when Jane was a widow, he would renew his suit, and perhaps win her. If he did, as soon as he grew tired of her he'd be revenged on her, and leave her to starve. *Per Bacco*—it was too good!

When Jane reached her home that day she was sad enough. He was gone away from her for a vague long time. He said four months, but it might be six; there was no telling. She would rather have lived in two rooms all her life with him than buy the furniture for a house of their own. What was the good of lodging or house without him? How could there be a home without James? You might call four walls—any four walls—a home! but what difference, worth thinking of, was there between one set of four walls and another, if he was away—if he was not there? And would not the barest floor and the dreariest walls be better with him than the finest house of Dunlee without him?

But much as Jane knew to make her sad and uneasy, she did not know all. She did not know that her husband had got thirty shillings a month more on board the *Neptune* than he would as first mate on any first-class vessel of her size. She did not know that the captain and all the crew had more wages than they could get on any other vessel sailing between Dunlee and Quebec—ay, or between



"TAKE HIM BELOW," ORDERED THE CAPTAIN.

any other Irish port and the St. Lawrence. She did not know that the reason the captain brought his childless wife with him was because he thought they had better be together, no matter what their fate might be.

CHAPTER III.

THE BOTTLE.

A LITTLE while after Jane Fulton gained her lodgings, the *Neptune* let go the tug-boat and set out upon her voyage. Nothing worth notice occurred on the passage to Quebec, except that she made more water than usual. But the increase was of no moment. Captain Flynn was rather agreeably disappointed by the behaviour of the old barque. "For all I know," he said confidentially to the first mate, when they were a few days out, "she may live to make a dozen voyages more."

Fulton had now returned to duty. At the time of that scene on deck Captain Flynn had believed his mate to be mad; but as soon as the vessel cleared the land he went below and heard the history Fulton had to tell him about the Italian, Giovanni Bartolino. The captain listened patiently, and then said:

"I can feel for you, my lad. I can feel for you; and shooting would be too good a death for him, if shooting would do any good, but it wouldn't. It would kill him, but then where would you be, and what would become of the little girl at home if they strung you up at the yard-arm? No, no, shooting is too good for him, but it isn't good enough for you, my lad. Kick those things off, and tumble up on deck. I'll take no notice of what has happened." So Fulton kicked off the irons, and went back to his post.

At Quebec the *Neptune* discharged her ballast, knocked out her bow ports, and filled her hold slowly and laboriously with square timber. Then a heavy deck load was got

aboard and secured. At last the *Neptune* was loaded, and having cleared out, she sailed down the St. Lawrence and put to sea.

For a while all went well, and Captain Flynn was beginning to think one of the most prosperous voyages he had ever made was to be his fate this time. Then began a series of disasters.

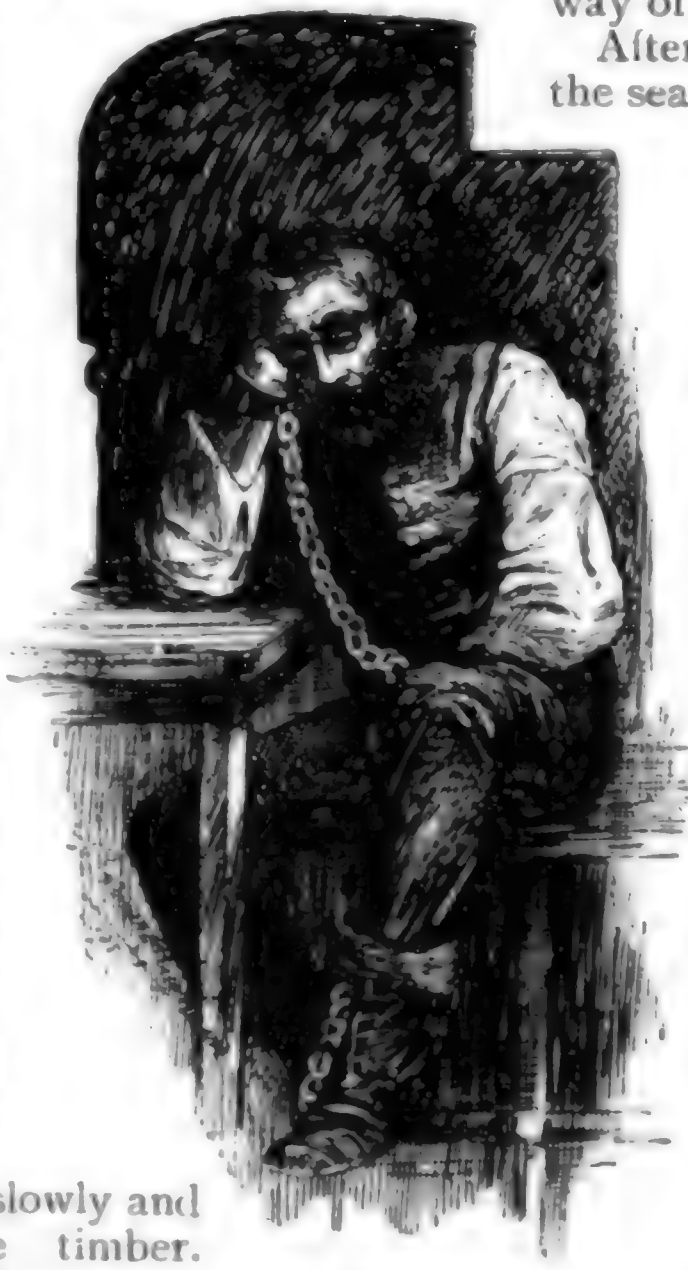
The barque had a great deck load, and had heavy spars, so that she rolled a good deal. On one occasion when the men were aloft shaking out reefs, one of them rolled off the yard and was lost. They could ill spare a man, for although the sailors were paid extra wages, the *Neptune* happened to be rather short-handed. Every watch the men had to work the pumps before the man was lost overboard. The barque now began to make more water, and the captain wished anxiously he had two additional able seamen.

Then a gale came on, and the vessel carried away her maintop-gallant-mast, and, owing to some inexplicable oversight, the spare spars had all been allowed to remain where they had been on the voyage out, lashed to the stanchions, flush with the main-deck, and were, therefore, out of reach, nothing could be done in the way of repairing damage.

After the gale fell a calm, and the sea being very high the barque rolled heavily. The unsupported fore-top-gallant-mast bent like a whip, and ultimately fell over the bow, carrying the jibboom with it. The ship seemed a wreck.

But the chapter of accidents was not yet full. The water gained alarmingly, the men grew almost exhausted, and there was every danger of the barque becoming water-logged.

She sat down heavily in the water and rolled more than ever. One of the baulks on deck shifted a little from its lashing to a ring bolt, and in the dark a man's foot slipped into the space between it and another baulk, and the leg was so injured he had to lay up.



"KICK OFF THOSE THINGS."

Two men having now been incapacitated, and the water still increasing. Captain Flynn found himself in a disabled ship, ten days from land, certain of being water-logged.

When he set out he had had little faith in the *Neptune*. Now he had none, and he considered the only chance of life remaining to him and his crew was that they should fall in with some ship and get picked off. He would not at that moment abandon the ship, but he felt he would have been justified in leaving the old tub, but yet forbore.

The next day after the man injured his leg, a steamer hove in sight, and seeing the barque almost dismantled and labouring heavily, altered her course slightly and passed and spoke the barque.

Captain Flynn reported the *Neptune*, of Dunlee, with loss of one man overboard, one man disabled, fore and main-top-gallant masts and jibboom gone, and heavy damages to deck and gear, and five feet of water in hold. He refused assistance or to leave the ship.

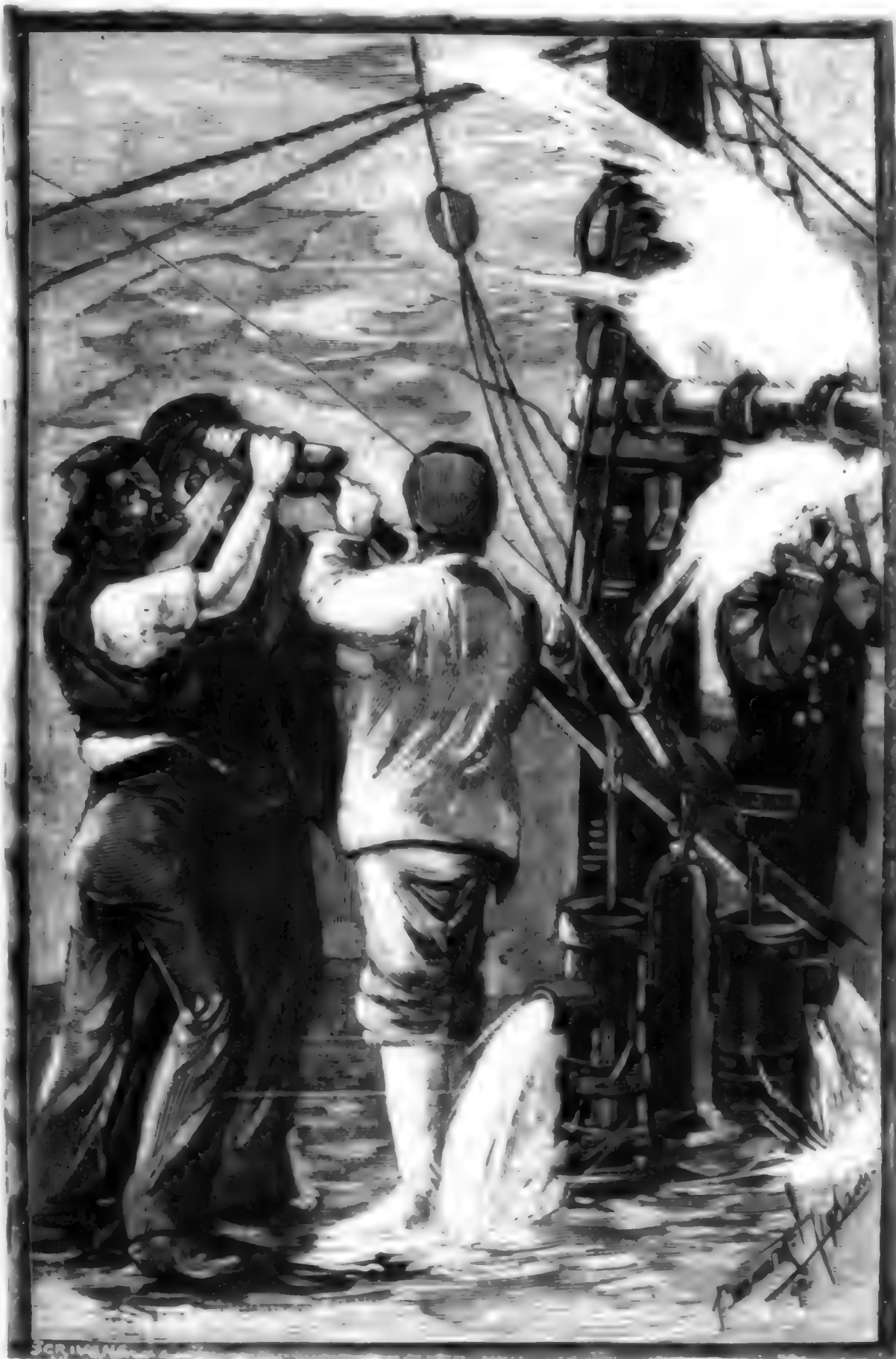
A month went by after the arrival of that steamer, and nothing was heard of the *Neptune*.

Jane Fulton was in despair. The owners had given up hope, or rather fear, for the barque was heavily insured, and although they were kindly and humane men, they would have gladly heard of her foundering in mid-ocean.

Giovanni Bartolino was too astute a man to pursue his designs on Jane during the first moments of her dereliction or despair. But, as day succeeded day, and no account of the *Neptune* came, he began to think that fate had favoured him at last, and that Jane was destined ultimately for him. All Dunlee gave up the *Neptune*, and if Jane did not finally despair, it was because she did not mingle with the townspeople, and had no kith or kin from whom to learn facts.

Some of the gales which blew in mid-Atlantic blew also on shore, and one morning, after one of those gales, and when the barque had been six weeks overdue, on one of the vast flat sandbanks surrounding the harbour a bottle was found, and in the bottle a paper to the following effect:

"I am directed by the captain to write this, Mr. Fulton, the first mate, and Mr. Higgins, the second mate, having been



THE SHIP SEEMED A WRECK

washed overboard, and the captain been disabled. On the 14th of July we spoke the screw steamship *Jessie*, of Hull, homeward bound, declined help, and stuck to the ship. We have seen no vessel since, and are foundering. All is over. Nothing can save us. In an hour our decks will burst up, and we shall be lost. Good-bye to all old hands at home.

"JOHN DONOVAN."

This bottle was found by a boy playing on the sands; it put all doubts at rest. Fears were now confirmed into certainties, and even Jane Fulton seemed to have lost all hope of ever seeing her husband or the *Neptune* again. Day succeeded day, and brought no news. What news was there needed to complete the dismal story?

Jane Fulton had read in the Dunlee weekly paper the history of that bottle, and the words found in it. She had gone down to the owners, and they shook their heads and said they feared the worst, and that they should have to stop the money they had been paying her until they knew further, as they had as yet no account of how much money Fulton had had at Quebec, and, for anything they knew to the contrary, he might have drawn all his wages for the run.

She did not think anything of the money then; but next week, when her small supply had run out, the desolation of her position became more apparent than ever.

Then some anonymous friend sent her a trifle. She could not tell who the friend was. She did not know the writing, but it was a man's hand. She was not like women in better circumstances, able to keep indoors and hide her grief. She had no money to buy mourning, and it was absolutely necessary for her to look for some employment. She had been engaged as a worker in a millinery house in Dunlee, but on applying there she found her place had been filled up, and that there was no vacancy. Her old mistress had a high opinion of Jane, and felt profoundly for her, so she gave her a note of introduction to another shop of the same kind in the town.

They were, unfortunately, full there also. She tried again and again, and failed. A second small sum came from the same unknown hand; but it barely paid for her lodging, and the poor woman with whom she lived could not afford to

give her credit. She had begun to know what hunger was. Little by little she had disposed of the few articles for which she could get money.

More than a month went by, and all the money Jane Fulton had during that time was two sums of seven shillings each in postage stamps. She had now nothing but the poor clothes she wore, and did not know where to turn for a penny.

One evening, while she was drearily walking along the quay, in the sad companionship of the river which had carried him away from her to his watery grave, she heard a familiar voice, saying:

"Mrs. Fulton, I am, indeed, most sad to hear of your great trouble."

She looked up, and beheld the swarthy



DAY SUCCEEDED DAY.

face of Giovanni Bartolino. She stood still, and for a moment did not know what to say.

"If," went on the Italian, "you will allow me, I should very much like to walk and speak with you a small piece. There is something upon my mind I desire to say to you. I have not ventured to speak to you before, although I ventured to send you a little money without putting my name to it."

Ah! so it was he who had sent the money! What was she to do? She could not turn away from the only being who had lent her a helping hand in her deep distress. She must thank him for what he had done. In

a feeble voice, she said, "I am very much obliged to you—very much indeed. You may speak now."

She turned into a side street to give him the opportunity of saying what he had to say in greater privacy.

"If you tell me you are much obliged to me—ah! what have I done for you? Nothing compared with what I would please myself to do for you. I would with happiness lay down my life for you. You know that all hope is now long since gone about poor dear James ——"

"This way—this way!" shouted a man's voice behind them. "That's Mrs. Fulton! Hooray! Mrs. Fulton! Hooray!"

She turned round, and saw five men running up the street.

When they reached Mrs. Fulton and Bartolino they were out of breath, but one contrived to say:

"Mrs. Fulton, good news! The *Neptune* is in below, waterlogged, but with all hands well and hearty, except one poor fellow they lost over the side."

"And my husband?"

"Is the heartiest of the whole lot. Hooray!"

She would have fallen, only one of the stalwart sailors caught her in his arms.

Suddenly one of the men shouted out,

"And there's the black-hearted villain, Bartolino, that told the boy to watch for that bottle, as the boy has said."

In a moment Bartolino was seized.

"What shall we do with him, men?" said one of the men who was holding the trembling Italian.

"Throw him in the river, the villain!"

"What! and poison all the innocent creatures of fish!"

"Jump on him!"

"What! Jump on the likes of him with good leather boots?"

"Give him a smather?"

"Ay! that's the best. Let us all smather him, and that will ease our minds. Oh! you black-gizzarded skunk, to write that

lie, and put it in a bottle, a purpose to break the poor women's hearts!" and at these words the men began to cuff Bartolino soundly.

In the meantime a crowd had gathered and carried Mrs. Fulton down to the quay, and into an apothecary's shop, where she quickly recovered, and was well enough to sit up and see the old *Neptune* towed into port amid the cheers of the people. Beside the captain on the poop stood James Fulton, who had, with the others, returned safe and sound "through the foam."



SHE STOOD STILL, AND FOR A MOMENT DID NOT KNOW WHAT TO SAY.



IN the annals of the English army no regiment has a more glorious record than the old 88th, the Connaught Rangers. It was raised in Connaught under a commission, bearing date September 25, 1793, by Colo-

nel the Honourable Thomas de Burgh, afterwards Earl of Clanricarde. Its facings were yellow, and it bore on its colours and appointments a harp and crown, with the motto, *Quis Separabit?* ("Who shall divide us?").

The new regiment was soon called into active service, and was sent, in 1794, to Flanders to reinforce the army of the Duke of York. The expedition landed at Ostend, and found the Duke retiring upon Antwerp, in the face of superior numbers. It at once marched to his assistance, and met the French at Alost on July 6; but though it was chiefly composed of young recruits, it bore the assault with great firmness, and succeeded in repulsing the enemy. It formed a junction with the main army at Malines three days later, and the 88th

was then brigaded with the 15th, 53rd and 54th Regiments.

In the various operations which followed, in the winter campaign and its perils, the retreat and its disasters, the 88th behaved splendidly. It formed for a time part of the garrison stationed at Bergen-op-Zoom; and when it was impossible to hold that town any longer, was withdrawn, under cover of darkness, in boats, and conveyed to Nimeguen. It was afterwards brigaded with the 8th, 37th, 44th and 57th Regiments, under the command of Major General de Burgh, and posted to defend the passage of the Waal. It was a severe winter, and the waters of that river were frozen so hard that they could support an army and its "matériel." Subsequently the 88th retired across the Leck. On its retreat it endured terrible misery; many of the men fell out from the ranks, and, constrained by an overpowering drowsiness in consequence of the cold, lay down on the road-side, where they were frozen to death. The 88th halted for a while at Deventer, from whence it marched on January 27, 1795, continuing its dreary progress through the icy wastes to Bremen. In April it returned to England, and being stationed at Norwich, proceeded to fill up its gaps with recruits from Ireland.

In the autumn of 1795 the regiment was attached to the expedition under Major General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, destined for the reduction of the French Colonies in the West Indies. It embarked under the command of Lieut.

(afterwards Colonel) Beresford: but Admiral Christian's fleet being delayed sailing until late in the year, had hardly left port before it encountered a terrific storm. Many of the ships foundered at sea, some few succeeded in getting back to port, shattered and disabled; others fell into the hands of the French, and but a sorry remnant of the once formidable fleet reached the West Indies. Of the 88th, two companies were all that gained its place of destination. Of the others, some returned to England in the disabled transports, and one company, under Captain Vandeleur, was embarked on board a ship which was actually blown



COSTUME, 1797.

through the straits of Gibraltar and compelled to put in at Carthage. There she was "frapped" together, and, with the utmost difficulty brought back to Gibraltar, where the Rangers were disembarked, and, the "frapping" being removed, their storm-beaten bark fell to pieces. The two companies which reached the West Indies assisted in the reduction of Grenada and St. Lucia, and returned to England in the autumn of 1796. The whole regiment then reassembled at Jersey, and, being recruited to its full complement, was despatched to India in January, 1799. It landed at Bombay, and was soon afterwards attached to the expedition fitted out by the Indian Government under Major General Sir David Baird, to co-operate with the army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie to expel the French from Egypt. It arrived at Cosseir, on the Red Sea in June, 1801, and, occupying the van of Sir David Baird's army, preceded it in the fourteen days' march across the long desert from Cosseir to Kenneh, on the Nile. At Kenneh it embarked in boats, which carried

it down the river, and reached Grand Cairo on the day of its surrender to the British. On the evacuation of Egypt, in 1803, the 88th returned to England, and, strange to say, landed at Portsmouth on the very day that war with France, after the temporary "truce" of Amiens, was renewed (May 5, 1803). But its numbers had been so reduced by time and casualties, and so many of the men were suffering from ophthalmia, a disease which they had contracted in Egypt, that it was not immediately called into active service, but ordered into quarters in Kent and Sussex, where it remained for three years. A slight incident occurred in the autumn of 1806, which serves to connect the Duke of Wellington with this famous regiment. As commander of the district, he was reviewing the 88th and the brigade to which it belonged, in Crowhurst Park, near Hastings, when he received an express for the regiment to march on the following day to Portsmouth, and join the expedition under Brigadier General Robert Crauford. As soon as the review was over, the



SERVING

COSTUME, 1812.

Duke (he was then plain Sir Arthur), made known the purport of his orders, and addressed the men in the most flattering terms, concluding by saying: "I wish to God I was going with you! I am sure you will do your duty; aye, and distinguish yourselves, too!" The expedition, consisting of the 1st battalion of the 5th, 36th, 45th and 88th Foot, five companies of Rifles, two squadrons of the 6th Dragoon Guards, and two companies of Artillery, set sail from Falmouth on Novem-

ber 12, 1806, and arrived in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on March 22, 1807. The expedition started from the Cape

on April 6, and on June 14 arrived at Monte Video, then occupied by the British troops under Lieutenant General Whitelock. Buenos Ayres had originally been captured by Sir Home Popham and General Beresford, and some one thousand six hundred men, on June 27th, 1806, the Spaniards having offered a very feeble resistance.

Space forbids us giving a detailed account of all the operations in the South American expedition; but we cannot pass over the storming of Buenos Ayres, where the 88th suffered severely. In their assault on Buenos Ayres the British could not

sault on the city was the only means by which the army could be extricated from the peril into which it had been plunged by the incompetency of its commander, General Whitelock. The attack began at half-past six on the morning of July 5, 1807, and was delivered with splendid courage. In consequence of the stupid delay on the part of Whitelock, the Spanish had time to collect a force of fifteen thousand men, and nearly two hundred pieces of artillery, which were disposed at every point of vantage—upon the flat roofs of the houses, and behind the barricades erected in the streets. At first the

British advance was in silence and solitude; the streets appeared deserted, not a single Spaniard made his appearance; and it seemed like a city of the dead. Soon a few desultory shots indicated the coming storm; every roof became alive with flame; from every window poured a hail of balls—and a deadly fire was opened on every side on the advancing troops; a column, under Auchmutz, however, succeeded in reaching the Plaza del Toros, captured thirty-two pieces of cannon, a vast amount of



A DEATH TRAP (BUENOS AYRES, 1807).

hope for any assistance from the fleet, nor could they look to the fleet to enable them to retreat in safety. The La Plata, though deep in mid-channel, is shallow near the bank; and so broad that the British vessels, when in deep water, were seven or eight miles from the city. Nor could they expect to retire by the country through which they had advanced, for the heavy rains had so swollen the rivulets and flooded the marshes that the route had become impracticable. A successful as-

ammunition, and six hundred prisoners. The Church and convent of Santa Catalina, were occupied by the 5th Regiment, and the commanding position of the Residencia was also carried. The 88th, which was divided into two wings, under Lieutenant Colonel Duff and Major Vandeleur, was less fortunate. Lieutenant Colonel Duff pushed through the streets, with his men falling at every step, and by an almost superhuman effort, burst into two houses, in which he sheltered the survivors of his detachment; he was soon surrounded by an overwhelming force, and, having spent his last cartridge, was forced to surrender. The same fate befell the detachment under Major Vandeleur. Despite the most gallant heroism, our troops only succeeded in gaining two points in the town—the Plaza del Toros and the Residencia, and these at a cost of two thousand five hundred killed, wounded and prisoners. Had a man of energy and genius been in command, the result might have been victory on our side; but, as it was, Whitelock, acceded to the terms proposed by Monsieur Liniers, that he should withdraw from the Rio de la Plata on the restoration of all the captive British. The army consequently re-embarked on July 10. The 88th sailed with the first division for England almost immediately, and landed at Portsmouth on Nov. 8, 1807. In the attack on Buenos Ayres, it had four officers killed, sixteen wounded, and two hundred and ten non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded.

In 1808, the 88th joined the army of Wellington in the Peninsula, and on July 27 and 28 was fought the great battle of Talavera, the first battle in the Peninsular Campaign which taught Napoleon's army to fear the British troops. The 88th was in brigade under Colonel Donkin, and occupied a circular height which descended with a steep and rugged slant towards the river Alberche. The French attempt, under Marshal Victor, to seize this commanding position was the signal

for hostilities. About sunset he hurled against it an immense mass of troops, but the steady fire of the 88th repulsed them from the summit, and a gallant charge of the 29th swept away those who had got round the hill and into the rear. Reinforced, the French renewed the attack, and the contest became hot and desperate. The combatants were scarce twenty yards asunder, and the strife so eddied to and fro that for a time the event seemed doubtful. But at last the loud cheering from the British lines announced the fact that the French were being driven back: at last they gave way in disorder, and were hurled down the slope of the hill in headlong confusion. Then the fighting ceased and the bivouac fires blazed up along the triple army of France, Spain and England. As soon as the day broke the French renewed the attack, and again they swept up and down the hill with varying fortune. Sometimes the French gained the crest, but never to hold it long: often they were met

by shot and bayonet when actually upon the rugged slope, and dashed back headlong. Dissatisfied and dispirited, they retired sullenly into the distant valley.

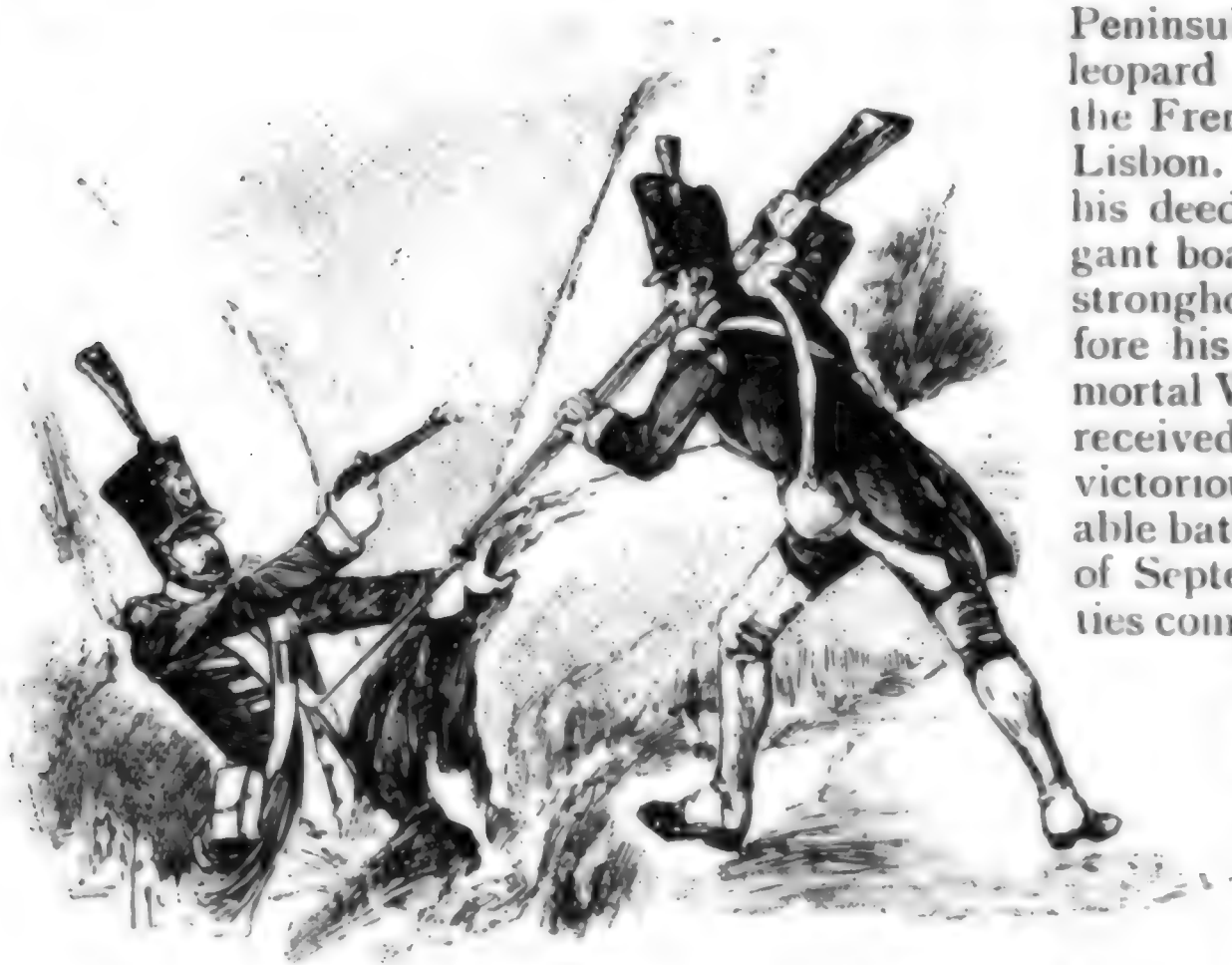
The French Commander now determined upon trying the issue of a general battle, and of bringing the whole weight of his army to bear upon Wellington's line. Its formation was soon completed. About two in the afternoon began the main advance, under the cover of a heavy



ENSIGN, 1814.



SERGEANT, 1837.



THE ENEMY WERE LITERALLY PICKED OUT OF THE HOLES IN THE ROCKS (BUSACO).

cannonade of artillery; soon the conflict raged around the well-contested hill, and the 88th and 23rd were kept in constant work by the ever increasing masses of the enemy. A brilliant charge of the British cavalry rolled back their attack and swept them down by scores, while the 48th advancing against the French centre, fell upon it so swiftly and so heavily, as to decide the battle. Beaten on every side, and with the hill still in the possession of the British, the French had no resource but to retreat. They covered their retrograde movements with a cloud of skirmishers and a heavy fire of artillery; the British exhausted by want and fatigue, did not attempt any pursuit. At six o'clock hostilities ceased, yet they were scarcely over when the parched grass and arid shrubs took fire, and, rolling in a sea of flame across a part of the blood-weltering plain, burnt in its course both the dead and the wounded. Truly a horrible finish to a terrible day's work.

At Talavera the British lost two generals, thirty-one officers and seven hundred and sixty-seven sergeants and rank and file killed. The 88th had six officers and one hundred and thirty sergeants and rank and file killed and wounded.

In 1810 Marshal Massena, Prince of Esslingen, the "spoiled child of fortune," as Napoleon called him—assumed the command of the French army in Spain, and proclaimed that he had entered the

Peninsula to drive the English leopard into the sea, and plait the French eagles on the walls of Lisbon. It seemed, at first, that his deeds would justify his arrogant boast, for several important strongholds fell successively before his arms. He met the immortal Wellington at Busaco, and received the first check in his victorious career. This memorable battle was fought on the 27th of September, 1810, and hostilities commenced at daybreak. The

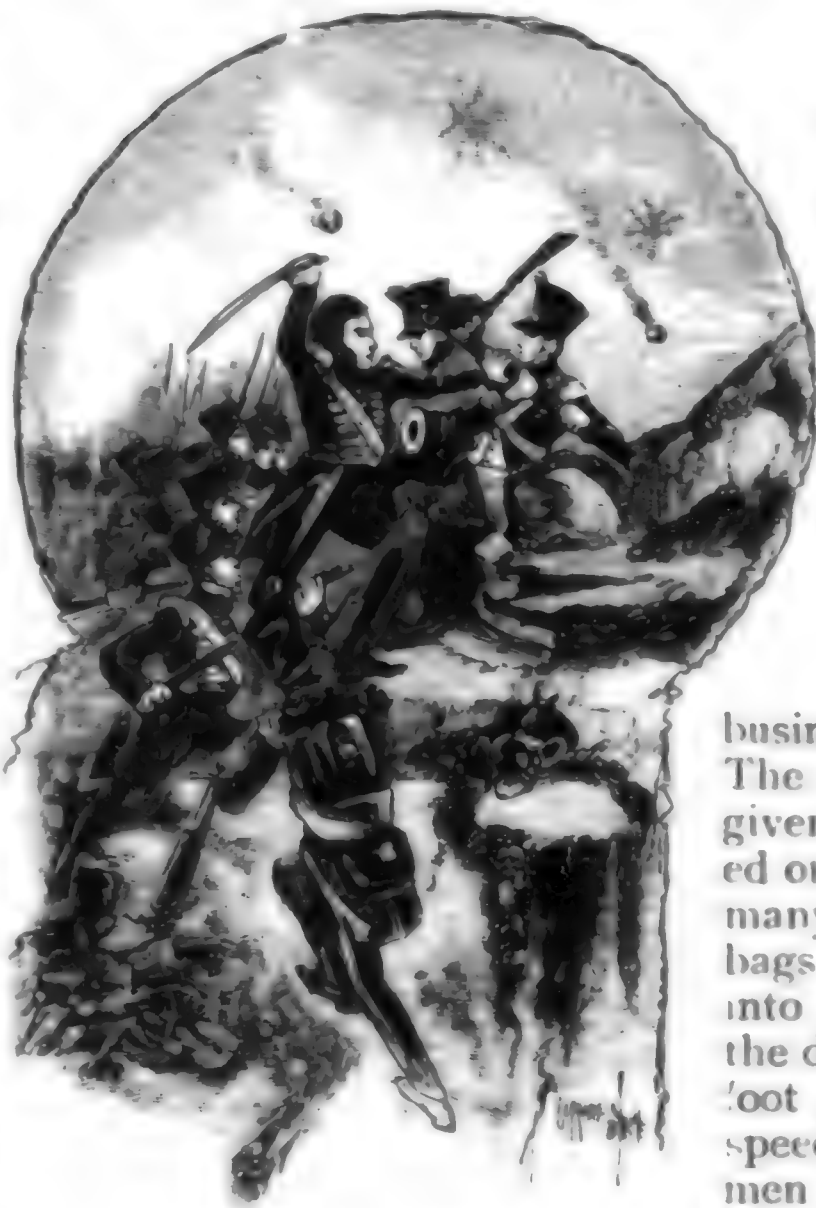
advance of the French was resolute and well sustained, but they were early in the day disorganised by a brilliant bayonet charge of the 43rd and 52nd Regiments. Some one thousand eight hundred

bayonets rushed like a wave of light upon the enemy, who recoiled before the audacity of the attack. The Connaught Rangers fought with desperate courage. At a critical moment of the battle, Colonel Wallis, who was in command of the regiment, addressed his men in the following terms: "My lads, the time so long wished for by you and by me has at length arrived; you have now an opportunity of distinguishing yourselves. Be cool, be steady, and, above all, pay attention to my word of command—you know it well. You see how these Frenchmen press on; let them do so; when they reach a little nearer us, I will order you to advance to that mound; look at it, lest you might mistake what I say. Now, mind what I tell you: when you arrive at that spot I will charge, and I have, now, only to add, the rest must be done by yourselves; press on them to the muzzle, I say, Connaught Rangers! press on the rascals!"

The 88th carried out his instructions, and the "Rangers" did distinguish themselves—but at what a cost: nine officers killed, and one hundred and twenty-four non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded! By their conduct at this famous battle they established a glorious reputation. Wellington himself applauded their deeds. Galloping up to their Colonel, he took him by the hand, and exclaimed: "Wallis, I never saw a more gallant charge than that just now

made by your regiment." Many acts of individual bravery deserve to be recorded. Colonel Wallis, finding the charger on which he was mounted at the commencement of the day, was terrified by the firing, and reared frequently, at once abandoned his horse, and fought for some time on foot at the head of his regiment. Lieutenant Heppenstall, a young officer whose first appearance under fire was on this occasion, was frequently mixed with the enemy's riflemen, and shot two of them—one an officer. Lieutenant William Nickle, serving with the Light Company, was deliberately singled out by a Frenchman, whose third shot passed through his body, but without killing him; as he was proceeding to the rear, the Frenchman sent a fourth shot after him, which knocked off his cap, cheering at the same time. "Get on, Nickle," said Heppenstall; "I'll stop that fellow's crowing." He waited quietly until the man approached within sure distance, and then revenged his wounded comrade by shooting the Frenchman dead. Corporal Thomas Kelly, of the Fourth Company, was severely wounded in the thigh at the commencement of the charge against the French column, but continued to run with his company down the hill, until he fell through exhaustion and loss of blood.

We must now pass over a period marked by two important events—by Wellington's retreat to the famous lines of Torres Vedras; the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro—and pause at the storming and subsequent siege of Badajoz; and the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo. Wellington himself, was in command at the latter engagement, and his order to the troops was most characteristic: "Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed this evening!" upon which order, the soldiers simply com-



THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.

mented, "We will do it." The Connaught Rangers were under the command of Lieutenant William Pickel, the senior subaltern of the regiment. After forming up, before going into action, General Picton, addressing them, said: "Rangers of Connaught! it is not my intention to spend any powder this evening—we will do this

business with the cold iron." The word forward was then given, and the column moved on steadily to the attack, many of the men carrying bags filled with grass to fling into the ditch, and break the descent. Arrived at the foot of the breach, it was speedily carried, but many men and officers, amongst the latter, the gallant General Mackinnon, were killed by an explosion of

gunpowder in the flush of victory. On each side of the breach, was a twenty-four pounder, every discharge from which swept the British with a raking fire. Major Thompson (of the 74th acting engineers) observing the havoc committed by these guns, called upon the few men near him to storm the one on the left; these chanced to be three men of the 88th—Brazel, Kelly and Swan. As between them and the gun yawned a deep entrenchment, they cast away their firelocks, that they might not be delayed in scaling it, and, armed only with their bayonets, leapt across the channel, sprang upon the French gunners and slew everyone of them, Swan losing his arm by a sabre stroke in the hot, fierce fight.

The assault on Ciudad Rodrigo was in every way successful; the enemy were driven from street to street, the gates of the citadel were forced open, and the governor surrendered; the siege only occupied twelve days, but during that time, the British and Portuguese lost one thousand, two hundred soldiers, and ninety officers.

After the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, Wellington determined upon the siege of

Badajoz. It was a brilliant achievement, and the gallant 88th played an important part in it. A detachment of the Rangers was engaged in the storming of the Picurina redoubt (March 25, 1812), and the attack, though resisted with desperate valour, proved successful in the final assault on April 6. The escalade of the castle was the enterprise allotted to the 3rd Division, in which were the Connaught Rangers. We cannot do better than describe the exploit in the glowing words of Napier:—"Passing the Rivillas in single files, by a narrow bridge under a terrible fire of musketry, Kempt (who led the third division in the absence of Picton) ran up the rugged hill with great fury, but only to fall at the foot of the castle, severely wounded. Being carried back to the trenches, he met Picton at the bridge, hastening to take the command, and meantime the troops spreading along the front, had reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage, ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks musketry was plied with fearful rapidity, and in front, the leading assailants were, with pike and bayonet, stabbed, and the ladders pushed from the walls; all this was attended with deafening shouts, the crash of breaking ladders and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the falling weights. Still swarming round the remaining ladders, those undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until all were overturned; when the

French shouted Victory, and the British, baffled yet untamed, fell back a few paces to take shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. There the broken ranks were reformed, and the heroic, Colonel Ridge, again springing forward, called with stentorian voice on his men to follow; and, seizing a ladder, raised it against the castle to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower, and where an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was placed alongside by the Grenadier officer Canch; and

the next instant, he and Ridge were on the rampart; the shouting troops pressed after them, and the garrison amazed, and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double-gate into the town: the castle was won. Soon a reinforcement, from the French reserve came to the gate, through which both sides fired, and the enemy retired, but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory, yet many died, and there was much glory."

The capture of the castle involved the fall of the city, and Badajoz surrendered (April 6); a glorious achievement done by noble men at a sorrowful cost. During the siege fell five thousand

sand men and officers, and three thousand five hundred were hurt in the assault, of whom nearly eight hundred were slain outright. No exploit in the annals of the British army more splendidly illustrates the valour of its soldiers and the heroism of its officers. No engineering skill was employed, for Wellington's siege train was of the most meagre description. He relied upon the endurance and resolution of the



STORMING THE HEIGHTS, CIUDAD RODRIGO.



CLOSE QUARTERS, BADAJOZ.

British soldier, and his confidence was not misplaced. The annals of the Peninsular campaigns are so crowded with brilliant deeds that we pass from one to another with almost breathless rapidity. The succession of victories is as swift and dazzling as the changes of a kaleidoscope: we were recently on the heights of Busaco, next we stood in the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo; then we scaled the bristling ramparts of Badajoz; now we hurry to the field of Salamanca (July 22, 1812.) On this occasion the 88th, 45th and 74th were brigaded, under Colonel Wallis, and the third division was commanded by Major General Pakenham during Picton's absence from ill-health. It was posted on the right of the army, opposite the 7th French Division,



COSTUME, 1830-40.

under General Bonnet, and had partly entrenched the commanding hill of the Arapiles, which it occupied. The allied left rested upon the river Tormes, below the ford of Santa Marta. Marmont, the French leader, had drawn up his array on the opposite heights. From the plain between the two armies and at a distance of five hundred yards rose the second of the two hills called the Arapiles, which the French, by a dexterous movement, contrived to seize and cover with a regiment of infantry and a brigade of guns. Marmont then ordered a false attack upon Wellington's centre, with the view of occupying his attention, while, marching rapidly by his left, he endeavoured to turn the British right. Under a heavy cannonade, his front and flank, covered by a cloud of skirmishers and supported by cavalry, pressed forward to gain the Ciudad Rodrigo road, and interpose between the allies and Ciudad Rodrigo. The movement was a difficult one and badly executed. His left became too much separated from his centre. Wellington at once detected the error; exclaiming that Marmont's good genius had deserted him, he mounted his horse and ordered the attack, hurling his masses into the gap left by the French commander and overwhelming the isolated corps. He directed Pakenham to move on with the 3rd division and take the heights in front. "I will, my lord," replied the gallant soldier "if you will give me a grasp of that conquering right hand," and, parting with a true English grasp, Pakenham proceeded to lead the advance of his division. The 45th went first; then followed the 88th, next came the 74th, each with fixed bayonets and flying colours. The French battalions advanced steadily to the roll of the drum; when the opposing forces met, a sudden panic seem to seize the French soldiers; they faltered, they slackened fire. Then sprang forward to the front, the bravest of their officers, and sought to inspire them with fresh courage. A Frenchman seized a firelock, ran out into the front, and shot Major Murphy through the heart; his death was immediately avenged; a Ranger shot the French-

man through the head, who, tossing his arms up with a wild, quick gesture, fell forward and expired. The two Irish officers who carried the colours of the 88th, and who were immediately in rear, thought that the man who killed Major Murphy was aiming at them. Lieutenant Moriarty, carrying the regimental colours, called out, "That fellow is aiming at me." "I am devilish glad to hear you say so," replied Lieutenant D'Arcy, who carried the King's Colours, "for I thought he had me covered." He was not much mistaken; the ball that killed Murphy, after passing through him, struck the staff of the flag carried by D'Arcy, and carried away the button and part of the strap of his epaulette. The 88th were now mad with impatience, and Pakenham, noting their angry ardour, bade Wallis "let them loose." The word was given, the bayonets were brought to the charge; a ringing shout arose above the din of battle, and, with a terrible shock, they fell upon the enemy, whose ranks were soon broken into hopeless confusion, and rolled back in headlong disorder. At this moment there came a whirlwind of dust, in which might faintly be seen the glint of sabre and the flash of helm; the dust gathered up, and straight into the reeling ranks, rode Le Marchant's brigade of cuirassed horsemen. It was a splendid charge, and carried everything before it. The whole French column was cut to pieces, or captured, together with two eagles and eleven pieces of cannon. The battle of Salamanca deserves to rank as one of the Iron Duke's most brilliant achievements; to use the words of a French officer, "forty thousand men had been defeated in forty minutes," and yet Wellington had fought the battle as if his genius scorned so easy a trial of its strength. "Late in the evening of that day," says the historian of the Peninsular War, "I saw him behind my regiment, then marching towards the ford. He was alone, the flush of victory was upon his brow, his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, for he had defeated greater generals than Marlborough ever encountered, he seemed with prescient pride only to accept the victory as an earnest of



SERGEANT, WITH HALBERD, 1840.

greater glory. The 88th at Salamanca lost two captains, one sergeant and eighteen rank and file killed. The total British loss was six hundred and ninety-four killed and four thousand two hundred and seventy wounded. Two eagles, eleven guns and seven thousand prisoners were the trophies of Wellington's victory. From the battle of Salamanca, we pass to that of Vittoria, where the Rangers again distinguished themselves. This was the most decisive defeat experienced by the French in the Peninsula. Never was a victory more complete. As Napier says, "the French lost all their equipage, all their guns, all their treasure, all their stores, all their papers." The loss in men did not exceed six thousand; the loss of the allies was five thousand one hundred and seventy-

six killed, wounded and missing. The 88th fully maintained its reputation in the battles of the Pyrenees, and the brilliant operations by which Wellington eventually drove Soult's army to take refuge under the walls of Toulouse.



RECRUITING IN CONNEMARA SIXTY YEARS AGO.

At Orthes (February 28, 1814) it especially distinguished itself. On this occasion the severity of its loss attested the brilliancy of its service; out of some five hundred or six hundred effectives forty-four were killed, officers and privates, and two hundred and twenty-five wounded; or nearly one-half. The 88th, after the conclusion of the war in 1814, proceeded to Canada, and, though recalled to England when Napoleon's return from Elba awakened the struggle afresh, it arrived too late to share in the glories of Waterloo. A long period of tranquil service followed the Netherlands campaign of 1815, and the Connaught Rangers were stationed successively in the various Colonial possessions of the British Empire. Over these years of peace and comparative inaction we shall pass at once to the outbreak of the Russian War in 1854, which once more engaged Great Britain in hostilities with a European foe. The 88th was brigaded with the 33rd and 77th under Brigadier General Buller, in the Light Division, commanded by Lieutenant General Sir George Brown, and, with the rest of the army, landed on the coast of the Crimea, September 14-19, 1854; it then moved towards the Alma. At the great battle of the Alma the 88th was not very conspicuously engaged, owing to the hesitation of its brigadier; but to the Light Division of which it formed a part, was entrusted the difficult service of wresting the position of the Kourgane Hill. The 88th crossed the river under a heavy fire, and was then halted upon a slope, which somewhat sheltered it from the Russian guns, and this was all the share that one of the most gallant regiments in the army was permitted to take in the Battle of the Alma. At Inkermann however, they nobly avenged themselves. Led by Colonel Jeffreys, they advanced with eager rapidity to repel the Russian attack, and support the 2nd Division, which



FRATERNISIN : WITH FRENCH VIVANDIÈRE (CRIMEA).

was menaced by an overwhelming force. They were soon surrounded by the enemy and engaged in a series of hand-to-hand fights, which not only proved their valour, but tested their powers of endurance. Their loss was terrible, but they yielded not an inch, and, as all students of military history are aware, the British Infantry carried all before them at Inkermann. The 88th afterwards behaved nobly in the trenches during the long and weary siege of Sebastopol, and won especial commendation for its gallantry in the desperate assault upon the "Quarries," on

June 7, 1855. All its officers who were then engaged were either killed or wounded; up to the fall of Sebastopol, and the conclusion of the

war, it continued to display the highest zeal, the most generous devotion, and the most brilliant daring; and well did the Connaught Rangers vindicate their claim to rank amongst the most famous regiments of the British Army. After the Crimea, the 88th saw much service in Africa and was actively and continually engaged all during the disastrous Boer War.



PRIVATE IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER (PRESENT DAY).

Mr. Fordham's Strange Cases.

BY HUBERT GRAYLE.

No. 2.—Number Twenty-five.

I WAS leisurely descending the stairs from my office, on my way home one evening, when I almost collided with a man who was running up the steps two at a time.

With a muttered "beg pardon," he was about to continue his upward flight, when I recognised him.

"Hullo, Grant, my dear fellow; how are you?" I exclaimed.

"Is that you, Darke? Why I was hoping against hope that I might catch you before you left. I am sorry to say I am in great trouble; but don't let us talk here; you are off home, I suppose, to dinner?"

"Well, I was, but I will send a wire, and we can go upstairs, or, better still, we will go and have dinner together, and you can tell me what is troubling you."

"I feel in no humour for dining, but if you will spare me a few minutes, I shall be very grateful, as I want your advice on a matter that is causing me much anxiety."

"I hope it is nothing so serious but what we can soon put right," I said, consolingly. "Come up to the office and I will do my utmost to help you."

As we passed in at the outer door, we met Mr. Fordham, about to leave for the day.

"Good evening, Mr. Grant; you are not looking at all well," he said.

"I am in sore distress, Mr. Fordham," he replied, "and if you are not in a hurry, I beg you will accompany me into Mr. Darke's room, as if any man can aid me, you can."

"I am grieved to hear you are so upset; pray command me in any way," replied Fordham, as we all proceeded into my sanctum.

The gas was not yet turned out, so, motioning, Mr. Grant to a chair, Ford-

ham and myself remained standing, both anxiously waiting our client's explanation.

"I will put what I have to say in as few words as possible," he began. "First and foremost, my daughter, Mabel—you both know her—has been lost, or at any rate, has disappeared, since about eleven o'clock this morning. The last person in the house to see her was the housemaid. Mabel was coming down-stairs, dressed to go out, and passed the girl on the lower landing, when she said she was going out for an hour or two, and expected to return before lunch, but they were not to wait if she were not back.

"My wife was not very well this



MABEL WAS COMING DOWN-STAIRS.

morning, and had not then left her room, and did not come down-stairs till nearly lunch time, which they usually take at half-past one. Naturally, one of her first enquiries was for Mabel, and then the maid repeated her message, adding, 'that Miss Mabel seemed a little excited.'

"Pardon me interrupting you," Fordham here broke in. "Pray answer me one or two questions, as, from what appears on the surface, every minute may be of the utmost value."

As Fordham was speaking he walked rapidly to the door, and called to one of the clerks to fetch a hansom, adding: "Pick out a good horse;" then, returning, he commenced his questioning thus:

"Mabel was to be married shortly to Harry Markham, wasn't she?"

"Yes; the wedding was fixed for this day fortnight."

"When did you or she or any of your household see Harry last?"

"He spent the evening with us last night, and arranged to call to-day to chaperon Mabel to the Palace Flower Show. He arrived at the house at three o'clock, the hour agreed, and has been waiting there, or wandering about outside ever since."

"Have you any relations or close friends in the neighbourhood, where she would be likely to be detained?"

"No, that wouldn't be likely, remembering her appointment with Harry Markham."

At this juncture the boy returned and announced that the cab was waiting.

"It's just 6.30," said Fordham, looking at his watch; "we can do no good remaining here. Do you know what time the next train leaves Ludgate for Herne Hill?"

"Quarter to seven," replied Grant.

"We can just do it nicely, then. I will go down with you; we must get on the spot at once," went on Fordham, as he glanced at me interrogatively.

"I will accompany you," I remarked, "unless you prefer otherwise, Fordham."

"I shall be very glad if you will," he replied. "I didn't know what arrangements you had."

Calling one of the clerks, I desired him to despatch the stereotyped telegram to my wife: "Detained, business; home late;" and then we ran down to the cab.

We were all silent during the short drive to Ludgate Station, and were fortu-

nate enough to secure an empty compartment, where, as soon as we were settled, Fordham requested Mr. Grant to continue his narrative from where he had interrupted him.

"I told you my wife was waiting lunch for Mabel's return?"

"Yes."

"She waited till two o'clock, and then, feeling a little hurt at Mabel's prolonged absence, knowing her mother was poorly, she took a little soup, and had the things removed. Shortly after Harry arrived, and as the time slipped away, they both became more and more anxious, and when I arrived home they were naturally very much upset. It was then five o'clock, and desiring them to wire me to your office, Darke, if she returned, I caught the next train to town, fearing that if I waited at home longer and she did not come back, I should miss you at the office; and although I should have come on to your house at Richmond, I might not have caught you. Thank God, I was just in time. That's all I can tell you. I did think of calling at the Police Office, but hoped it would not be necessary."

"I need not say how grieved I am, Phil," I said, as he finished, and taking his hand I pressed it sympathetically.

Phil Grant and I were more than friends—we were the closest of chums. We had been at Harrow together where, although I was his fag, I had often laughingly reminded him I bore him no ill-will. Later on we went up to the same College at Oxford, and even now that we were both married our friendship continued as fast as ever and was shared by our better halves. When we left Oxford, Phil entered a firm of brokers on the Stock Exchange, while I, after duly qualifying for a Solicitor, joined the well-known firm of Willard and Son, Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

We jumped into a cab at Herne Hill Station, and in a few minutes arrived at Grant's house, No. 25, The Avenue.

As the door was opened, Phil asked the maid if Miss Mabel had returned, and was met with a sorrowful "No, sir!"

Leaving our coats and hats in the hall, we all went into the dining-room, where poor Mrs. Grant sat crying and rocking herself in her chair by the fire, whilst Harry Markham stood leaning against the mantelshelf, with his head on his hand.

As Mrs. Grant caught sight of her hus-

band, she cried out : " Have you brought my darling home, Phil ? "

" Now you must not give way so, dear ; try and bear up," said Grant. " I have brought two good friends with me who will, please God, soon find her. Here's Willie Darke and Mr. Fordham ; won't you welcome them ? "

At this, poor Mrs. Grant pulled herself together and shaking hands with us, said we were very good to come down so promptly ; and as I continued to condole with her, Fordham beckoned Grant and Harry towards the door and they left us together. While they were away, the mother recounted to me all her grief and fears, which coincided in every respect with what Grant had told us.

Presently Phil returned to the room and motioned me to the door, saying : " You would like to wash your hands, Will, perhaps," and taking his hint, I left the room.

Fordham was outside, and I could see by the peculiar gleam in his eye that he had discovered some fact of importance.

" Do you think Mrs. Grant could answer me a few questions, Darke ? I shall not worry or frighten her, but I have obtained, I believe, a very important thread, and, if followed out promptly, we may possibly, nay, I think probably, find Mabel to-night, and I need hardly point out to you how, under the circumstances, it is of the most vital importance that she should not spend even one night away from her home. Mr. Grant is preparing his wife to see me now."

Before almost he had finished speaking, the dining-room door opened, and Phil said, " Come in, both of you." And, following him into the room, I closed the door, while Fordham went up to Mrs. Grant, saying, " I think we shall have Mabel home, Mrs. Grant, in an hour or so ; I am going out now to bring her back, but

I should like to say one or two things before I start, and I can assure you there is no occasion to feel agitated. I have sent Harry down to the station to meet the next train or two ; I should say he is very much attached to your daughter ? "

" There is not a doubt, Mr. Fordham, as to their affection for each other," she replied ; " and they have scarcely had even a lovers' quarrel ever since they were engaged."

" That shows they are wise in their generation and have learnt the great lesson of self-sacrifice. Of course, such a pretty girl as Mabel is, I suppose she has had more than one young beau ? " said Fordham.



POOR MRS. GRANT PULLED HERSELF TOGETHER.

" Nothing serious," returned Mrs. Grant ; " of course, boys and girls are always being smitten with one another when in their teens, but it went no further, you know, except, perhaps, with Bertrand Daudet ; he, I fancy—indeed, I know—was really in love with Mabel, but it is nearly two years ago now, and although he was twenty-three or twenty-four

years of age, Mabel was only sixteen, and she really did not know he was in earnest. Anyhow, she gave him no encouragement, and he returned to Paris a few months later.

" He did not reside, then, in the neighbourhood ? " asked Fordham, as he lay back in his chair, apparently with little uneasiness on his mind, and taking a languid interest in keeping Mrs. Grant's thoughts from wandering away to her absent child.

" He stayed for some years in the next road, with his uncle, who is a great friend of ours, and so we were always seeing him," Mrs. Grant replied ; " but I never really liked him ; there are some natures one feels an instinctive antipathy towards, and Bertrand was one of them. He had

all a Frenchman's courteousness and graceful manners, however; but his nature struck me as cold and cruel, although I have not the slightest reason for using the latter word. Harry has told me since, that Bertrand affected him in the same way; but you will say he was prejudiced."

"Quite possibly," returned Fordham; "but I fancy Harry is too good-natured to say so unless he really thought it, even of a rival."

Then, rising from his chair, he turned to me, saying, "It is about time we went down to the station to Harry," and then, with a few more words to Mrs. Grant of reassurance, we left the house.

Mr. Grant came to the front door, and taking Fordham's hand, said, in a husky, broken voice: "I cannot see in what direction your hope lies, Fordham, but my daughter's safety is in your hands, and you have our heart-felt blessings however it turns out. Shall I come with you, or had I better remain?"

"Remain and comfort your wife," he replied; "and do not lose heart, for I feel very sanguine that before many hours we shall all be happy again. *Adieu!*"

"Now, Darke, don't ask me any questions, there's a good fellow," he cut me short as I ventured a hint that I should like to know what he was working on; "I want to think it out quietly as we hasten to the station."

So we hurried along the now darkened road in mutual silence. Going up to the platform, we found Harry Markham leaning against a pillar supporting the station covering. It was twenty minutes to eight—barely an hour since we left Ludgate. Fordham walked up to him at once, saying: "Come with us. Harry? I want you to show us the house where Bertrand Daudet used to live."

"Why, what do you want to go there for?" he questioned as we started off.

"Just to clear up a little point I have in my mind. By-the-way, have you seen Bertrand recently?"

"Yes, I met him in town

three or four days back," said Harry; "but although he did not appear to recognise me, I could swear he saw me."

"Ah! Do you happen to know where he is likely to be found in town, if he is not staying down here?"

"No," he answered hesitatingly, "I do not; but it is just possible you might come across him at one or two places which he was in the habit of frequenting. I spent a few evenings with him a year or more ago, when we went two or three times to the theatre, and afterwards he took me to a little French café in one of the streets running out of Leicester Square. I went to two of these places with him, and he was evidently well known in both."

"Could you find them again?"

"Yes."

"Good!—Capital! Who says there's no such thing as luck?" muttered Fordham to himself.

"Here we are," I remarked; "this is the house."

"Now, Harry," said Fordham, "you run up and knock at the door, and ask for Bertrand, and if he's not at home, ascertain if he is in town; if he is, where he's staying. I want to know where his people believe him to be at present. Don't mention that you saw him in town, and, above all, don't keep us waiting."

"But if he is there?"

"Well, then go in and tell them Mabel is away. Has Mabel any relatives in London or close at hand?"

"Yes," I answered; "there's an aunt living at Clapham."

"Then just pretend you all think she's gone to Clapham to spend a few hours with her aunt; but show a little natural anxiety at her being late, and get back to the station to us as soon as you can; we shall be waiting for you."

As Harry ran up the gravel drive to the door, Fordham said to me, "Stay here," and darted quickly after him with noiseless steps. The door opened to Harry's summons, and, after a few words to the maid, he



LEANING AGAINST A PILLAR.

went inside. In a few seconds Fordham was back at my side.

"He is not in, and the girl didn't think he was in London," he half whispered to me. "We may as well wait here for him now; I suppose as this Bertrand is not in, Harry will not remain longer than he can help."

What makes you suspect Bertrand Daudet of a hand in Mabel's disappearance?" I asked *sotto voce*.

certainly veiling all within from our gaze, at least from the penetration of ordinary eyes like my own. But there's the front door opening."

"You've been very good to-night, Darke, and have not bothered me, so I will show you how little things are readable to an observant mind. You referred to the blind screening the window—well, when young Markham entered, and almost immediately after the front door closed, I

saw that blind press back on the window-glass, that intimated to me that the door of the room had been thrown open, and the concussion of the air forced back the blind; then sufficient time, say a few seconds, elapsed, and the blind was drawn from the window, showing that the door had been shut again. The inference is clear: he had been shown into the room; if someone had come out of the room to speak to him they would scarcely have pulled the door to after them. The first movement of the blind occurred again when he came out, but without the second movement, proving that the door is still open; and now here he comes."

As soon as Harry joined us, we started off for the station at our fastest pace, and he recounted his interview with the uncle, Mr. Wilson, as follows:

"While I was talking to the servant, Mrs. Wilson came down the stairs and I had to speak to her, and we went into the morning room."

"The room on the left?" said Fordham.

"Yes; well they have no idea that Bertrand has left Paris, although they have not had a letter from him for a fortnight. They

were sorry to hear about Mabel's absence, but fell in with the suggestion of the visit to Clapham as being no doubt the reason. They congratulated me on our approaching marriage," said poor Harry, with a tremor in his voice, "and Mrs. Wilson said she had written Bertrand last week of the coming event."

"That clinches all my theories," remarked Fordham, as we arrived at the station door. "Isn't that an up train in? Come on, we've got our tickets." And we



JUMPED INTO A CARRIAGE.

"I more than suspect; I am certain he will be found to be implicated in the matter, and unless we rescue her before the night is out, our help may be in vain—ha, there's someone leaving the room that Harry went into."

"How in the world can you know that?" I said in amazement. "You can't see through that solid wood door, or the brick wall, and the blind hangs closely over the window, showing there is a strong light in the room, certainly, but equally as

ran up the stairs and jumped into a carriage just as the train moved off.

"Couldn't have done it better," exclaimed Fordham; "now I will give you a short outline of my deductions. When I left the dining-room with Mr. Grant and you, Harry, I asked if Mabel had received any letters during the day, and one of the servants was called to ascertain this point. She averred that shortly before Miss Mabel went out there was a knock at the front door, and when she answered it she found an envelope in the box which she took to be a tradesman's bill, as there was no stamp on it. It was simply addressed "Miss Grant, 25, The Avenue," and she took it to her young mistress, who was then in her bedroom. To find what this envelope contained was my next endeavour, so we went up into Mabel's room and searched everywhere without success; there was the ash of a piece of burnt paper in the fire-place which resembled a sheet of cream-laid note paper as the water-lines testified, but the writing was undecipherable, even under my magnifying glass. There was no sign of the envelope being burnt, nor was it to be found for some time. Mr. Grant and Harry had just left the room when my eye caught sight of the little tidy which ladies are so fond of hanging on their looking-glasses; peeping into this, I found the missing envelope, all crunched up. Smoothing it out, I read the name and address exactly as given by the maid, but to my surprise the handwriting was Harry Markham's. You may well start, my boy; so did I at first. There was a photo of yourself on the mantel-piece, with the inscription at the foot, "Mabel from Harry," and the handwriting was certainly a close imitation, but what put me

on the right track was the No. 25. You know a Frenchman makes his fives much like an English nine, and this five was so made, otherwise the caligraphy was a very respectable forgery. I did not mention my discovery to you; it's not my way till I feel satisfied. But I asked you if you had written to Mabel to remind her of your arranged visit to the Palace, and you replied you had not thought of writing to her. In order to find out what Frenchman was known to her or the family, I led Mrs. Grant on and soon obtained the clue I wanted, with jealousy for its motive power. To conclude shortly, for that's the Elephant and Castle Station we have just passed, directly Bertrand Daudet heard from his aunt that Mabel was going to be married to you, he came over to London and forged a letter from you, couched in such language that she felt bound to obey its behest. This was delivered by some tool of his at



PAUSED OPPOSITE A SMALL RESTAURANT.

an hour when he knew you were most unlikely to be present; and in obeying this letter, she has, I am firmly convinced, gone to town, believing to find you, and has been entrapped by him. Our utmost endeavours must now be directed to tracing this scoundrel, and I cannot but think we shall find him in the haunts you know he frequents. He will have no chance of bending his captive to his will yet; Mabel will be still in the first strength of her abhorrence and full of invective against her deceiver, and if my conception of human nature is correct, he will spend the evening at one of his favourite cafés until her torrent of reproach has weakened with her physical powers.

While Fordham was thus enlightening us, poor Harry sat with clenched hands and twitching, nervous lips, but not a word did he utter until Fordham had finished. Then he muttered, "If this is true, Daudet shall find me merciless." The train drew into Ludgate Hill just as St. Paul's struck the half-hour after eight o'clock. Picking out a rubber-tired hansom, Fordham instructed the jehu to drive to "The Empire," Leicester Square, and we took our places, Harry sitting on our knees.

"I wonder where his nest is?" said Fordham, as we bowled rapidly up Fleet Street. "It won't be far off Leicester Square; the neighbourhood is full of rat-holes and evil dens. Poor girl, she will not forget this day easily, I'm afraid. Now Harry, my friend, pull yourself together; you are the leader of the expedition now, and when we unearth the reptile I can promise you a quiet five minutes with him, so pluck up now and thank God we are not too late."

"Let us pull our coat-collars up and take care we are not recognised," said Fordham, as we left our cab. "Harry,



I PROCEEDED DOWN THE ROOM.

you lead the way to the first café, and we will follow behind."

Passing the Empire Theatre, Harry turned up one of the streets on the left, and, after proceeding a little way up, paused opposite a small restaurant, in which the gas was flaring brightly. When we came up Fordham said:

"We must have a look in; but as I don't know our man, I am out of the question; you both know him, so I think, Darke, you had better peep in at the door. I don't suppose anyone will notice you, and we will cross over the road and wait for your verdict."

Cautiously approaching the door, I kept well back and looked over the frosted panel of glass, but could only recognise the few groups of men that were seated near the entrance; creeping closer, I gently pushed one of the swing doors inwards and glanced round; even now I could not distinguish the occupants at the end of the room, so, walking boldly in, I proceeded right down the room, glancing

round as I went. When I saw Bertrand was not there, I lifted my head and peered round as though searching for someone, and turning back with an air of disappointment, left the place. Crossing the road, I informed Fordham of the result of my investigation, when he replied:

"You had better watch here, and Harry and I will try the other place." So leaving me to keep guard, they returned down the street. They had not been gone five minutes when I saw a man sauntering up from the Square with a cigarette in his mouth, whom I seemed to remember, and, as the light from the restaurant fell on his face, I recognised the very man we were after. I was hidden in a dark doorway, quite out of his vision, and as he passed into the café I thought he looked ten years older than when I last saw him at

Grant's house, some two years ago; the features were drawn as with mental or physical anguish, whilst the lines round the mouth were set with a determined harshness unusual in a man of his age.

My position was now most anxious. I knew what stress Fordham placed on discovering Daudet, and if he left the Café while Fordham was away I should have to dog his steps and track him to his lair as best I could; fortunately my misgivings came to naught, as Fordham returned while I was turning over these things in my mind.

As I saw him coming up the street I hastened to meet him with my news. His first exclamation was: "Then Mabel's safe;" then he said, "I will run and fetch Harry—have you got a pencil?"

"Yes."

"Well, if Daudet comes out while I am away, follow him, and, when you start, draw an arrow at the foot of this poster," pointing to a white bill stuck on the wall, "showing which direction he takes, so we shall not lose you."

However, Bertrand Daudet was in no hurry to leave his retreat, and we had to



THE MAN WE WERE AFTER.

wait nearly an hour before he came out. A dark passage-way, a few yards up the street, offered us a secure hiding-place; and Fordham arranged that when Daudet emerged, and Fordham would be able to have a good look at him, that he would follow him at a distance of twenty yards, then I was to follow Fordham, and Harry to follow me at similar distances. If Fordham desired us to approach, he would wave his arm, otherwise, we were to keep our respective positions.

Thus we started down the street, turning round to the left and leaving Leicester Square behind us, and walked on for five or six minutes; then I saw Fordham stop suddenly at the corner of a street running off our left hand side, and in a few seconds he waved his hand, and we both came up to him.

"You see that little shop across the road," pointing to the other side of the narrow little street; "he went in there. You remain here and keep your eyes fastened on that shop while I go and reconnoitre;" and, running across the road, we saw him pass the lighted window. In a few moments he was back again: "It's a dirty little tobacconist and newsagent's domicile," said Fordham; "just the place for Monsieur Daudet's scheme. Our best plan will be to take the bull by the horns; come on."

When we went into the shop, we saw an evil-looking, ill-kempt, dirty fellow sitting behind the counter, who scowled at us as we entered.

Fordham approached as close as the counter would permit, and said in a low voice, "We're detectives from Scotland Yard; now don't utter a word till I have finished."

The man's demeanour changed on the instant, and I believe had the dirt on his countenance permitted, we should have seen his face pale. His eyes, however, showed the effect of Fordham's words, as he continued: "We are after a Frenchman, who brought a

young lady here to-day—or, rather, whom the young lady called on—show us where they are at once." Then the man broke out into voluble protestations. "He didn't know there was anything wrong; the lady came and asked for the gentleman. Of course, he would show us the room. "All right, go quietly and knock at his door and say you want to see him; I will follow you. If you attempt to alarm him, I shall show you no mercy."

"He must look after himself; it's nothing to do with me," muttered the ruffian, as he led the way *down* the stairs with a candle in his hand. When he got to the bottom, we could hear the voices of Mabel and Bertrand, the former choked with sobs, the latter muffled, as though spoken in a low tone.

"Knock at the door," whispered Fordham, and the man did as instructed.

"Is that you, George?" we heard Bertrand ask.

"Yes; I want to see you a moment," replied our guide as he stepped back from the door; and as the key was turned, Fordham took his place, and immediately the door opened, sprang at Daudet, and flooring him, held him by the throat, while Harry rushed to Mabel, who, as soon as she recognised her deliverers, fell back in dead faint.

"Get me some cord," Fordham demanded of the man. "I've forgotten my darbies." And when it was brought, he tied his captive's hands behind his back, with my assistance. Then we turned our attention to Mabel, who was now coming round.

The room, or cellar, was lighted by a cheap lamp, standing on a diminutive

wooden table, bare of all covering. There was a small, low bed, with one broken-backed chair, on which Mabel was seated, a pitcher without a handle, and a tin washing-basin completed the furniture of this loathsome hole, which was bare of carpet or wall-paper.

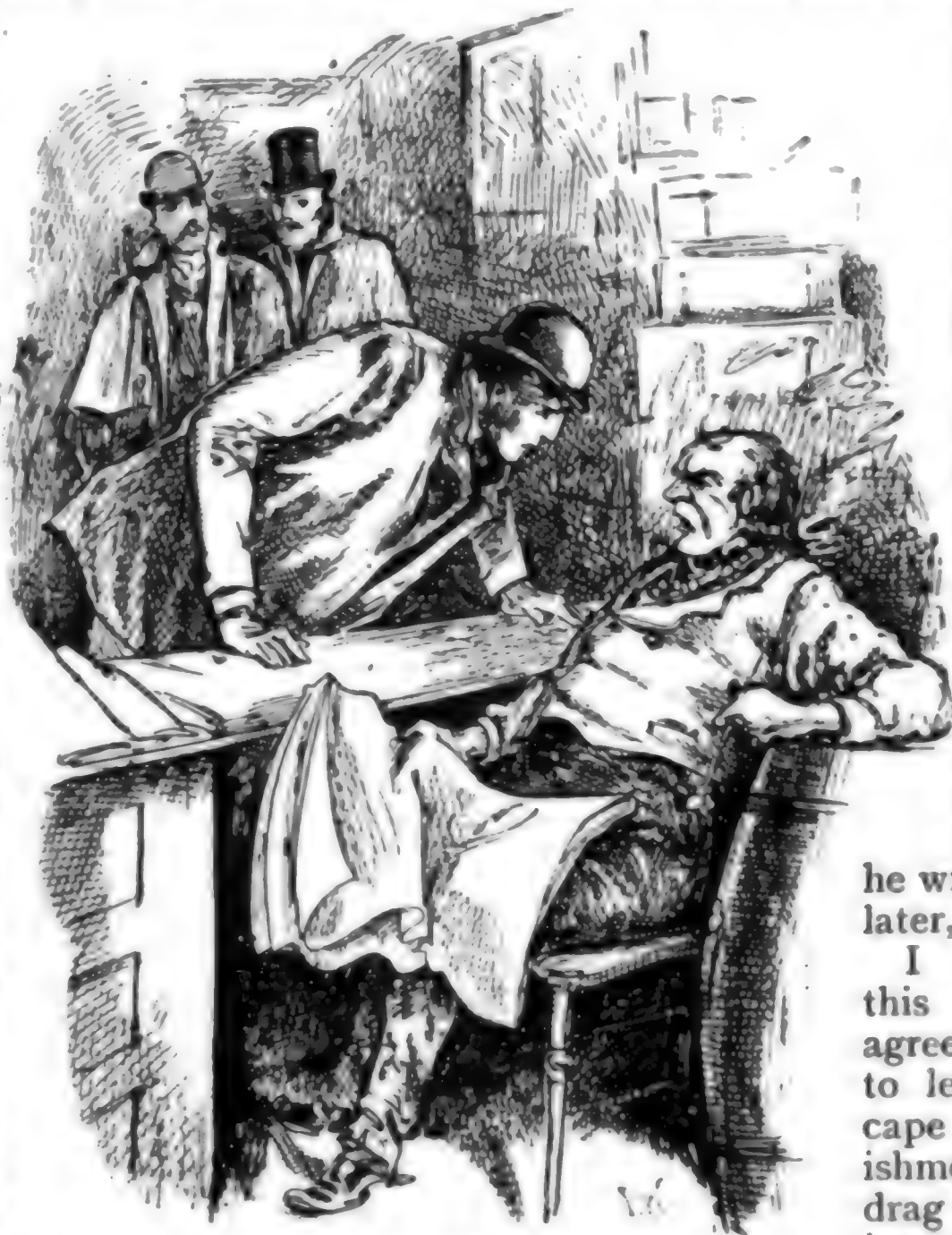
As Mabel was now conscious, Fordham asked me to go up the stairs with him.

"The question arises now what are we to do with this black-guard," said Fordham. "If we hand him over to the police, which is the proper course, there will be a scandal from which we cannot keep Mabel's name out. I don't see any other course but to let him go: he will get his deserts later, no doubt."

I coincided with this view, and we agreed it was better to let the villain escape his rightful punishment rather than drag an innocent girl into such odious notoriety.

With this we returned to the cellar, and I half led, half carried, poor little Mabel upstairs, and, placing her on a chair, waited for the others.

Let Harry recount the remainder of the scene down in the cellar. From the time Daudet was knocked down by Fordham he had not uttered a word, but when Mabel and I left, Fordham untied his bonds, informing him that in consideration for his uncle and aunt, he should not hand him over to the police. Then Daudet commenced to swear and curse, mixing with his profanity such vile epithets against Mabel that Harry could restrain himself no longer: he flew at the dastardly villain, and gave him a hiding, which, Fordham afterwards informed me, made his heart rejoice.



THE MAN'S DEMEANOUR CHANGED.

There is little more to relate. We hailed a four-wheeler, and Fordham and I accompanied the young lovers to Ludgate. On the way Mabel told us her tale. She had received a note, which she believed to have been written by Harry. As near as she could remember, it ran as follows :

"DARLING MABEL,—I am in great trouble, and want you to come to me immediately on receipt of this. Do not tell anyone where you are going, as I shall not keep you many minutes. Take a cab at Ludgate Hill to 93, — Street, Leices-



SPRANG AT DAUDET.

ter Square, and ask for me.

" Lovingly

"yours, HARRY.

" P.S. Be sure and burn this letter."

She had acted blindly on these instructions, and when she arrived at the address given; she was shown down to the hole we found her in, and Daudet immediately turned the key on her. Of his protestations of love I need not say anything. We never heard anything more of him. Mabel and Harry are now married and their son and heir was christened Harry

Fordham Markham. But neither of them will ever forget that eventful day and night.

Young England at School.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

WHEN we glance at the busy corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, forming the East end of that noble edifice, St. Paul's Cathedral, one can hardly imagine that, but a few years ago, there stood the famous foundation of John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, now removed to its new home at Hammersmith; and the old site now presents to us, from the huge warehouses erected, one of the commercial centres of our great city. Before making any comment upon the new building, or St. Paul's of the present day, it is most essential that I should make a few remarks with reference to the illustrious founder, whose name will long be handed down as a noble benefactor. Dr. John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's in the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., was the son and sole heir of Sir Henry Colet, a wealthy citizen, who had twice been Lord Mayor of London. Sir Henry Colet appears to have been father of twenty-two children—eleven sons and eleven daughters—but of these, John Colet alone survived to inherit his father's fortune. The noble founder of St. Paul's School was born in London, 1466, in the days when it was considered quite a sort of nobility to be born within the City Boundary, and was educated at St. Anthony's School, Threadneedle Street. Colet appears to have made many friends in France and Italy, where he travelled in order to avail himself of the opportunity to thoroughly master the

Greek language. In 1505 he was appointed Dean of St. Paul's, and, almost immediately upon his installation, he set himself to work to reform the lax discipline of his Cathedral. Having, with his customary boldness and freedom, denounced the corruptions then prevalent in every department of the Church, and against which the mighty voice of Luther was soon to thunder a denunciation which sprang from his sincere conviction of their enormity and their injury to the cause of true religion, he was cited by Dr. Fitzjames, Bishop of London, to answer an accusation of heresy. Colet's alleged offences were: first, opposition to image worship; secondly, his contending that the exhortation to Peter, "Feed my sheep," had no carnal signification, etc. Colet, however, defeated the malevolence of the bishop, though it has been stated by Latimer, in one of his sermons, that Dean Colet would have been burnt "if God had not turned the King's heart to the contrary." From being a martyr, he was, therefore, spared to be the patron of learning, and his troubles and persecutions are said to have had no other influence upon his disposition than that of rendering him more devout and charitable.

Through the death of his relatives, Colet became the possessor of a great fortune, a great portion of which he expended, from time to time, in acts of benevolence, which he crowned by a resolution to



THE LAST ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.



THE LIBRARY IN THE OLD ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

found a Grammar School in London as near as possible to the Cathedral.

The building was accordingly commenced in 1509, and completed in three years, during which time Colet employed himself with framing the statutes and settling endowments for the "School of St. Paul." Certain lands in Bucks he conveyed, in trust, to the Mercers' Company, and thus he endowed the foundation with a yearly income of something like £120, which has now increased in value to a surprising amount.

Of the original building there is no illustrated record whatever, as the Great Fire of London destroyed the first St. Paul's School, together with all records as to its description.

One great thing was saved from the debris, which has since been the pride of all Paulines, and is still cherished far and above any relics now in possession of the governors—the bust of the noble founder, Dean Colet—which appears in one of our illustrations, together with another fond relic, the Highmaster's chair, also looked upon with great reverence. The old bust was found and marvelously saved, although, I believe, broken, from amongst the ruins of the school after the fire. It has been carefully preserved ever since, and now occupies a prominent position upon a large pedestal in the board-room of the new school. Recently the bust was cleaned, and it

was found that it then contained seventeen coats of paint, proving also that at different periods it had greatly varied in colour. Having entirely stripped it of its layers of paint, it now remains in as good preservation as it did centuries ago. This relic was placed in position for photographing with the ancient chair and the painting, over the fire-place, of the first Duke of Marlborough, an old Pauline.

In the statutes of the school Dean Colet displayed a noble catholicity, when he declared that the school shall be open to the "children of all nations and countries indifferently." The number of foundation scholars was to be one hundred and fifty-three, which number has always been peculiar to the school.

The reason for Dean Colet fixing this odd number is accounted for in "Fuller's Church History." When recording Colet's death, Fuller says "He founded the Free School of St. Paul's; and it is hard to say whether he left better laws for the government, or land for the maintenance thereof. A free school, indeed, to all natives or foreigners of what country soever here to have their education (none being excluded by their nativity which exclude not themselves by their unworthiness) to the number of one hundred fifty and three (so many fishes as were caught in the net by the Apostles, John xxi, 11)."

Colet died in the apartments he had himself built in the Monastery of the Carthusians at Sheen, near Richmond, Surrey, 11th of September, 1519; and his body was afterwards buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, near the image of St. Wigifort.

Erasmus, who was one year younger than Colet, and one year William Lily's senior, describes the first building as a magnificent structure, to which were attached two dwelling-houses for the two Chief Masters; he further gives slight details of the building; but beyond this, little is known of it, seeing that it shared in the Great



THE OLD SITE OF THE PRESENT ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.



ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL, HAMMERSMITH.

Fire of London, 1666, and was rebuilt, 1670, by the Mercers' Company. The illustration on our first page shows the third and last school as it stood within the memory of many of our readers. This last building in St. Paul's Churchyard was designed and erected by George Smith, Esq., the architect of the Mercers' Company, and had many advantages over its predecessors.

On occasions of the Sovereign of England or other Royal or distinguished persons going in state through the city, a balcony was erected in front of the building, whence addresses from the School were presented to the illustrious visitors by the head boys.

This custom, and evident right to the Paulines, is of some antiquity, but the origin is quite unknown, beyond that addresses were so presented to Henry VIII.; to Queen Elizabeth, in 1558; and to Queen Victoria when the Royal Exchange was opened in 1844. Her Majesty, however, preferred to receive the address at the next levée, and this precedent was followed when the multitude of London rushed to welcome the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra in 1863.

St. Paul's, like many other similar ancient foundations, has grown very rich;

and we cannot, therefore, help but recognise the great charge, so successfully and wisely cared for by the Mercers' Company and fully endorse the Report of the Commissioners, who say:—"The enormous increase in value is in itself evidence of a pure and diligent administration; nor do we conceive that better care would have been taken by any other body to which Dean Colet could have entrusted it; we

entirely agree with the remarks of Chief Baron Pollock that his selection of a London Company as Trustees was very wise and sagacious."

The old School in the City was in the last years very unfit for such an important seat of learning, owing to the increasing traffic and the continual bustle and noise



HIGH MASTER'S HOUSE FROM THE SCHOOL STEPS.

which surrounded it. Mr. Carver, late Headmaster of Dulwich, who, in those days, was Sur-Master of St. Paul's, had many objections to the position, as the noise of the busy City outside so greatly interfered with the work of both masters and boys.

This increased to such an extent that



HIGH MASTER'S ROOM, showing picture of first Duke of Marlborough, Colet's Bust and the famous High Master's Chair.

schemes were at once set on foot to transfer the school to more suitable quarters in the Metropolis, which ended in St. Paul's School finding a home at Hammersmith, in the early eighties of this century, just within the four mile radius.

The New St. Paul's School, at West Kensington, has barely been open nine years; it occupies an enormous area of ground from the Hammersmith Road (in which is the main entrance), to almost the District Railway Cutting between West Kensington and Hammersmith Station.

One of our illustrations shows the school site prior to the Paulines' exit from St. Paul's Churchyard, taken from an engraving,

the work of Mr. R. Harris, the present Art Master of the School, who has rendered us, by the kind permission of the High Master, most valuable aid throughout the numerous visits of our photographer.

Mr. Harris has particularly interested himself in our visit to the School, which may be also said of each master and official. Our illustrations speak for my assertion in this respect, for without the assistance so willingly offered from the High Master to the smallest boy in the School, it would have been impossible to so thoroughly illustrate this number, and I therefore take this opportunity of thanking all those who have so helped to make the first illustrated article on St. Paul's School a success (which I predict it will be from an illustrated point of view to old and present Paulines).

The New School is quite different, from an architectural point of view, to any of its predecessors, standing back from the road, one huge block of buildings in red brick and terra-cotta. I believe



MR. BEWSHER, BURSAR OF ST. PAUL'S, IN HIS OFFICE. Showing the Paulines' Hare caught a short time ago in the School Ground.

the reason of this style being adopted was owing to a great strike amongst stone-masons, which was quelled by the builders introducing terra-cotta work.

On entering the school grounds from

play-ground some few months ago, the strange visitor causing some excitement among the boys.

The opposite corner of the hall is a cosy office for the school porter, and from this place our photographer, placing himself in the hands of Mr. Harris, as I have already mentioned, paid his first visit to the Art Room, directly over the main entrance hall.

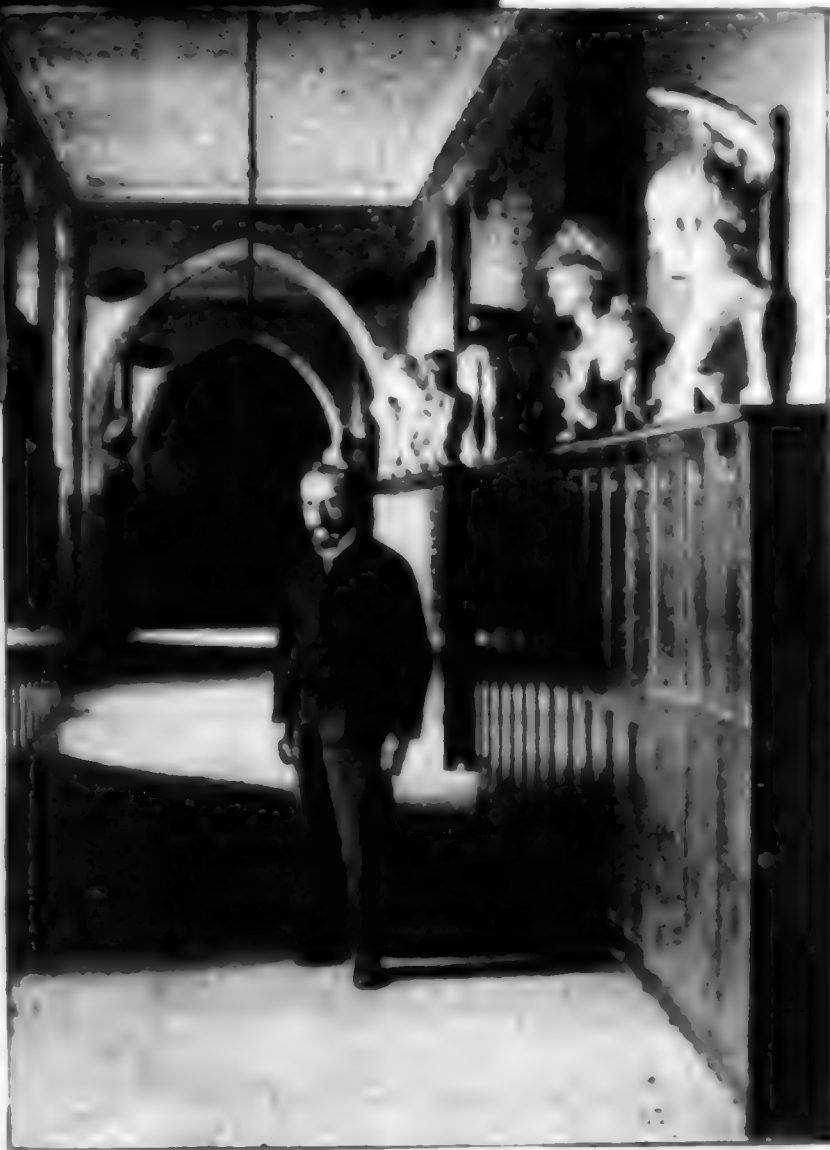
Our illustrations of this important branch of the school are so full of detail that it requires but little description from me, beyond that art is most carefully taught under the eye of Mr. Harris, and the room is adorned entirely by the



DRAWING AND MODELLING IN ART ROOM.

the main entrance, a pretty building on the left is the abode of the High Master, which is connected with the main building by a pretty cloister. The rear of the school presents, perhaps, the best view of the vast pile, as the sun shining upon it the greater portion of the day gives quite a relief to the naturally heavy appearance in the front, where the sun rarely touches. The playing grounds are indeed excellent, with a capital cricket pavilion and a gymnasium, the only building detached from the main block.

On entering the school, the spacious corridors command first attention. On the left of the entrance hall is Mr. Bewsher's office, bursar of St. Paul's School, which forms one of our illustrations. The hare on the mantel-piece was captured within the precincts of the school



MR. HARRIS, THE ART MASTER IN THE CORRIDOR.

work of the students, who are supplied with an excellent lot of statuary of almost every description as models. Modelling, also, is a branch of this department, and several statues in the room now are the

work of the boys in the school.

The next visit was paid to the Library, which also occupies a place on the first floor, at the end of the corridor, showing the statuary, which is one of the present schemes to remove the bareness of such a large place, and also prove interesting and edifying to the young at school at the same time. The corridor runs the whole length of the first floor,

and it will be noticed from the illustration that the greater portion of its sides are usefully applied to lockers for the boys' flannels, books, etc.

The Library Room is, perhaps, the best of any I have seen at the schools so far visited, and it contains a magnificent collection of suitable literature, and fine busts of five great masters of St. Paul's: Georg Thicknesse, 1748-1769; Robert Roberts, D.D., 1769-1814; John Sleath, D.D., 1814-1838; Herbert Kynaston, D.D., 1838-1876, and the present High Master, Frederick W. Walker, M.A.

There has just been placed in the Library three large and magnificent stained-glass windows, the gifts respectively of Mr. Frederic Seebohm, Author of "The Oxford Reformers" (Colet, Erasmus and More); the Rev. Canon Car-



THE ART ROOM.

ver, a former sur-master of St. Paul's, and the present sur-master, the Rev. J. H. Lupton.

The first window that meets you on entering the library is that given by Mr. Lupton, representing a group of three figures. In the centre is an angel reading from a scroll to the Evangelist, who is writing at his dictation. Kneeling on the right is a youthful figure in priestly robes, with hands folded as in prayer, said by an inscription in the illumination itself to be meant for Dean Colet—*Effigies ipsa* is the expression employed. The room depicted by the original artist, whose work is preserved in a manuscript at Cambridge, was one in the Old Deanery of St. Paul's.

The second window, the gift of Mr. Seebohm, has for its subject Erasmus



A CLASS-ROOM.

reading the draft of his yet unpublished "Praise of Folly" to his friends, Colet and More. The incident was chosen as recalling the title of Mr. Seebohm's work before mentioned, which has probably done more than anything else to make the noble founder of St. Paul's School known to this generation, and as being intermediate in point of date between the other two. The scene is a room in More's house, identified by a few accessories from Holbein's drawing at Bâle, such as the

neath, the wording being slightly abridged to suit the exigencies of space:

Felices qui octo orationis partes recte distingvunt.

The date of the scene is 1511, as appears from the book in the reader's hand. In the three canopies above are the views of the three cities with which the friends were connected by birth or residence. The pretty drawing of Rotterdam in the centre is from an early print in the British Museum. London is typified by old St.



THE LIBRARY.

viol hanging on the wall, "wherewith he would sometimes recreate his tyred spirit;" the clock, preserved till within living memory by the late Charles Waterton at Walton Hall, and the like. The expressions have been wonderfully well caught. The moment chosen is when the playful lash of the satirist has begun to fall on the Grammarians, one of whom, at the ripe age of sixty, has just been heard declaring that "he should die happy if he only lived long enough to discriminate rightly the eight parts of speech."

This is summed up in the motto be-

Paul's Cathedral, and Oxford by the then newly-founded college of St. Mary Magdalen.

The third window, the gift of Dr. Carver, also recalls the early days of the school and the benevolent founder. The subject selected is Dean Colet delivering into the hands of Lily, the first High Master, the book of the statutes of the school. Above, in the upper lights, are views of the two schools erected in St. Paul's Churchyard since the Great Fire of London, one of which illustrates this article.



THE DINING HALL AS IT APPEARS BETWEEN 10 AND 1.30.

I have, perhaps, dwelt too long upon these illuminations, but at the present time they are uppermost amongst the latest additions to the school. Before leaving the library, there are many things here that remind its frequenters of old Paulines, whose names now stand out on great pinnacles of fame. Few public schools can claim to have educated more men who figure prominently in English history than the foundation of John Colet; and at the present time the number of scholars who gain admission to the Universities far and above exceeds that of any other public school.

Sir Anthony Denny, Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Privy Counsellor to Henry VIII., was one of Lily's earliest pupils, as were Thomas Lupset, the friend of Colet and Erasmus; Sir Edward North, founder of the noble family of that name; (the most noteworthy of the race in later times was Frederic, Lord North, Premier from 1770 to 1782). Sir William Paget, who from being the son of a Sergeant-at-Mace became Privy Counsellor to four successive sovereigns, and acquired the title now held by his descendant; and John Leland, the celebrated archæologist.

In the long and brilliant array of Paulines, trained by the masters who succeeded Lily, we find William Whitaker, one of the earliest and most puissant champions of the Reformation; William Camden, antiquarian and herald, and Head Master of Westminster School, 1592. Of her many claims upon the gratitude of England, however, St. Paul's School urges none so august and irresistible as that of having educated John Milton.

This illustrious poet, devoted patriot, and accomplished scholar, was born in Bread Street, Cheapside, a few yards from the site of the old school, and sleeps his last sleep almost beneath the shadow of the Cathedral. His great works, "performed under discountenance and in blindness," will live through the ages.

Carefully preserved amongst the valuable collection in the library are some of the early editions of Milton's "Paradise Lost;" and it is pleasing to note that the scheme to embellish the walls with names of eminent Paulines and worthies, now seem to echo "Milton."

Amongst the numerous scholars whose names adorn the walls of the corridors,



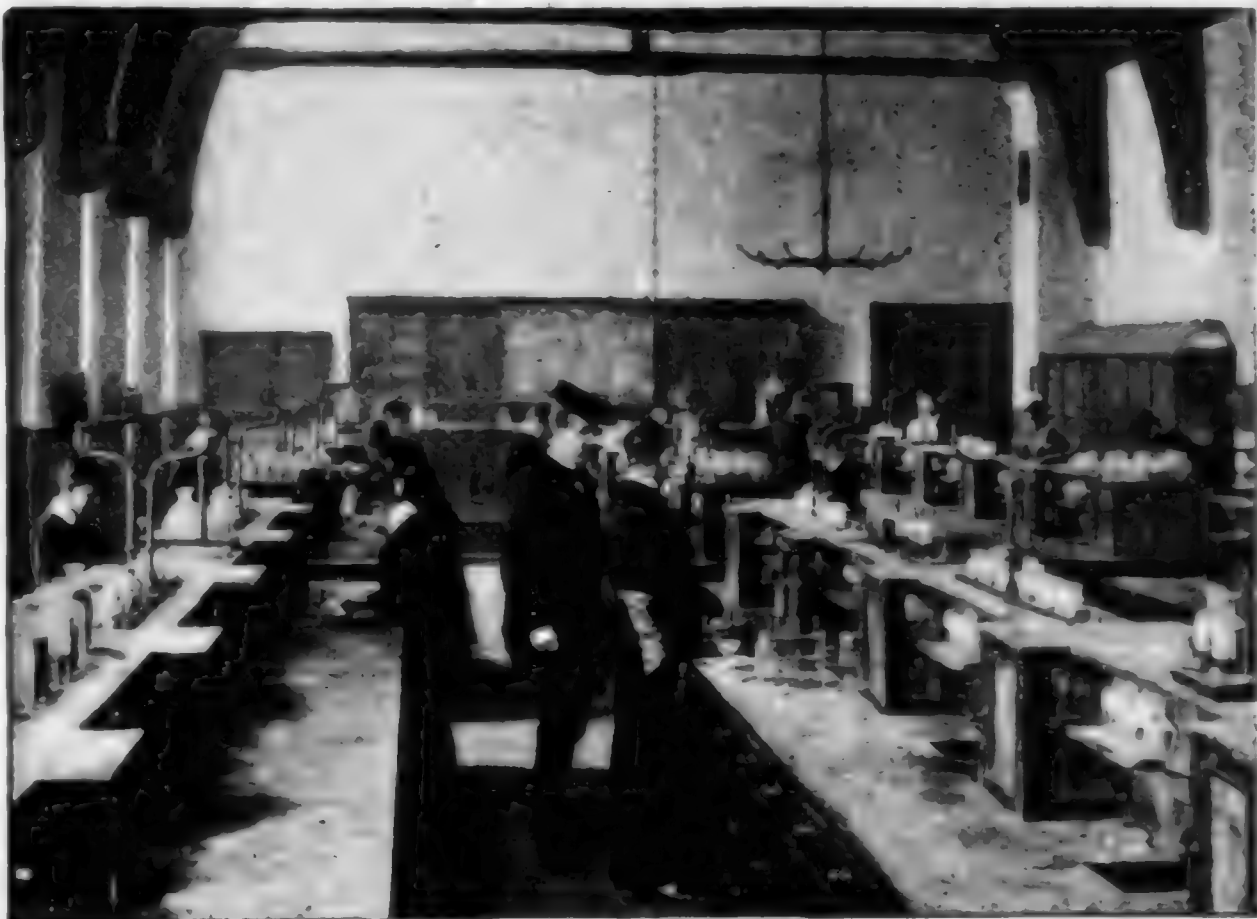
PREPARING FOR DINNER (ENTRANCE FROM DINING-HALL TO KITCHENS).

together with the past high masters, are Sir Charles Scarborough, the Physician to Charles II.; Samuel Pepys, the inimitable diarist; Robert Nelson, one of the first promoters of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; Dr. Benjamin Calamy; Dr. Richard Meggot; Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough; Sir John Trevor, Master of the Rolls and Speaker of the House of Com-

mons; Sir Edmund Northey, Attorney-General; Roger Cotes, first Professor of Astronomy in the Chair founded at Cambridge by Dr. Plume; Archibald, Earl of Forfar; Charles, Duke of Manchester, and John, the great and first Duke of Marlborough, etc. etc.

With such a vast building to decorate, one can understand it will take years to cover its walls, but it cannot be said that those interested in the school have not set about this great work with a right good will.

The large hall is a fine building at the south of the main block, where all the six hundred boys meet, morning at 9.30 and evening at 5, for prayers.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY.—THE LANTERN USED FOR LECTURING.

The hall, I must confess, gives one the appearance of being very short for its height; but this, I think I am right in saying, will be rectified before long. The addition of a fine collection of etchings, lately given to the school, have vastly brightened this portion.

The remaining portions of the ground floor and first floor are divided into light and airy classrooms, while the upper floor contains the spacious dining hall, lecture hall, chemical laboratory and scientific laboratories.

The dining hall is an exceptionally fine and light room, which serves for dinner and luncheons for some two hundred daily, and for concerts and social gather-



BOTANY.—USING THE MICROSCOPES

north, marking out the home of the Harrow School.

In the basement there are spacious cloisters, and one of the finest dressing-rooms in connection with any public school, and the gnawings and cravings of the schoolboy is not forgotten by the governors, who have here provided a real good "Tuck Shop," where pastries can be indulged in to the heart's content.

The school magazine, *The Pauline*, published monthly, contains the doings of Paulines, young and old, who are steadily walking the ladder of fame,

ings of scholars and parents from time to time. Spacious kitchens are provided adjoining the hall, and cooking apparatus sufficient to provide for a famished army. The fare is, indeed, most liberal, especially considering the nominal charge made, and though there is no allowance of ale, as at Eton or Winchester, the table is an excellent one, with plenty of variety and "good jams."

The Lecture Hall is entered from the same floor, and is capable of holding some hundreds of students.

From our illustration of the Scientific Laboratory, it will be noticed that the lantern is adopted for lecturing, and botany, one of the branches of this department, is a favourite study amongst several of the boys. From this room, which, like all the school rooms, is light and cheerful, it is possible on a clear day to see Harrow Church, in the

at school, universities, etc.; and should a distinction be won by an Old Boy, it is at once recorded in the next issue of *The Pauline*.

Athletics are kept well before the school in the magazine, with some bright chat on the different branches, and altogether it must certainly be most interesting to all associated with the school.



THE GYMNASIUM.

The physical branch of the school is well cared for; and with such splendid accommodation at the rear of the main building, everything tends to render Paulines thorough athletes in almost every branch.

The football season was an exceptionally good one, and perhaps the best the school has ever seen, resulting in eight victories against three losses. The game is played under the Rugby rules, and considering the good reputation of most of the opponents, the closing statistics were most satisfactory. Early in the year, foot-

tion, taken prior to the match, shows the two teams entering from school to the field of battle. The 'Varsity team on the lower steps, with the Paulines in the rear.

Perhaps one of the most flourishing institutions at St. Paul's is the Cadet Corps, attached to the 2nd South Middlesex Rifles, C. H. Bicknell, B.A., commanding officer. Mr. Bicknell has worked unceasingly to make the little corps at St. Paul's a success; and to now find it one hundred and twenty-five strong, after only three years' inauguration, should somewhat compensate Mr. Bicknell's labours.

The Corps attended the Public School Camp the last two years when a most enjoyable time was spent.



A VISIT OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY LACROSSE TEAM.

ball at school makes way for lacrosse, a game that is gradually gaining favour amongst athletes, and especially when the ground is required for the summer cricket pitch. Lacrosse is equally scientific, and a most engaging game, and its compulsory institution permits the turf to gain strength and condition, where it would otherwise be cut up, if the football was allowed to roll throughout the usual football season. The first Lacrosse Twelve, up to the time of our visit, had played five matches, winning two, losing two and one drawn. The latter was played against the Cambridge University Team, and our illustra-

Our illustration of the Cadets represents a company drilling in the School grounds. A pleasant day and good skirmishing was obtained by a company of sixty rank and file, which paraded at Liverpool Street, March 4th, and proceeded to St. Margaret's, where, in tactical exercises, some good work was done in connection with the Haileybury and Felsted Corps, two companies of the Cambridge Rifle Volunteers and one company of the 1st Volunteer Brigade, Herts.

Fives receives a good share of attention, and the results of the matches played with such opponents as the University College

School, which the Paulines won easily, show they are no mean exponents of the game.

The Gymnasium, which also forms one of our illustrations, is a favourite haunt, and under the careful tuition of their instructor, St. Paul's boasts of some excellent gymnasts. At the time of writing, the working up for the Gymnastic Competition at Aldershot is going exceptionally well, and two of the School's crack gymnasts, Matthews and May, are fully anticipated to acquit themselves well, and uphold the prestige of their School.

The School sports on the 25th March scored a wonderful success before over one thousand spectators.

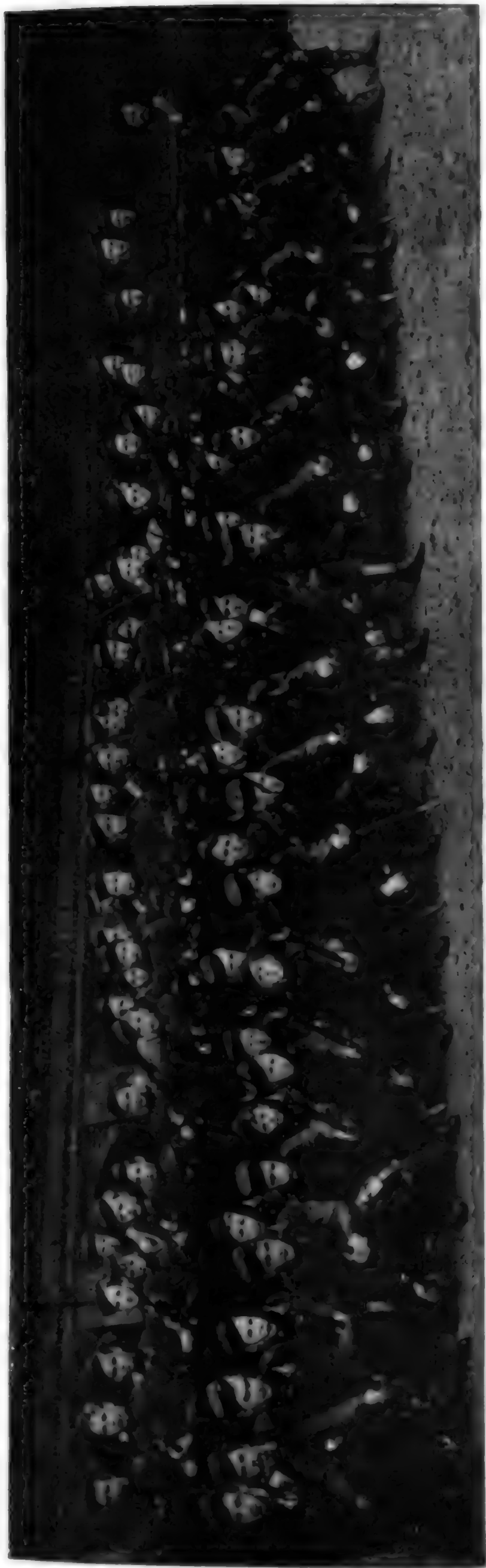
The Rev. J. W. Shepard acted as referee, T. R. E. Holmes, as starter, and Nat Perry, the veteran from Stamford Bridge Athletic Grounds, held the watch.

The preliminary heats were decided some fortnight previously, and the finals were run off in most delightful weather, which will certainly be a red-letter-day for the Paulines, and a big subject for the April number of "*The Pauline*."

Cricket practice has begun, and though it is only limited, it is cheerful to hear the click of the willow, which reminds us we are quickly approaching summer.

It is now nearly twenty years since a new scheme was put forth for the management of St. Paul's School, and instead of allowing time to show how that new scheme worked, a new one is promised, against which all have great objections. The subject is far too extensive for me to deal with, and I can only rely upon the skill of one of the most successful High Masters since the days of Colet and Lily to carry the school over the crisis. Frederick W. Walker, M.A., the High Master of St. Paul's, is a man well worthy of such a grand school; and the work done at this great seat of learning is more truly seen in the less obtrusive but equally solid facts, that there were in the School, according to the last returns, 37 boys who had passed the London Matriculation; 40 who had passed the Army Preliminary; 66 who had taken Oxford and Cambridge Certificates; and that at no less than five London Hospitals Paulines carried off the Entrance Scholarships last October.

In conclusion I cannot do better than echo the words of the Rev. R. B. Gardiner, who finished a most eloquent speech



ST. PAUL'S CADET CORPS.

on the new scheme, at the Annual Dinner of the Old Pauline Club, by saying, "While St. Paul's School, drawing its pupils from the children of parents who work for their livings, continues to turn out yearly a hundred boys ready to start in whatever career their parents have selected, it needs no reformation; and its old boys may be proud of its work, and boast of having been trained at the leading school of London, if not of all England."



COLET COURT, FROM THE FRONT OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

COLET COURT.

The increase in the number of pupils at St. Paul's has been so rapid, and the standard of the entrance examination has been raised so high in consequence of the large number of boys competing for admission, that natu-

rally several preparatory schools have grown up round the present school. Of these Colet Court is by no means an unworthy example. Although Colet Court has been built by private enterprise, and has no official connection with St. Paul's School, yet no description of St. Paul's would be complete without a few words about its principal feeder. Its style of architecture follows closely, but not so lavishly, that of the big school; it consists of two distinct buildings of red brick and terracotta. The front block, in the Hammer-smith Road, faces the front of St. Paul's, and comprises the proprietor's house and the boarding-house. The latter being the home of about sixty boys, drawn from all parts of the world. Behind the boarding-house is the day school in which nearly five hundred boys are taught. This building consists of one large central hall, surrounded on three sides by class-rooms; those of the two higher stories being approached by open galleries, and as the Headmaster sits at



DRILLING THE CADETS.

his desk in the Great Hall he can detect at once, without moving, any boy that might stir from his class.

As the school and boarding-house were built specially for little boys, no expense was spared to make the classrooms, dormitories, etc., as



COLET COURT.—CLASSES IN THE GREAT HALL.



COLET COURT.—MEETING IN THE GREAT HALL FOR MORNING PRAYERS.

the old orchard behind the school, now converted into a playing-field, gives one the impression that school-boy life is very different from what it was even twenty years ago, and must necessarily tend to stamp the days of youth deep in the memories of the coming generation. The old, old story of "the favourite haunts of my school-days" was clearly demonstrated before me at the last Easter Holiday, when I, with many pleasure-seekers, was holiday bent.

Taking train to Watford, I had occasion to

light and airy as possible.

It would be difficult to imagine a more cheerful-looking establishment than Colet Court, and to see several hundred little boys, either at work in their comfortable classrooms, or standing in lines at prayers in the large hall, or going through their exercises in the gymnasium, or playing cricket in



A COLET COURT DORMITORY.

join a train at Willesden Junction, when two elderly gentlemen entered my compartment. They soon started a conversation, from which, being far from a whisper, it was very evident they were paying a visit to the familiar walks of their school-days, and it was quite clear to me that the two old gents, of some fully sixty summers, were pleasantly reflecting upon the days of boyish happiness at Harrow, and the straw hats they had donned for the occasion would surely stamp them as old Harrovians at once.

For the first time in the history of London it is possible for a boy to begin his education, in schools open to everyone at the age of seven or eight, under efficient teachers, and continue that education without a break until he leaves school at the age of eighteen or nineteen for the University or the Army, or for whatever career may have been selected. It is most interesting to note that there is a descendant of the Colet family—a boy of the same name—now attending Colet Court.

Londoners may well be proud of such an ancient and noble foundation as St. Paul's School and its associations, which year by year sends out into the world a band of young men who have received such a training, both intellectually and morally, as can only be given in a school endowed with honourable traditions, and continued under the rule of a High Master who is fully alive to every suggestion of improvement that these modern times, full of life and energy, demand.

W. CHAS. SARGENT.

[Our illustrations are from photographs taken, by the kind permission of the High Master, by Mr. R. W. THOMAS, 121, Cheapside, London, E.C., from whom copies of the original pictures can be obtained.]

The following Schools have already appeared in THE LUDGATE MONTHLY:—Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Christ's Hospital and Dulwich, and back numbers can be obtained through all Booksellers or direct from the office of this magazine.

RETURNED FROM AFAR

By
Giddy
Crane.



CHAPTER I.

IN ALGIERS.

A soldier, firm and sound of heart.

Henry V., Act iii., sc. 6.

A SOFT, warm wind was gently blowing across the blue Mediterranean, bringing the scent of roses and oleanders to a little group lounging on the terrace of a villa above the town of Algiers. The party consisted of an elderly, grey-haired lady and her son and daughter—Arthur and Ursula Wyatt. The former of these two, a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, fair haired, tan complexioned, and unmistakably English—or perhaps I should say, British, for the Wyatts were Scotch people—was leaning lazily back in a long wicker chair, smoking a cigarette and reading a letter. His sister was lying on a couch, covered by a rug of bright Oriental colouring. Somewhat darker than her brother, with a pale, delicate face, Ursula Wyatt could hardly be called pretty; but people forgot this when talking to her, for her voice and expression were her two great charms.

She had been suffering from some lung complaint, which had given her mother and brother much uneasiness, but since they had brought her to Algiers, she was slowly

recovering her strength in the sunny African air. She delighted in the place, especially in the old quarter of the town, where it was so quiet and dark and mysterious, with its little narrow steep streets and high houses, whose roofs almost met overhead, and where the white-turbaned Arabs, wrapped in their graceful bournous, gathered. She could not help feeling sympathy towards them when she thought of them elbowed away by that other city which had sprung up before their old one, with its jostling crowd of French, English and Americans, its modern streets and gay French shops and cafés, its tramways, cabs and omnibuses—Western influence was indeed predominating strongly in the city of the Deys. She loved, too, the happy, idle villa life—it was such happiness to her, with her artist's love of colour, to be on the terrace and look northward where the great blue Mediterranean lay, dotted with steamers and trim, rakish, snowy-decked yachts; or in the opposite direction, across the undulating country, to the distant, snow-topped mountains; or nearer at hand, to see the wealth of purple and crimson *bourgainvillea* climbing over the house and festooning the pillars; and the garden with its profusion of flowers: roses, geraniums and oleanders—pink, white and deep red—mingling with cactus and aloes, was another source of pleasure to her.

Presently the sleepy silence was broken by soft footsteps, and the little group were joined by some Arabs, in bournous and turbans, who came up and spread out a tempting array of brasses and bright metals, rich coloured carpets and rugs and drapery, spears and weapons, embroideries

and quaint pottery—a tempting collection brought from Tunis and Damascus and Cairo. Ursula rises from the couch to help her mother add to their already large collection of Oriental treasures, and Arthur lazily gives his advice from his chair, and then the men gather up their wares and go softly away, and silence settles down again as the party return to their occupations—Mrs. Wyatt to her knitting and Ursula to her book.

“By-the-by, Ursula,” said Arthur suddenly, “I forgot to tell you Alec cannot come here, after all; I hope you are not very disappointed?”

“Not in the least,” answered his sister, a look of annoyance crossing her face for an instant. “At least, I am sorry in one way,” she added; “for I am afraid it is a disappointment to you. For my own part I am selfishly glad we are not to be troubled with a visitor—what do *you* say, mother?”

“Well, dear, we can hardly look upon Alec as an ordinary visitor,” returned Mrs. Wyatt, with a smile full of meaning. Ursula made an impatient movement, and rising from her couch, went to the stone balustrade and, leaning her arms on it, looked out across the stretch of blue sea.

“Have you seen your scientific friend, to-day, Arthur?” she asked carelessly, a slight tinge of colour coming into her pale face.

“De Launay? I met him this morning and he promised to look us up this afternoon. He is going to bring me the plan of that balloon he is inventing—Ah, here he is!” he exclaimed, as the click of spurs was heard on the gravel path, and he jumped up to go and meet his friend. In a few seconds the new-comer was on the terrace.

He was a tall, straight man, in the picturesque uniform of a Chasseur d’Afrique. His face was rather handsome, of a slightly aquiline type, with smiling dark eyes and a determined mouth and chin, the former covered by a dark waxed moustache. He held in his hands a quantity of roses—Gloire de Dijon, cloth of gold, and pale La France—which he presented to Miss Wyatt, with a low bow.

“How lovely!” murmured Ursula, burying her face in them, perhaps to hide the bright colour which had suddenly come into her cheeks.

“These are the drawings and papers I wished to show you, monsieur,” he said

presently to Arthur, spreading out some plans on one of the little tables scattered about the terrace.

Arthur Wyatt had been in the Royal Engineers, but having come in for a large property on the death of his father, a year before, he had sent in his papers. He was very interested in all scientific pursuits, but particularly in anything relating to balloons or ballooning. In this he had found a kindred spirit in the Chasseur d’Afrique, Raoul de Launay. They had met about a fortnight previously at a dinner given by the Colonel of de Launay’s regiment, and soon became very friendly. Arthur was writing a paper on improved aërostation and the use of balloons in war time, and found that M. de Launay, who, like many Frenchmen, was a capital engineer and very scientific, and had also lately been studying at the military aërostatic establishment at Meudon, could give him great help in aëronautic experiments.

“I wish, M. de Launay, you could dissuade Arthur from his love of ballooning,”



SHE DELIGHTED IN THE PLACE.

said Mrs. Wyatt. "I am always in terror that he will want to go on a long expedition in one."

"Ah, madame, you should not come to me to do that," returned de Launay, with a smile; "I am as enthusiastic as monsieur."

"It is so dreadfully dangerous," said Ursula; "and what is the use of risking one's life in useless experiments?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, pardon me, not useless. Think of the places which are now almost inaccessible, but which one might reach in a balloon. Think of a besieged city to which one could take despatches and convey provisions. What a difference it might have made to Paris if a balloon could have been properly used during the siege! And then think of the use it would be to reconnoitre the enemy's lines and camps, and also in studying the laws of atmospheric pressure."

"Yes; but everything depends on the wind," said Ursula, unconvinced. "If you have a fair wind, it is all right; but against a strong one it is powerless."

"It *used* to be," returned Raoul; "but we are going to change all that; and this balloon of which I have brought the plans, will be fitted with a screw by which I hope to make it steerable, and even, perhaps, to rise against a powerful wind. You have heard of the balloons of Duprey de Sôme, and of Tissandier? This, I hope, will be an improvement on theirs. And now, monsieur," he said, turning to Arthur, "have you thought over what we were speaking of this morning?"

Arthur looked round before he answered, then, seeing Mrs. Wyatt had gone into the house, he said:

"Yes; and I shall be ready to go with you when you like; it is an opportunity I should not like to miss. I did not want to say anything about it before my mother, as she is so very prejudiced against it, but I hope to win her over yet."

"Oh, Arthur, what are you going to do?" asked Ursula anxiously.

"I have been asking your brother to come with me when I go up in my balloon. Don't be alarmed, mademoiselle," he added with a reassuring smile, "you may



A QUANTITY OF ROSES

be sure I will take the greatest care of him, and, when you come to think of it, there is not more danger than going for a cruise in a yacht, and you would not object to his doing that?"

"Oh, but there is!" cried Ursula; "I have always heard that the dangers of the sea are nothing to the dangers of the air."

"Eh bien! that may be! But we shall not make long expeditions the first time or two, and I shall take an experienced aéronaut, and we shall be provided with parachutes in case of any accident. I have taken the

liberty to call my balloon 'Ursula,' mademoiselle," he added.

"When do you think of going up?" asked Arthur, as he folded up the papers.

"I don't think I shall be ready much before next January—will that suit you?"

"Perfectly," answered the other; "I will probably come across from England in the autumn. I suppose you will go up from here?"

"Yes, most probably; but we can arrange that some other time—my regiment may be moved then."

The weeks slipped away—all too quickly for Ursula—and the time drew near for their return to England. She could not bear the thought of leaving, the time had been so happy; every day seemed to bring some fresh pleasure—some delightful drive along the broad, smooth road, past cornfields and vineyards, and fields of geraniums; or a scramble with Arthur and de Launay up some of the steep, rocky Arab lanes. Hardly a day passed that they did not see the Chasseur, he was always coming up to the villa on one excuse or another—now to consult Arthur on some point in his work, or to bring Ursula some flowers or a bright piece of embroidery from Tunis; or to arrange with Mrs. Wyatt about a drive to the Trappist Convent, or to some old Moorish house. Ah! no one but herself knew how fast her heart beat when she saw that tall, lithe figure, in its blue uniform, coming quickly up the gravel path, or how she would miss him when she returned to her quiet Scotch home. And then the last day came. It was Sunday afternoon, and they

had just returned from the service held at Notre Dame d'Afrique for those lost at sea. Ursula and de Launay were standing together at one end of the terrace—the others had wandered off in the garden. The solemnity of the scene they had left behind seemed to be on them still. It seemed to Ursula she could still smell the perfume of the incense and hear the voices of the students as they sang the solemn words, and hear the priest chanting the Service for the Dead. The sun had almost sunk to rest; the brilliant pinks and purples were fading from the sky; the light had caught the distant snow-capped mountains, and they were covered with a pink flush which gradually paled till they returned again to their pure cold white. And beneath was the great, calm sea, spread out before them like a sheet of turquoise.

"It is very peaceful," said Raoul, breaking the silence, and speaking in a low voice. "Does it not seem hard to realise that, not so very long ago, the Dey had undisputed possession of this sea, and woe to any unfortunates captured by his pirates!"

"Yes," said Ursula; "and yet one feels sorry for these men—these Arabs who have so little left now of what they can call their own out of what was once so completely theirs."

"A little too much their own. I cannot think how it was they were allowed to have it all their own way so long. And you are sorry to leave?" he asked presently.

"Very sorry; it has been a very happy time," she answered, and there was a slight catch in her voice.

"And a very happy time for me also. Do you think you will come here again?"

"We may in the autumn, perhaps;" then she added, trying to speak lightly, "to see you and Arthur go up in the 'Ursula.'"

"Your brother has very kindly asked me to visit him in England, and I hope to do myself that pleasure some day, though I fear it will not be until next year."

"We shall be delighted to see you," answered Ursula mechanically. She was thinking: "How can I live until then without seeing him? I thought he loved me: but he cannot, he cannot, or he would not let me go away without speaking."

"Shall you be glad to see me again?" he asked softly; but Ursula could not trust her voice to answer. "My dearest," he murmured, taking her hands in his and

drawing her to him; and Ursula's heart beat fast with joy, and the colour came and went in her face; she lowered her eyelids for fear he might read her secret in her eyes. And then gay voices were heard, and the next moment they were joined by a party of English friends, who had arrived a day or two before. De Launay dropped her hands with a muttered exclamation of annoyance, and Ursula had to try and laugh and talk lightly, as though her heart were not filled with bitter disappointment.

* * * * *

The months passed away, and once more Arthur Wyatt found himself in Algiers—this time without his mother and sister. They were to have gone with him, but almost at the last moment Mrs. Wyatt was taken ill and Ursula stayed behind to nurse her. M. de Launay's balloon was completed, and they had made one or two ascents in it, and, though it was not quite as satisfactory as he desired, Raoul was by no means discouraged—he hoped still to go on improving. One day all was ready for a longer expedition than they had made as yet. An aëronaut from the military aërostatic establishment was going with them, and all were provided with parachutes. They were to leave early in the morning and return the following day. The air was hot and sultry, and one or two of de Launay's friends prophesied a change in the weather and advised the ascent being postponed. But de Launay laughed at their fears, and the little party having seated themselves in the car, the ropes were cut and the huge air-ship rose slowly upwards.

Rather before they had intended putting back, Raoul perceived the wind was freshening, and consulted Arthur as to the advisability of returning. Wyatt was examining the country beneath, and looked up with a puzzled expression on his face. "I can't make it out," he said; "the country seems to have become suddenly indistinct. Just look down."

Raoul bent over, and then gave a sudden exclamation. "A sand storm; how very annoying!"

At that instant, as the balloon sank lower, one of those violent winds, which arise so quickly in Africa, caught it and drove it rapidly before it. Raoul sprang to the steering gear, but it was useless against that powerful current.

They were driven rapidly along; be-

neath them flew clouds of dust and sand, completely blotting out the landscape and obliterating every landmark. The speed they were going at now was terrific—faster than the fastest train. Arthur looked anxiously at de Launay.

"We can't do anything until this subsides," he said, answering the other's look. "It would not do to attempt to descend, as we don't know where we are; but I fancy we are going inland."

On, on they flew: each moment they seemed to be gaining fresh speed. Night had settled down, and there was nothing for it but to wait for the morning. And when that came, the scene below startled them: the dust storm was over, the wind had abated, and there stretched away on every side sand—sand, nothing but sand, broken by clumps of cactus and piles of rocks, with here and there some low shrubs.

"Where on earth are we?" exclaimed Arthur, after blankly staring at this scene for some minutes.

De Launay shrugged his shoulders. "Looks like the desert. Is it not, Pierre?" he said to the *aéronaut*.

"Then we had better get back to our course," remarked Arthur.

Raoul smiled slightly. "That is not so easy," he answered. "I am afraid we have got very far out of our course, Arthur; in fact, I am not at all sure where we are."

"Do you think it would be better to throw out some ballast, so as to try and rise out of this current?"

"I think not. I don't think it can last much longer."

Still the balloon drove before the wind, and still the great waste of sand lay beneath them.

Pierre, the *aéronaut*, now called Raoul's attention to something about one of the valves.

De Launay carefully examined it, and then looked very grave. "I think we ought, if possible, to descend."

"You think there is danger?" said

Wyatt, after looking in his turn; but not being as experienced as the other, he noticed nothing.

"There may be nothing wrong, but I don't quite like the look of things," answered his friend.

Arthur proceeded to get the anchor and cable ready, as the balloon slowly and very gradually began to descend. They hoped soon to pass over some shrubs or palms, to which they could make the anchor fast; and they were not disappointed, for soon they saw they were nearing a little spot of verdure. The wind had lulled most opportunely, and as they sank lower the anchor caught and was firmly held by some shrubs.

De Launay began to examine some revolvers with which he had provided himself.

"It may be awkward if we encounter any tribes," he said, "for it is highly probable they would not be very well-disposed towards us."

"What is the object of descending here?" asked Arthur; "I don't know what we are to do in the middle of the desert."

"I hope by doing so to divert the accident which is threatening us," said Raoul.

"From my calculations, I imagine we might make the coast easily—we have been going almost due east the whole time."

"But, *mon ami*, you forget that if the wind were to change—and it seems to me there is a little north in it now—we might go rather too far inland, which would be undesirable with our scanty supply of provisions," he added with a smile.

The balloon touched the ground, but rebounded again, and strained at the cable. Raoul looked anxiously at it—would it hold? Then he glanced at the west; that thick cloud gathering there, and drawing quickly nearer, meant danger, the atmosphere was too still. Again the balloon struck the ground, and again rebounded,



TAKING HER HAND IN HIS.

and in another instant the cloud Raoul had noticed broke—the whirlwind, with its accompaniment of dust and sand, was upon them with a rush and a swirl. The balloon strained, the cable snapped like a hair, and they were whirled along before the gust.

“Shall we take to the parachutes?” asked Arthur. Pierre had got them ready in case they should have to descend in that manner.

“It would be madness to attempt it just yet; but I suppose we must when this is over—we have lost our anchor,” answered Raoul, taking his and getting ready for the descent. “The wind has almost gone down,” he went on, standing near the side, waiting for a favourable moment to give the signal to descend. The next instant the car swayed violently, his foot slipped, he lost his balance, and then, like some horrible dream, he felt himself falling—falling—falling through the air, with just sufficient presence of mind left to cling firmly to his parachute.

CHAPTER II.

A DAUGHTER OF THE DESERT.

Then God forgive the sin of all those souls.

King John, Act ii. Sc. 1.

SHEIK IBRAHIM, with a small train of followers, was slowly wending his way across the desert. He was mounted on a small Arab horse with gay trappings and saddle. He wore a turban with a long fringe, a long loose robe of red silk, and red slippers. Among the women, riding at the back, was his favourite daughter, Randa, dressed in white and closely veiled. The Sheik was going on pilgrimage to Mecca, to visit the wonderful black stone. Not often did Ibrahim cross the desert on such a peaceful mission—he was known and dreaded among the tribes as a most successful slave raider; well they knew there was little mercy to be expected from him; he had attained an undesirable fame by reason of his brutality and cruelties in previous raids. After a time, the party reached a little strip of green where there was water, and here they prepared to spend the night; and after the evening meal, consisting of pieces of mutton floating in melted butter, had been partaken of, they lay down to rest.

Sentinels had been posted, but they had been travelling all day over hot sand,

under a burning sun, and were worn-out and tired. Soon they, too, closed their weary eyes and slept. What did it matter? Who would dare touch the dreaded Sheik Ibrahim? All around was silent; the deep blue heaven, with its millions of stars, looked down on the sleeping camp, on the tall, slender date palms, on the tired sentinels sleeping at their posts: a grave offence, for which they would die the next day, if discovered; faintly in the distance, comes the cry of some beast of prey, and still the sentinels slept their heavy slumber, which was soon to change to the sleep of death. Dark figures are creeping slowly, surely, towards them—so quiet, so dark, so slowly do they come that they might be taken for shadows of some of the trees. Sheik Ibrahim moves uneasily in his sleep—he is dreaming of a village he pillaged but a few weeks ago, the cries of the inhabitants seem to be ringing in his ears. How vivid those cries are! He wakes, he springs to his feet; another instant and the whole camp is in confusion and tumult. Wild cries ring out on the still night air—women’s shrieks mingle with the hoarse yells of the enemy—horses neigh, men shout.

A little apart from this tumult—terror-stricken, silent, crouching on the ground—knelt the Sheik’s daughter, Randa. One of the men, as he rushed past, told her they were attacked by some tribe; she hardly understood what he said. A horrible din is going on outside, and she is all alone; everyone seems to have deserted her; if her people are defeated, what will happen to her? she held in her hand a long Arab knife that someone had dropped in the confusion, and clutched it convulsively; she would die by her own hand if all were lost. And then one of the women came flying in, wringing her hands and shrieking: “Lost! lost! all is lost! We are defeated!” It was true: in spite of the brave resistance the Arabs made, and in spite of their being armed with rifles, the attack had been so sudden and so determined, that they were at a disadvantage from the first, and the greater part of them lay dead, or were taken prisoners. Those that could, seized horses and fled across the desert, unpursued. Amongst the dead lay Sheik Ibrahim, face downwards, and arms extended, stabbed in several places. His victims were revenged—the famous slave-hunter would never again go forth on a raid.

In her tent still knelt his daughter, motionless, almost senseless. The knife had fallen from her nerveless hand, and lay before her; near her crouched the other woman. Then a hand was put on her shoulder; she shrieked with terror and sprang to her feet.

"Fear not," a voice whispered in her ear in Arabic. "It is your slave, Ahmed, whom you befriended and set at liberty two years ago." She turned, and recognised by the dim light a slave whom she had nursed at Khartoum, when he was ill, and afterwards had set him free. "Help me to escape!" she cried wildly, falling on her knees and clasping her hands imploringly. "Help me for the sake of the time when I cared for you, and gave you back your liberty! Ah, help me! let me go away with my father. My father! my father! Ah! where is he?" she wailed.

"Hush," he said; "I will help you, but it will be almost impossible to escape. Some have got away, but now they are collecting the prisoners; if I could have found you sooner there would have been more hope. Come at once, and make no noise."

Randa was about to obey, when she glanced at the prostrate woman at her feet. "She must come with us," she said; "I cannot leave her."

"I cannot save both," the negro answered shortly. "Come! come quickly!" holding out his hand to her.

"I cannot leave her," returned Randa again firmly.

"And I tell you I cannot save both," the man retorted sullenly; "and I would not if I could," he added, striking the woman with his foot.

"Then I will stay, and die with her," said Randa firmly and quietly.

For a moment the man hesitated, and walked to the door:

then he came back. "Bring her with you, if you must," he said at last, and stooping, he seized the woman roughly by the arm and brought her to her feet with a jerk. But at that moment a trampling of feet was heard outside the tent, and they knew their one chance of escape was cut off.

"Too late! too late!" moaned Randa despairingly. The grey dawn was giving place to sunrise, heavy masses of blue cloud in the east were lighted up by brilliant streaks of crimson as a party of natives returned to their village, carrying with them seven captives and leaving behind the dead bodies of the Arabs, which they had first stripped of everything of any value.

There was a great rejoicing in that African village when the victors returned, bringing with them their spoils. The horror of that time Randa never forgot. Death stared her in the face on every side. She knew that all the prisoners were to die, were to be stoned to death before the sunset, and even if she escaped from the village they would track her down in the desert, or if they did not she would only die of starvation. At one time she had made up her mind to die by her own hand, but her courage failed her. What if deliverance should unexpectedly come? she knew it would not, but she clung to the vain hope. Early that morning she had seen Ahmed, the slave. At her request, he explained that some days ago the scouts had brought in news that Sheik Ibrahim Hassan, with only a small following, was on his way to Mecca, and how

the tribes had determined to revenge themselves and fall upon him on a favourable opportunity—how well they had succeeded she knew to her cost. He left her with the promise to do all that lay in his power to save her.



"MY FATHER! MY FATHER! AH! WHERE IS HE."

"May Allah reward your kindness!" she murmured, with a sob in her voice. After he left, she remained motionless, trying to resign herself to her fate. But oh! it was so hard to die, so hard to die when she was so full of life, and so young—only seventeen—and to have to die such a horrible death. Ah! surely Allah would be merciful and send her help. She fell on her knees and prayed. Gradually she became calmer. She resolved that they should not glory in her sufferings; she would die bravely—at least, they should not have the satisfaction of seeing her give way; she would die like a good Arab. As she knelt there, the sun, that she was never to see rise again, fell on her face, the face with its beautiful, regular features and clear olive complexion; it fell on the glossy, luxuriant dark hair, on the slender, graceful figure, the face and form that were to be disfigured out of all recognition before the evening. When the calm night came, with its array of stars, who would recognise in that shapeless heap the once beautiful Arab, Randa?

She shuddered at the thought. "Allah, have mercy!" was her cry, as the minutes and hours slipped away, and she still knelt there.

Meanwhile, Ahmed had pleaded for her life with all the eloquence he could muster; but the others were pitiless. If they troubled to answer him at all it was only to ask: "Why should they spare Sheik Ibrahim's daughter? Had *he* ever spared them? had *he* ever taken pity on any one?" they cried, uttering curses on his memory. And Ahmed, seeing there was no hope, and that many of the tribe had begun to cast threatening glances on him, and even to whisper that he was a traitor, went away and tried to plan some means of escape. But he soon found the natives suspected him—that every movement was watched, and his footsteps incessantly dogged. For the other prisoners he cared nothing; he would shout and laugh with the rest over their sufferings later in the day, and would watch their death agonies with a pitiless smile. Had they not burnt his home and killed his wife, and dragged him for many a weary mile across the burning sand of the desert into slavery that was worse than death? But for the woman who had released him from this he would do anything: her kindness and womanly pity had touched his savage soul in a way that nothing else had

ever had power to do. And now he must see her die—stoned to death—unable to stretch forth a hand to help her.

At last the eventful moment came. The Arabs were led out, one by one, into the open space in the village to die, the remainder being placed, with a refinement of cruelty, where they could witness the proceedings. The men met their death with stoical calmness: they knew their captors would be as merciless as they themselves had been on other occasions. Their hands were secured behind their backs so tightly that the cord cut their flesh; their feet were tied so that they could just hobble to the place of execution. At last all were dead except Randa, Ayesha—the woman who had been in the tent when they were captured—and a young Arab. The latter walked up calmly, and looked around with a mocking smile. "I smile, wretched ones," he cried, "when I think of the fearful vengeance my people will soon wreak on you. I smile when I think of your burning houses, the cries of your women and children——"

With savage yells the negroes threw themselves upon him, and he fell to the ground, his face crushed in by a huge stone. The horror of the scene Randa would remember to her dying day. She tried to shut her eyes, to close her ears; but some horrible fascination seemed to draw her gaze to the frightful sight. On the earth lay the bodies of her five countrymen, their bournous stained with blood. Now and then one would twitch convulsively, and a man or boy would fling a heavy stone on the quivering form. The women, looking like fiends with their long, matted, black hair hanging about them, applauding and cursing in one breath, helped to collect the stones and hand them to the men. Her ears were filled with their savage shouts and cries. The sun's hot, slanting rays fell on the scene—on the little huts and blood-stained ground, on the wildly-moving, gesticulating, black figures, on those crushed forms lying on the earth. In a few moments her body would lie there, too, featureless and crushed. Oh, it was horrible! Her brain reeled; a mist gathered before her eyes. "Merciful Allah, save me; send me deliverance!" she prayed wildly. She looked around: Where is the help to come from? In the west there was a speck of brown—it looked like a little brown cloud. She watched it vaguely, and thought how fast it moved,

and then wondered how she could think of such things as clouds. Then the time came, and she was led forward; the noise redoubled when the people saw her, for was she not the dreaded Sheik's daughter? She looked round on those black demons; not a sign of pity was on any face. Then she stood up firmly and calmly, her hands, which they had not taken the trouble to bind, clasped before her. The men were ready: they held the stones, and only waited for the signal to commence their savage attack. When suddenly there was a cry—a cry in which fear, astonishment and awe were mingled—and the eyes of everyone were turned upwards to the sky. What had appeared to Randa to be a little brown cloud had gone rapidly on; but something was descending quickly through the air: at first not much more than a speck, then gradually assuming a shape. Randa's eyes had turned to it also; for a moment she was silent, then a great cry burst from her lips. "Ah, Allah is merciful; he has heard my prayers. My deliverer has come—come from the heavens!" The relief from the strain was more than she could bear, and, flinging out her arms, she fell senseless to the ground, just as de Launay and his parachute reached the earth.

CHAPTER III.

A NATIVE VILLAGE.

I do love nothing in the world so well as you.
Much Ado about Nothing, Act iv. Sc. 1.

It was a strange scene which met Raoul de Launay's eyes as he looked round: the men standing with horror and fear written on their faces, the great stones still clasped in their hands; the women crouching terror-stricken on the ground, their faces hidden, their children clinging to them; on the earth lay the dead bodies of five Arabs; at his feet an Arab girl was lying; whether she, too, was dead he could not tell. Then the men dropped their stones, and came forward and knelt on the ground before him muttering prayers. "Good heavens, they must think I have fallen from the sky," thought Raoul, surprised at the turn events had taken. "Well, it's a good thing they do think it, or they might want to send me after these fellows, who they have evidently stoned to death." He made signs to them to rise, and when they had somewhat unwillingly done so,

he bent over the Arab girl; he saw that she had only fainted, and desired the men to bring some water. He spoke in Arabic, a language he knew well, and which they understood, and some of them instantly hurried off to obey his commands—the others, after standing irresolute for a time, went away to prepare a tent, and place in it offerings of food. When Randa recovered she gave a bewildered glance around; it was some minutes before she recollected what had happened and where she was; but at last it all came back, and she struggled to rise and throw herself at the feet of her deliverer, for she, like the rest of the natives, still thought he had come from heaven. But Raoul raised her to her feet, and supporting her with one arm,



SUPPORTING HER
WITH ONE ARM.

he gently questioned her as to how she came there; but her broken words and disjointed sentences only gave him a faint idea of what had happened. And then the chief men of the village approached, slowly and reverently, making signs to him to follow them; they led the way to the tent they had prepared, the awe-stricken, bewildered crowd falling back on every side. Randa and Ayesha returned to the tent they had occupied since their arrival in the village, no one daring to interfere with them.

When the natives had all withdrawn, de Launay sat down in the door of the tent to think over the strange predicament he found himself in. There was much that was ludicrous in it, and a good deal more that was serious. It amused

him to think of these natives worshipping him, and thinking he had fallen from the skies; but how would it be when they found out—as they certainly would do before long—he was only a mortal like themselves? He knew they would probably keep him a prisoner until they could sell him for a slave to any Arabs who might chance to come that way, if they did not kill him at once. And he did not see any way of escape: here was he, in the middle of an African village, and how was he to get back to Tunis or Algiers? how was he to cross all those miles alone and unarmed, save for two small revolvers? And there was the horrible uncertainty of what had become of his friends in the balloon; if the accident he had been afraid of had not happened, then they might reach some place on the coast in safety; and, perhaps, they might send out a search party for him. But, unless Arthur had been able to make any calculations, it would be a difficult and well-nigh hopeless task to search that ocean of sand. His only chance seemed to be to overawe some of the tribe, and get them to guide him to the coast; but this, too, was a forlorn hope, for he knew the men would be afraid of being captured by slave-dealers.

His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by feeling a light touch on his shoulder, and turning quickly, he saw the Arab girl, Randa. He smiled and held out his hand to her, asking how she was, and then made room for her to sit beside him. Together they sat silent for a time: Randa, with upturned face, watching the stars as they appeared one by one, her face outlined sharply against the clear sky; and Raoul, as he watched her, found himself thinking how beautiful she was. He thought he had never seen a lovelier face: what regular features she had, and how long and dark the lashes were that rested for an instant on the clear olive cheek; and though her dress was somewhat disordered and soiled, her figure had lost none of that instinctive grace which characterises an Arab.

"Tell me," he said to her gently, in Arabic, "how you came here; I could not quite understand it yesterday." And then she told him the whole story: she told him of the horrors of that night when their camp had been surprised, and how her father and nearly all of their followers had been killed, and how she and Ayesha had been carried off, and how they were to have

died the day before, only he arrived just in time to save them.

"What are you going to do now?" he asked.

A surprised look came into her great black eyes. "Why, you will take care of me; I am not afraid any longer," she answered contentedly. "When you go away you will take me with you."

"But," said Raoul, "I don't know how to get away myself. My poor child, do you know I am only an ordinary mortal like yourself?"

"Yes; though at first I thought you had come straight from heaven. But I know Allah sent you to save me, and means that you shall take care of me still."

"Ma foi! what a thing it is to have such faith!" thought de Launay with a smile, but he was touched by it. "I am almost as helpless here as yourself," he went on. "Would you like to know who I really am?"

"Yes, yes, tell me!" she cried eagerly; and resting her arms on his knees, she fixed her brilliant black eyes on his face, drinking in all he said with a true Arabian love for a story. Much of it, he thought, would be unintelligible to her, and he tried to explain what a balloon was like, when she interrupted him.

"I know," she said; "once, long ago, I saw one. I went to visit some relations in Tunis. I saw much there, and learnt much, I can even speak a little French. You are a Frenchman, are you not?"

When the story was finished, she rose: "I must go," she said; "it grows late, and Ayesha will expect me." Then she murmured in French: "Good night, my deliverer!" and suddenly bent and touched his hand with her lips, then slipped quickly away into the darkness.

"What a child she is," thought Raoul; "but she is very charming and very beautiful—how full of life and colour—if she was a Frenchwoman—pouf! what nonsense I am thinking! But I must save her and the other woman; I can't leave her to the mercy of those brutes."

Then he went to lie down, and dreamt, not of Ursula Wyatt, but of the dark-eyed Arab girl.

The days passed slowly away, and still the tribe treated de Launay with the greatest respect, but each day he dreaded discovery. Once they found out who he was, his power over them would be gone: they would fall upon him with a savage

fury and escape would be almost out of the question. But it was not for himself that he feared, but for the Arab girl who was so utterly dependent on him and who endeared herself to him more and more each day.

Every evening Randa would sit with him at the tent door; sometimes he would give her lessons in French, and she grasped the language with the natural quickness of her race; or, at other times, he would get her to tell him some wonderful eastern story, of which she had a large store; or together they would plan some means of escape, for Raoul knew that if they did not fly soon they would never leave the place alive.

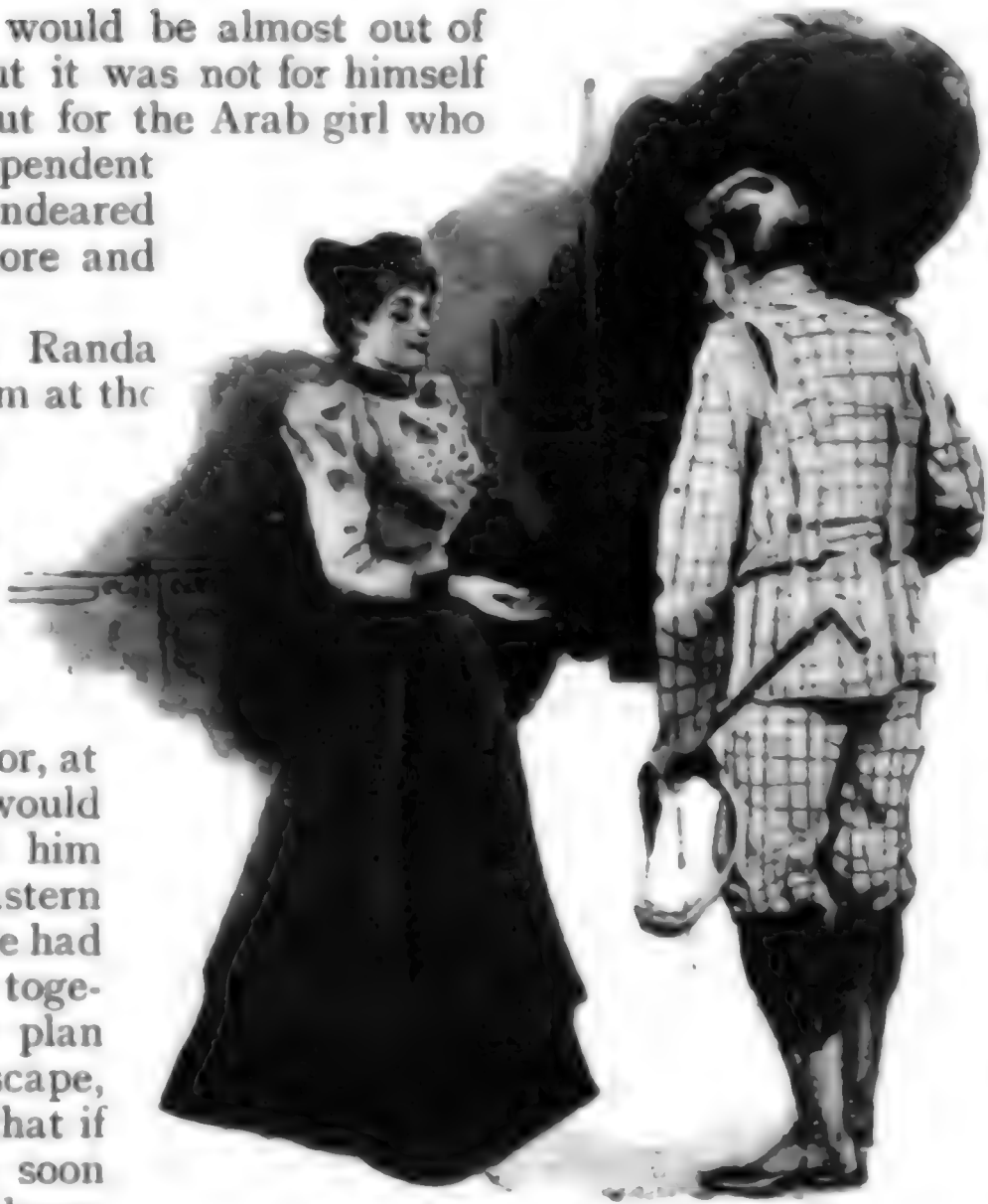
And at length the last evening came that they were to sit there together, for the next day they were to try and make their escape. They had taken Ahmed, the slave, into their confidence, and he agreed to go with them and guide them to a place of safety. The plan of escape was that Ahmed should secure three of the horses captured from the Arabs, that he should ride on one with Ayesha, and Raoul and Randa should have the others. The next day there was to be a great feast; some tribes from distant villages were coming to it, and in the evening, when the feasting was at its height, they were to steal from the village, mount the horses and fly.

"This is our last evening, Randa," said de Launay, trying to speak cheerfully; "to-morrow we shall be on our journey. Are you looking forward to seeing 'the tents of your people' once more?"

She gave a start, and a look of terror came into her eyes. "You do not mean to send me away from you? You cannot mean that?"

"You must go to your people, and I have to go to Algiers."

"You will take me with you! Oh, I cannot live without you—I cannot, I cannot!" she broke out passionately. "You will not send me from you? I will be



SHE GREETED HIM SOMEWHAT COLDLY.

your slave, and you shall be my master. I will do anything for you—I will be no trouble to you; only let me stay with you. Say you will not send me from you."

"But, my child, you cannot stay with me. You must go to your people—they will want you."

"They will not want me; I will not go to them. Do I not belong to you? Did you not save my life? Oh, if you send me from you I shall die. Ah, you could not do it—you could not be so cruel." She

clasped her hands entreatingly, and great tears rolled down her face.

Raoul hesitated for a moment; but the sight of her distress was too much for him. "My Randa," he cried, taking her in his arms, "will you sacrifice everything for me—faith, relations and country—and marry me? And then, when you are my wife, we will go away to France, and you shall never leave me."

"I will go with you to the end of the earth, my love, my own!" she cried, with the wild, strong passion of her race; and seizing his hand, she covered it with kisses.

"But you have to remember you must change your faith: you must give up Islam and be received into my church," he said.

"But we both worship Allah—you have said so—only the forms are a little different. Yes, yes, your faith shall be my faith—your country, my country. I will forget I ever had another home."

Raoul sighed. He loved this girl—how much he had not known until the question of parting came—and she loved him; but was he right to take her away to a strange country, from her home and friends? Was her love only a species of gratitude—a sort of hero-worship that would pass away as the years went on? And would she

regret? It would have been terrible for him to have parted from her, but he would have done it rather than she should be miserable in after years. Her voice broke in on his thoughts.

"I must go now," she said. "See, the Weeping Women are bending low," alluding to the two last stars of the Bear—called so by the Arabs; and she raised her head from his shoulder, and lifted her face to his. "Good-night, my beloved."

"Good-night, my own," he murmured, taking her in his arms again and kissing her passionately.

* * * * *

The night came—the eventful night. All day Raoul had been in a state of nervous uneasiness. He feared the tribe might suspect; he feared they might be betrayed, or that something might happen to prevent Ahmed coming. But at last the darkness came; the feasting was at its height, and they stole from the village, mounted the horses and rode quickly away. As he looked back, Raoul could see the light of fire and the glare of the torches, and it was not until they lost sight of these that he began to breathe freely again. On they rode. All round lay the great lonely country; overhead was the deep-blue vault of heaven, sprinkled with yellow diamonds, their brightness somewhat dimmed by the brilliant moonlight.

* * * * *

Ah! those long, weary days of suspense—those nights of anxiety, when Raoul fell into a fitful sleep only to start up again, thinking they were attacked by some wandering tribe of Arabs. Those days, with the hot sand underfoot, the burning sun overhead; the scanty supply of food and water—water that they needed so much in that heat. Will their journey never cease? Will this great yellow desert stretch out before them for ever? At last, one morning, Ahmed told them the welcome news that they were not many miles from the place of safety he was guiding them to. That morning they found the horse that Ahmed rode had died, and Randa had to give up hers and ride with de Launay. They had not gone far when a startled cry from the slave made Raoul turn. Behind them a cloud of sand was rising, and faintly through it they caught a glimpse of horsemen.

"Bedouins!" cried Ahmed. "We are lost; they are pursuing us."

"Bedouins!" echoed Raoul, and he

could not keep a sound of fear from his voice.

Was this to be the end? Had they come all these miles in safety only to die now—speared down by Bedouin Arabs? They tried to increase their speed; but what were their poor tired, stiff horses against those swift, untiring camels? There was only one thing to be done: it would sacrifice his life but it might save Randa.

"We cannot escape together, my Randa," he said. "I will slip off the horse—he will go better relieved of my weight—and they will be sure to stop to look for me, and that will give you a start. Be ready to take the reins."

"What! you think I would go on and leave you to die?" cried the girl. "What do you take me for? If you get off I will throw myself after you. No, no; if it be death, then we will die together." There was a determined ring in her voice, and he knew she meant what she said. He looked back: the Arabs were coming at full gallop, their spears levelled; in a few minutes all must be over: the feeble, panting horses cannot keep up much longer. The hot sand flies from beneath the horses' hoofs; the burning sun smiles down pitilessly.

"If I could only save you, my beloved," he said hoarsely.

"If we must die, at least, we shall have the happiness of dying together," she returned bravely, but with a little catch in her voice.

"Look! look, my master," suddenly cried the slave, Ahmed, "there are others before us!"

Raoul strains his dim eyes; faintly he can see a large party of horsemen coming quickly towards them. A vague feeling of hope rises in his heart; are they to be saved after all? are these men friends, or are they only running into the jaws of a more powerful enemy? the keen-eyed Arabs have seen them too, and in another instant have wheeled round and made off in the opposite direction. Then all doubts are set at rest, for Randa cries out, "They are white men! we are saved!" and gives a sob of relief. But the words seem to have no meaning for de Launay—a thick mist is gathering before his eyes; he feels blind and deaf and giddy; his horse stops, and he reels in the saddle: these days of suspense and anxiety have told on him more than he knew. The next moment the other party have galloped up

and eager hands are stretched out to help him and to assist Randa. For a moment the mist clears from his eyes, and he sees a face—a face that he knows, and he cries hoarsely, “Arthur!” and then faints. “De Launey,” cries the other, delight and incredulity and astonishment mingling in his voice, for it was difficult to recognise in that unshaven, unkempt man, the smart, handsome Chasseur d’Afrique.



IT WAS HORRIBLE.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURNED FROM AFAR.

“They come from afar, from a distant land,
Where the sun glows bright on the burning sand.”
ANON.

A BRIGHT fire was burning in the drawing-room at Allarburn, the Wyatt’s Scotch home, and close to it, Arthur, who had just returned from Africa, was sitting. Ursula stood near her easel, it was too dark to see to paint any longer, and she had put up her brushes, and was looking out at the darkening autumnal landscape. It did not look very cheerful just then—low clouds hung black and ragged, and a soft drizzling rain or mist was falling, making the scenery of moor and fir woods look blurred and indistinct; the russet-brown trees were tinged with yellow, and the damp paths were strewn with soft brown needles of the larches. She turned away with a shiver and crossed the room to where her brother was sitting by the fire.

“Oh, Arthur, I am so glad you’re back; I’ve just been wearying for you,” she said, kneeling down by him, and resting her head against his arm.

“But surely you didn’t miss me when you had Alec?” he asked with a smile.

“Alec!” with an accent of contempt in her voice; “you don’t think he could make up to me for you?”

Arthur sighed a little; then said seriously, “I wish you would like him, dear; don’t you think you could? He is so fond of you, and I thought a year or two ago you cared a little for him.”

“That was before I went to Algiers,” thought Ursula, and then the hot blood flew to her face, and burnt there, as the thought came.

Arthur saw it, and mistook the cause.

“Are you cold, dear?” she asked suddenly, seeing him shiver. “But your hands are quite hot. Arthur, I don’t think you are well.”

“It’s just a headache; I shall be all right now I’ve got back to cold weather again—I can’t stand heat. Do you know, Ursula, the thing that struck me most when I

drove over from the station yesterday was the sense of coolness and freshness, not only in the air, but in colour—in the colours of the moors and woods.”

“And what struck me, when I came home, was the want of colour in everything,” murmured his sister.

“Ah, but you have never been in Cairo in summer. You don’t know what the heat and smells and flies are like—oh, those flies!”

Just then the door opened, and a man of about four or five-and-thirty entered. He was tall, fair, and broad-shouldered, and wore a brown shooting suit and leather gaiters, and carried a Tam o’Shanter and a riding whip in his hand. This was Alec Mackenzie, their nearest neighbour, and an old schoolfellow of Arthur’s.

Ursula sprang from her kneeling position and greeted him somewhat coldly—she was not too well pleased at seeing him, and he knew it. As he took her hand, Arthur saw and understood the look that came into his keen blue eyes. “Why can’t she care for him when he loves her so much?” he thought, for he knew Alec’s love for Ursula dated from their boy and girl days, each year only tending to deepen and strengthen it; and would it ever be rewarded? Sometimes Alec despaired of ever gaining more than her friendship. “Awfully glad to see you back again, old fellow,” he said, in his pleasant, cheery voice, turning to Arthur, and giving him a grip of the hand that almost made the latter wince. “What a narrow squeak you must have had in that balloon,”

"Not half such a narrow one as de Launay had. Great Scott! you can't think what a shock it gave me, seeing him pitched out like that; it was horrible!"

"I want you to tell me all about it—how you escaped," said Mackenzie presently, settling himself comfortably by the fire.

"You've heard all there is to tell, I think," returned Arthur; to tell the truth, he was beginning to be a trifle tired of recounting his adventures. "De Launay thought the balloon was going to explode or something, and wanted to descend in the desert—but you know all that, for I wrote it home. You know the car jerked and he fell out, and how that lightened the balloon, and we spun along faster and higher than ever; and instead of an explosion, reached the coast in safety, and there I at once set about organising a search party for poor old de Launay. Of course everyone

said it was all rot, and if he hadn't been killed by the fall or massacred by the Arabs, it would be like searching for a needle in the proverbial bundle of hay. But I was determined to go, and having made some slight calculations, was tolerably hopeful, and so we set out. You know the rest; how we just saved him and his three companions from being speared down by Bedouins, and how we got them to Cairo. How we ever got Raoul there alive, I don't know, but we did, and there we got the best medical attendance. He was frightfully ill, and I never thought he would pull through, but he has a splendid constitution, and that and

nursing saved him. That Arab girl nursed him devotedly—I never saw such devotion in my life, she scarcely left his bedside day or night. If he had died I believe it would have killed her."

"And what became of her—this beautiful Arab?" asked Alec.

"She was received into the Catholic Church, and when he recovered sufficiently to be moved, he married her, and now they have gone off to his château, somewhere in Normandy."

"What an eccentric person he must be!" said Alec carelessly.

"He is a brave, noble-hearted man!" burst out Ursula. Her brother had idly lighted a stick of perfume whilst he talked, and as the blue smoke curled slowly upwards, its scent brought back with a rush those happy days at Algiers. And the words sprang from her lips before she could stay them, and then she blushed hotly. And in that passionate outburst Alec read her secret—a secret that neither her mother nor brother had guessed at. For a moment he felt a sharp pang of jealousy; then he remembered his rival was married, and began to hope. Perhaps now his patience will be rewarded. And it was. For the headache and shivering Arthur had complained of during the day was the beginning of a long and dangerous fever. And during those days of anxiety, and those long, weary nights, when they watched together by the bedside of that tossing, turning form, dear to them both, and listened to the parched lips uttering broken words and sentences, she learnt to lean and depend on him, and to look for his coming, and find the days when she did not see him empty and dull. And so in the summer, when Arthur was able to be about again, Alec's patient waiting was rewarded at last.



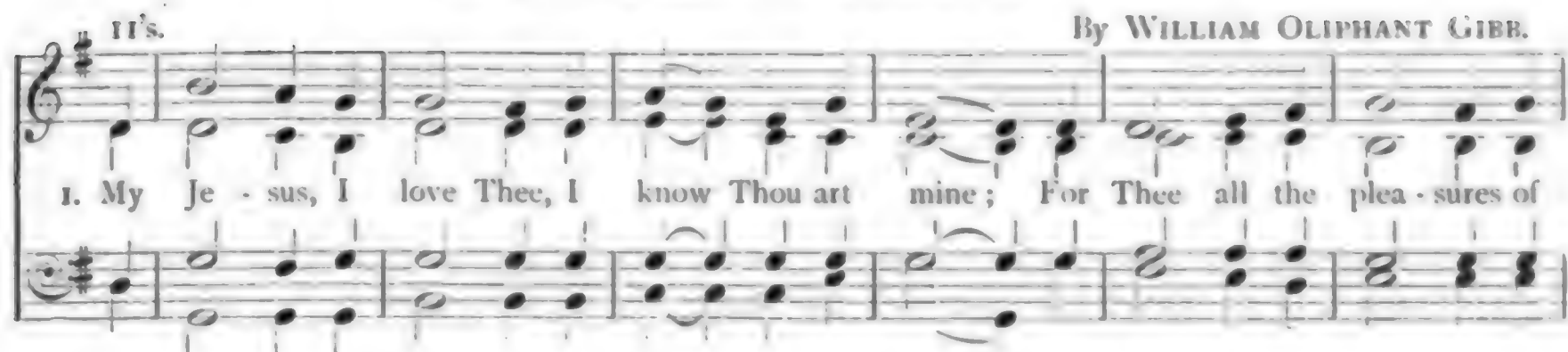
ALEC'S PATIENT WAITING WAS REWARDED AT LAST.

A HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

By WILLIAM OLIPHANT GIBB.

11's.

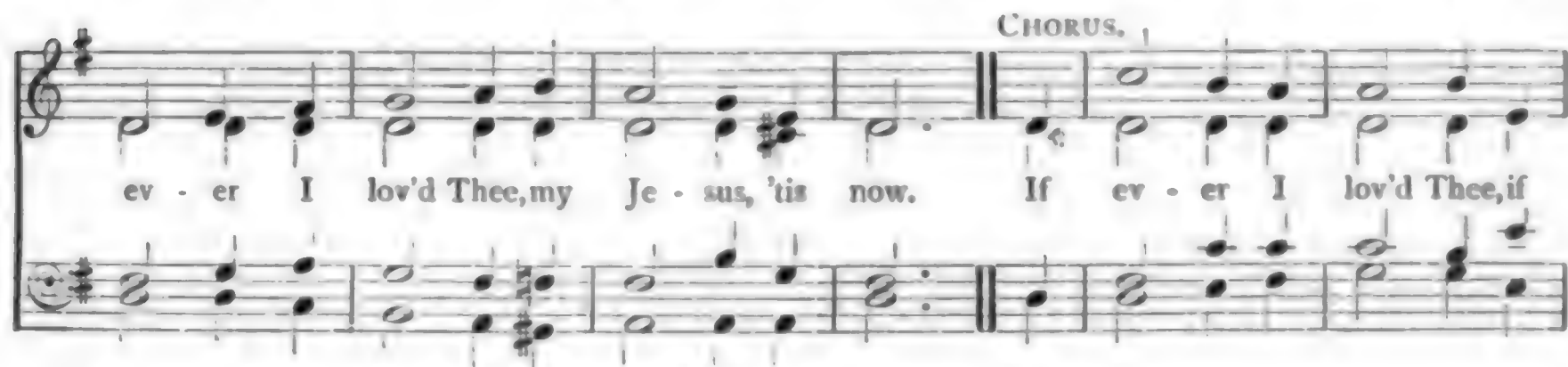


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine ; For Thee all the plea - sures of

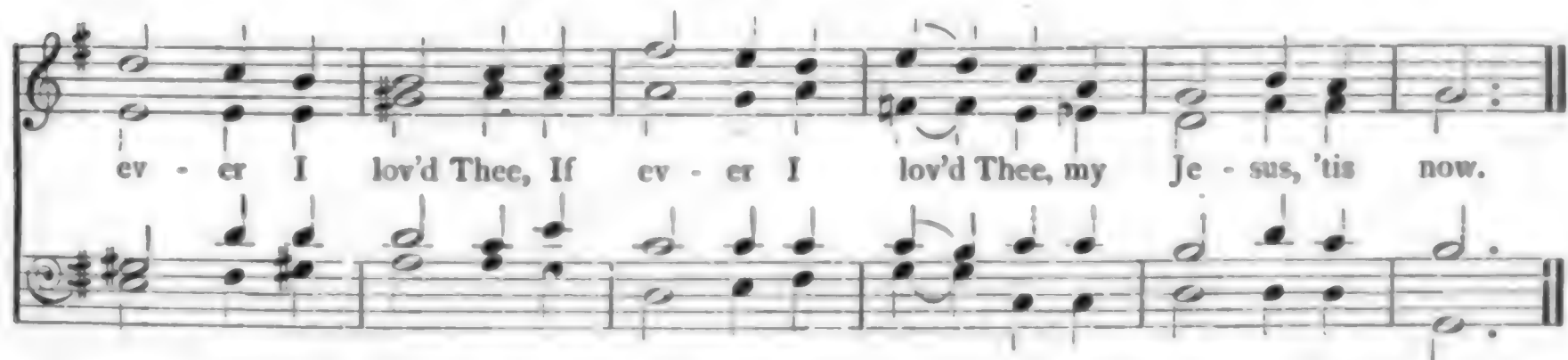


sin I re - sign ; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sa - viour art Thou : If

CHORUS.



ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. If ev - er I lov'd Thee, if



ev - er I lov'd Thee, If ev - er I lov'd Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchas'd my pardon on Calvary's tree ;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow :
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
If ever I lov'd Thee, &c.

3 I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath ;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
If ever I lov'd Thee, &c.

4 In mansions of glory, and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in yon heaven of light ;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow.
If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
If ever I lov'd Thee, &c.

Whispers from the Woman's World.

By FLORENCE MARY GARDINER.

MORNING ROOMS.

HOW people who are fairly honest can ever speak of the delights of Spring is past my understanding; especially if they think for a moment of that horror of horrors, Spring cleaning, which is inevitably associated with this season of the year. Why, the very name is suggestive of topsyturviness, muddle, and doing without everything which makes life worth living, and fills one with an insane desire to flee to the uttermost ends of the earth—where sweeps abide not, and charwomen are unknown. Which of us during this domestic upheaval, has not sat in chilly, fireless rooms, because that particular quarter of the dwelling which we want to occupy has been subjected to the cleansing process, and is still reeking with the odour of the special soap patronised by the presiding genius in command of the household forces. Yet it requires a certain amount of moral courage to encounter the black looks of the housemaid, when she is timidly required to provide the means for retaining a normal temperature; and fireless grates in April and May are responsible for sentiments which can hardly be called philanthropic; and for utterances which breathe not resignation. Spring cleaning, however, is absolutely necessary, and like the other woes of life, must be born with equa-

nimity. Indeed, many of its inconveniences might be mitigated if average commonsense were brought to bear upon the subject, and method and management were the rule, rather than the exception; neither is there any occasion to convert one's house and home, for the time being into a veritable pandemonium. A little forethought and consideration work wonders at such times, and much as we, who have not to do the work, may object to extraneous aid, it is unreasonable to expect the ordinary staff to do double the usual amount, without such assistance. By beginning at the top of the house, and working downwards; never having more than two rooms disarranged at once, much inconvenience is avoided, and a strict and fast rule should be observed: that these are finished off in every detail before others are attacked. It must be confessed that the virtuous British Matron is too much addicted to hoarding. Now, one of the advantages of Spring cleaning is that this is a special time set



MY MORNING ROOM.

apart by custom, for disposing of all that we do not absolutely require. The Americans at this season go carefully through all their personal goods, and place on the footpath, for the benefit of their poorer neighbours, discarded garments, kitchen utensils, broken furniture, in fact, anything for which they have no further use. These are promptly taken away by those who have need of them, while the residue, which is useless, is burned by the public authorities. In following this sensible example, we should periodically have space and opportunity for renewing our possessions, and for changing and beautifying our dwellings.

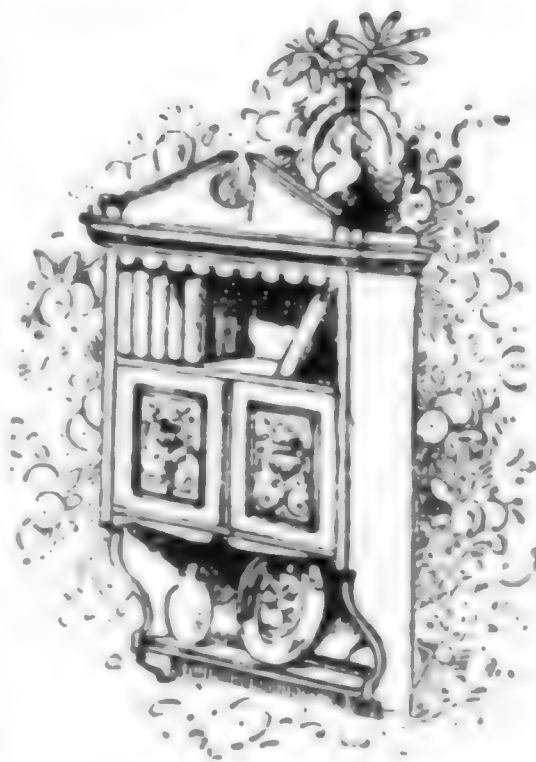
Now is the time for indulging any little fancies we may have for re-arranging or furnishing additional rooms, and as a pretty morning-room is a great advantage to any house, I will this month confine myself to suitable schemes of decoration for such apartments. The first sketch represents a room in my own house and contains a fitment, half cabinet and half bookshelf, of such a simple character that it could be easily copied by any local carpenter of ordinary ability. The over-mantel and hanging bracket are also pretty additions. The writing-table is placed in a corner, while in the angle of the wall above, brackets are put for the reception of the various odds and ends, which are sure to accumulate round the busy worker. The spring stuffed settee under the latticed window, is a convenient receptacle for newspapers, magazines, etc., not in immediate use, and is divided into suitable compartments, and further provided with a loose tray for music. The crimson and gold embossed leather screen is a useful and ornamental piece of furniture, and contrasts well with the willow-green walls and ivory paint. For covering the furniture and the draperies, an old-gold satin damask has been used with good effect, and a pretty carpet of Oriental design looks well on the oak-stained boards. Where expense has to be considered, I can recommend plainly-enamelled furniture, though I cannot say that I prefer it to well-seasoned polished wood, which, if

properly cared for, positively improves with age.

THE LIBRARY.

This is, of course, a much handsomer room, with well-made mahogany furniture, a faithful reproduction of some of Chippendale's choicest designs. The dado and doors are of the same wood, for the house, which is of the Georgian period, was constructed before jerry-builders reigned supreme, and is consequently full of the convenient cupboards and carefully

finished woodwork which were marked characteristics of the dwellings of the latter portion of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries. The walls are covered with Tynecastle tapestry of a deep orange shade, surmounted by a hand-painted frieze. Utrecht velvet, of a warm brown tint, appears in the curtains and coverings of the chairs, and a Turkey carpet, in which fawn brown and pale blue predominate, with here and there a touch of crimson, forms an ideal floor covering. Such decorations are, as I before stated, only suitable for fine, lofty rooms, and quite inappropriate to the small town houses with which so many of us are endowed, for only the few are possessed of baronial halls and country mansions perched on lofty eminences, to be the envy



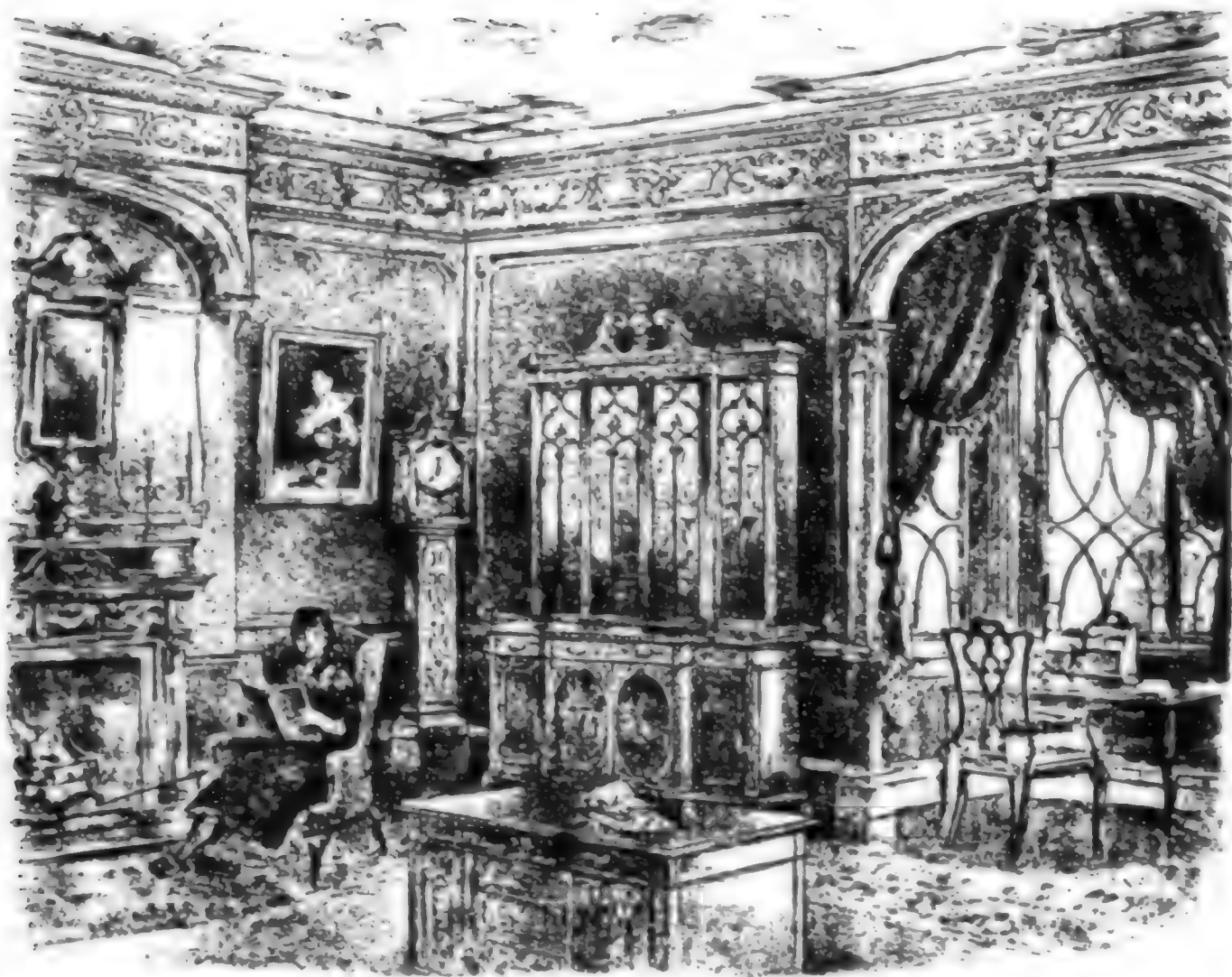
A HANGING BRACKET.



A SIMPLE OVERMANTEL.

and admiration of those who have been called to a lower station of life.

For my younger readers, I have sketched a pretty little boudoir; for when girls leave school they feel the want of some quiet nook, where they can retire in



THE LIBRARY.

leisure hours and enjoy those day dreams incidental to youth, and which are so soon put to flight when they are called upon to take up the stern realities of life.

I feel very strongly on this point, and would urge mothers most emphatically, if they desire to avoid the friction so common in family life, to spare one room wherever it is possible, for their grown-up daughters. It need not necessarily be one of the most important apartments in the house; those naturally belong to the heads of the family: some unused bedroom, or even attic, answers the purpose perfectly, while the furnishing of the same affords opportunities for exercising any latent genius the owners may possess. Though miracles are performed sometimes by amateurs, I have not much faith myself in paperhanging and painting done by unprofessional hands. By a small tradesman, for a sovereign, which is not a large sum, a room of moderate size may be hung with a pretty bright paper, all wood-work have two coats of oil colour, and one of varnish, and the floor be stained to resemble dark oak. A few shillings more will purchase sufficient Chinese matting or a Kidderminster art square for the centre of the room; and two or three dozen yards of cretonne, at sixpence a yard, if carefully manipulated by clever fingers, will make a brave show

when cut up for box and cushion covers, curtains, etc. I have recently come across a delightful fabric called velvet cretonne, at ninepence a yard, which is really a thick flannelette printed in art colours, which, from my own experience I can heartily recommend.

Tin travelling trunks, with pillows on the lids and loose covers, form cosy corner seats and comfortable settees. Old basket chairs, despised

in other quarters, renew their youth and beauty under the influence of Aspinall; and two egg boxes, placed one on the top of the other (fitted with two shelves) and similarly treated, make a very presentable book-case when finished with brass nails and a narrow edging of leather. A curtain is a great improvement to this piece of furniture, and should be fastened by small rings which will slip over a stair rod resting on brass hooks screwed in at either end. A visit to the lumber room will generally result in two or three other valuable additions, and, from time to time, the bare necessities can be supplemented by other purchases. For example, plain deal tables, with a single drawer, which are often sold for servants' bed-rooms, assume quite a different character when they are enamelled a willow green or sparrow's egg blue, with brass handles screwed on and a piece of Japanese leather paper firmly glued to the top; or an old-fashioned pine washing-stand with a narrow shelf and large cupboard beneath may often be picked up second-hand for two or three shillings; if painted to match the other furniture, it makes quite a presentable sideboard.

A GIRL'S BOUDOIR.

I only suggest these makeshifts, however, where the purse is not an elastic

one, and I should naturally prefer, as I dare say my reader would, the girl's boudoir given in the next illustration. This is rather a striking little room, as the paper is of an uncommon pattern, suggestive of an orange bower; the design representing (as is the case in nature) trees bearing leaves, flowers, and ripe fruit. The paint is of a deep yellow shade, and the moss-patterned carpet has a surround of cream matting. Notice how the recess formed by the chimney breast has been utilised for writing-table, book-shelves, and cabinet; the pretty fireplace has numerous brackets which would make convenient resting places for Oriental pottery and other curiosities, and the curtained lounge is suggestive of repose.

The bamboo furniture so largely imported of late years lends itself to artistic furnishing, and is now made in a variety of forms, and with various ingenious contrivances. It is not expensive—another great point in its favour—for a pretty little Japanese interior can be fitted up for a comparatively nominal sum, and, being light, it is easily packed for those who live in country districts and are obliged to shop by deputy. Care, however, should be exercised by those who like this style, to see that all the articles in a room are of the same character and period, or the whole effect will be marred.

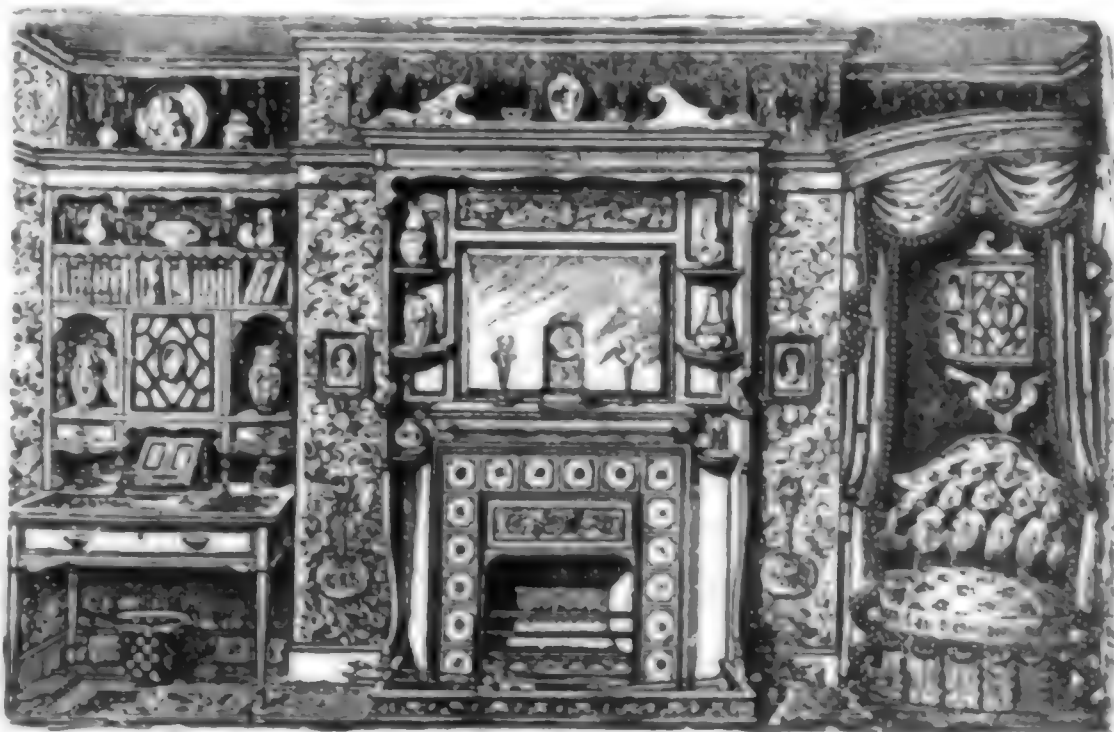
A peculiar feature in Japanese decoration is the desire to avoid, as far as possible, a bi-lateral symmetry. In the mats, ceilings, and other details two sides that correspond are seldom seen.

The rooms are enlarged or decreased at will by means of screens formed of wood or paper, which slide in grooves, and their wall-papers are subdued and neutral in tint, brown and stone colour predominating. The ceiling is generally formed of cedar, and all the structural woodwork is in the natural colour without paint, stain, or varnish; and what most impresses us in these rooms is their simplicity, cleanliness and refinement.

FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

When the lilacs and laburnums are borne down by their weight of bloom, the

chestnuts in full flower, and pink and white may-blossom to be found in every hedgerow, it is high time to consider a change of raiment, and for us to don our brightest and prettiest clothing to do honour to the London season, which this year promises to be an exceptionally brilliant one. No better opportunity could be offered than a walk in Rotten Row between eleven and one any fine morning, for deciding that important question: "What is to be worn;" and with this end in view, partly for my own benefit and partly for the benefit of the readers of THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, I have spent many hours lately in this *fin de siècle* Garden of Eden, for the purpose of sketching some of the daintiest and most fashionable costumes worn by the modern daughters of Eve. The powers that be have decreed a return in a modified de-



A GIRL'S BOUDOIR.

gree to some of the old-world styles, and though the dreaded crinoline has not yet made its appearance in its orthodox form, the particular mode which gave rise to the scare—the full-bottomed and stiffened double and triple skirts—are to be seen on every side. The colours of to-day are those which were in vogue twenty or twenty-five years ago; hence we have a return to those shades of green, brown and purple that are at once beautiful in themselves and a delight to the wearer, for they may be said to be universally becoming. Striped and shot materials are largely patronised this season, and those of soft and delicate texture, which home and foreign manufacturers are constantly producing, are taken advantage of by smart modistes for the benefit of their

clients. Elaborate frills are much used for trimming bodices, and large puffed sleeves are the natural accompaniment of bell-shaped skirts.

No. 1 is a pretty walking costume of cloth of a new shade, called Eminence, a deep rich purple, with yoke and epaulets of velvet of the same tint. The skirt has three narrow rolls of the same, and the white chip hat is also trimmed with velvet and eminence plumes.

No. 2 gives the back view of a tailor-made gown of brown and gold shot cloth, elaborately braided on the bodice and edge of skirt with mohair and tinsel. The third dress is of reseda cloth; the bodice is made with large pointed revers, lined with mouse-coloured velvet, which is also used on the skirt; and a little toque to match is worn with this pretty costume.

The fourth sketch shows a fashionable double skirt of dove-coloured cloth, with a border of black ostrich feathers.

The bodice, collar, sleeves, and empire belt are of black Satin de Lyons, with a full vest of the cloth. A small black lace bonnet, trimmed with osprey and jet, completes the prettiest half-mourning costume I have seen for some time.

The next dress is of pale pink cloth, with deep shoulder frills and gigot sleeves trimmed with narrow pleatings of black velvet, and the large black velvet hat has vieux rose plumes to match.

The handsome reception dress is of delicate green brocade, opening over a petticoat of white satin, covered with tulle, embroidered with field flowers; it has short puffed sleeves of brocade, with revers of white satin, edged with passementerie, and was worn by a tall, fair woman, whose lily-like complexion and aureole of golden hair were thrown into relief by the shimmering draperies.

The girl's evening dress is of mull muslin, a fabric suggestive of youth and innocence, and invariably employed for the dancing-frocks of our ancestors, who did not indulge in the myriad of toilettes now considered necessary by society



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

SPRING WALKING
COSTUMES.



No. 5.

belles. It is made over a silk slip of turquoise hue, and has a folded sash of the same. The skirt has two flounces and insertions of Valenciennes, and the full sleeves and bodice are trimmed to correspond.

Millinery accommodates itself to the present style of hair dressing. Dolly Varden hats, in black net, Chantilly or Guipure, are to be found among the new shapes, which also include modified pokes with flat crowns, generally of a different colour to the brim. These are all lavishly trimmed with feathers, flowers, and bows of goffered lace, held in place by jewelled pins, or enamel, paste, or jet ornaments. The bonnets are growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less; the favourite shape being a Marie Stuart, very much resembling those recently worn by children with the Tudor costume.

Some of the prettiest and most stylish French models are to be found at Madame Wyndham's, 107, New Bond

Street. This lady has recently opened a high-class millinery business, and those of my readers who want to be sure of obtaining the latest Parisian modes, at a moderate price, cannot do better than call upon her, when they will doubtless find something to suit them. But even if this be not the case, she is so left and tasteful that she is certain to follow out successfully any ideas suggested by her clients.

Two fashionable coiffures are here given—the pretty soft coils of hair at the back of the

head, and the bun or nest, which bears a dangerous resemblance to the chignon, of which it is to be sincerely hoped it is not the forerunner.

THE STAGE.

Of all the professions for girls, perhaps that of the stage has the most attractions till they have tried it; and perhaps it would

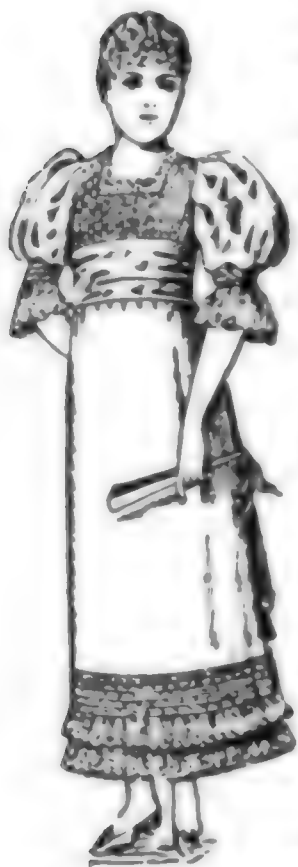
be well for me, as I have had no personal experience behind the footlights, first to quote the opinions of those holding a high position in the profession, and who are therefore much more able than myself to judge of its advantages and disadvantages, confining my portion of the subject to mere technical details.

Mrs. Kendal, in reply to the question—What do you think of the stage as a career for women?—says: "There is not an actor or actress who will not bear me out when I state that only members of the profession can form any estimate of the difficulties, tangible and intangible, which surround those who

wish to make a living on the stage. Actresses are constantly thrown out of work for months together, and, once an engagement is made, however ill she may feel, she must turn up at the appointed hour at her theatre unless she is absolutely laid up and cannot stir. If, for three or four nights together, she failed to appear, in many theatres she would lose her place altogether; or again, if her understudy possessed a smarter appearance or better delivery, this would be considered sufficient cause for ousting her altogether. Of course, the temporary salary is a comparatively high one, for if she has only a few words to say each night it would



A RECEPTION DRESS.



A GIRL'S EVENING DRESS.



FASHIONABLE COIFFURES.

probably be from two to three pounds a week, and the dress she wears is provided by the management; while as an under-

study she would receive at least a pound a week. If a girl will go on the stage, as there is no *Conservatoire* in England, she had better apply personally at the various theatres, and be content, if she can get nothing better, to walk on and off as a super. I know of two young ladies who did this three years since, who are now in receipt of good salaries. Of the qualifications essential to success, dramatic instinct is necessary, good looks important, and health *everything*; for no one who is not really strong can bear the terrible strain which is put upon an actress day after day and year after year."

Miss Fanny Brough also strongly advocates the establishment of a School of Dramatic Art, where proper training could be given and where those who were never likely to do credit to the profession could be weeded out. Speaking of her own experience, which has been a brilliant one, she tells us: "I did not take up this life because I had any strong passion for the stage, but when the time came for me to choose a way of earning my living, I decided to become an actress in preference to a governess—the only other alternative in those days for girls belonging to the middle classes."

Miss Terry writes: "I look upon the stage as a divine mission—a mission intended for the few and not for the many. Acting is a gift—a precious gift—which must be highly cultivated, and those who possess it cannot go and tie their talent up in a napkin and bury it in the ground—it must and will come out."

Mrs. Oscar Berringer, an undoubted authority on this interesting subject, says:—"There are three courses open to the theatrical aspirant. (1st), The coaching system, by which a girl takes a course of lessons from some well-known actor or actress; (2nd), To join a touring company; or (3rd), If she is sufficiently fortunate to attract the attention of a London manager, to accept any small part he may be willing to give her. I would strongly urge on delicately-nurtured girls the necessity, during their early struggles, of not trusting to what they may earn as their sole means of subsistence."

A girl should think twice, nay, many times, before adopting the stage in defiance of such counsel and advice, and of rushing madly from a home, which at least provides the necessaries of life, till she is sure of having sufficient to make another.

One who can remain in the bosom of her family, and prosecute her aims for dramatic preferment from "her ain fireside," is very differently circumstanced, and half the difficulties are smoothed from her path; for, having once gained a footing in a good theatre, her opportunity is sure to come. There are certain to be dark hours, when the little put away for the rainy day is of inestimable importance. Thus armed, a girl is invulnerable to attacks and able to face the many difficulties and temptations incidental to this profession.

An attempt has recently been made on a small scale to found a British School of Dramatic Art, at 3, Bedford Street, Strand, London, by Messrs. Charles Terry, Henry Wylde, and Francis Jerard. Here a little theatre has been built and properly equipped, and will seat an audience of over two hundred persons; class rooms are also provided for teaching elocution, fencing, dancing, and kindred arts; and many of those who have made name and fame for themselves are now ready to offer their services for the advancement of those who are really anxious to excel in the dramatic profession. The fees are small, and full particulars may be obtained from Mr. Benjamin Terry at the above address.

Another modest institution in the theatrical world also deserves notice. The Rehearsal Club, 12, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross Road, London, which has been founded for the use of members of the chorus and ballet who feel the want of a quiet place, where they may obtain rest and food between the morning rehearsal and the evening performance at the various theatres, instead of returning to their homes, often in distant suburbs; while it is a sufficient guarantee that it will be well conducted when it is stated that Mrs. C. L. Carson, the indefatigable promoter of the Theatrical Needlework Guild, has kindly consented to act as Hon. Secretary.

Among the members of the Committee may be mentioned Lady Louisa Magenis, Eleanor Lady Trevelyan, the Hon. Mrs. Curry, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, etc. etc.

[My morning room was furnished by Messrs. Smees and Corbay, Finsbury Pavement. I bought the hanging bracket and overmantel at Messrs. Oetzman's, Hampstead Road, and this firm also supplied me with the sketch of a girl's boudoir. The design for the library was executed by Messrs. Gregory and Co., Regent Street, London.]



A VERY long time ago, when the earth was visited by the good and bad fairies, when people had but to wish to get all that they desired, and everything was very different to what it is now, far away from the eyes of men, in the heart of a wild and unfathomable forest, there lay a glorious garden.

Outside the garden all might be dark, gloomy and desolate, as indeed it was, with the huge overhanging trees that stretched out their long, knotted branches into the dark morass below, as if they were trying to clutch with their blackened fingers, the mysteries that lay hidden in

its depths; outside, the wind might howl among the dismal surroundings, and tear, in its mad fury, the stunted bushes from their homes; but within the garden it was always sunshine, glorious, dazzling Eastern sunshine, and the only wind that ever ventured there was the soft clinging south-west wind, that gently blew the ripe seeds from the laden shamrock, swayed the tallest flowers softly to and fro, drew from the honeysuckle, with tenderest lips, the flowers' sweetest food, and then, tired out with its labour, sank to rest on the bosom of its love, the rose.

The flowers inside the garden were the most beautiful the world ever beheld, so lovely were their perfumes, so brilliant their colours and so tenderly green their little leafy shoots; and above all, no flower was ever known to die, so carefully were they tended and so happy were their lives.

Once in one hundred years, the owner of the garden, granted the flowers one wish each, but so few things did they want that the wishes were soon granted and as soon forgotten.

But once, when the owner had asked and granted the wishes of all, except two flowers, and when he came to the tallest of them, a beautiful red rose, he was surprised to see the flower, not bright and upright, like the rest, but trembling and drooping.

"What is it?" he said gently; "what is your wish?"

"Oh, my master," she said falteringly.

"grant me my desire? I want to be a human being; I want to feel the pleasure of life, to know what it is to move to and fro among those beings we hear about, and to share with them their nobleness."

"And sin!" said the master of the garden.

"Sin? What is that?" cried the flowers.

The master put up his hand and there was silence among them; then, turning to the rose, he said: "Would you leave this lovely garden, this happy life you lead, for the sake of feeling human passions?"

"I would, I would," the Rose cried.

"Then your wish is granted, but when you are tired of your wish, and desire to return to this garden in your old form, remember if there has been one spot or blemish on your earthly life, you are shut out of here for ever."

Then, as he finished speaking, out from the rose-bush there stepped a woman, beautiful and smiling; but the rose she had been before was still there; and she looked at it in amazement.

"Yes," said the owner, following her gaze, "we shall know by that flower, how you fare in your travels." Then stooping down, he asked the last flower of all, a tiny violet, what wish he should grant for it.

The violet raised its head. "Let me go with the rose," it said; "for I feel I cannot leave it."

"Your wish is granted also," said the master; and presently out of the gate of the garden of flowers, there went a woman, leading by the hand a little child. No sooner were the gates shut than a terrible darkness fell over them both, but the woman had a brave heart, and, picking up the little one in her arms, she said softly to it, as she walked on:

"It may be dark here, my child, but we shall soon be in the midst of sunlight and merriment, in the midst of life."

For days and days the two plodded on, heeding not the darkness, nor the rushing river, nor the howling of the hungry animals at night, for they knew no fear, knowing no sin.

At last, after many tiring weeks, foot-sore and weary, they reached the outskirts of the forest, and saw with eager eyes, their first human dwelling. It was a charcoal burner's hut, and outside, in

the sunlight, the man sat, smoking his pipe. He looked up as the woman and her child drew near.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he said roughly.

"I am a woman, seeking life," she answered humbly.

"Life! Well, it is here," he said.

"Is it good?" eagerly asked the woman; "is it feasting and merriment and dancing and joy?"

"Feasting, merriment, dancing, joy, good?" laughed the man, with a hoarse chuckle; "no, it is starvation, woe, lamen-



"IT IS STARVATION—IT IS VILE."

tation and despair—it is vile;" and he put his pipe in his mouth again.

"Then, where can I find what I seek?" the woman cried.

"Not here! go to the palace of the King; that is the only place I know of where there is feasting and dancing and joy;" and he turned and entered his hut.

Then on the stem of the rose, in the master's garden, there shot out a thorn.

So on the woman and the child travelled, till they came to a splendid city, ruled over by a king, far famed for his power and wisdom in his kingdom.

He had the best wife, the sweetest daughter, the cleverest physicians, and the wisest statesmen in the world.

"Ah! now I shall find life," said the woman, as she pushed on to where she saw a group of merry men and girls dancing on the green grass.

"May I join you?" she said, as she drew near.

"By all means," they cried, and they clasped the hands of herself and the child.

"Why do you dance?" she asked.

"Because our King has gained a great victory over his enemies, and we are glad."

But presently the woman noticed that some were not dancing, but were sitting silent and sad under the trees.

"Why do they weep?" she asked the dancers.

"Because they have lost their loved ones in the war."

"And will they never see them again?"

"Never."

Then the woman left off dancing, and, taking the child's hand, went towards the King's palace.

And the second thorn grew on the stem of the rose.

When she came to the gates of the palace she asked to see the King, but as they would not let her go in, she pushed through with her child, and found herself at last at the door of a splendid chamber; the walls were hung with beautiful crimson velvet curtains and the carpet was so soft that her feet sank right into it.

"Ah! here must be life," she said, and she went on till she came to another room, and, pushing back the curtains, she entered. This room was even more beautiful than the last, for everything was hung with white and was spotlessly pure.

The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, for the room was filled with lilies—God's own spotless blossoms—and the woman felt she could hardly breathe.

In the centre of the room was a white bed strewn with the same sweet-smelling flowers, and, although it looked as if someone were lying there, no one moved. At the head of the bed there knelt a woman, sobbing bitterly, and she had a royal crown on her head.

"What is the matter?" the woman asked. "Why do you cry?"

"My child is dead," and the Queen's voice was choked with sobs.

The woman turned down the sheet and looked at the exquisite waxen face beneath.

"Dear lady, do not cry," she said with a smile; "he is only sleeping."

But the Queen shook her head, and wept on.

And the thorns grew thick and close round the rose's stem.

The woman left the palace behind her, and travelled on, till, worn out and sick at heart, she stopped to rest under the shadow of some dark pines, the child at her side. "Oh! where shall I find it—the merriment and feasting and joy?" she cried, and as she spoke, suddenly before her, there appeared a beautiful woman,



"MY CHILD IS DEAD."

clad in jewels and dazzling garments from head to foot.

"I will show you what you seek; you shall know life," she said. "With me you shall drink the cup of happiness to its dregs. Will you come?"

Then the woman fell on her knees and thanked the stranger, and arose up joyfully to follow her.

But the child, tired of its wanderings and remembering its happy existence when a violet, said:

"I will not come; I do not want life. I have seen enough. I will go back to the lord of the garden." And, tearfully kissing her companion, she left her.

Then the stranger led the woman away from the weeping Queen, and those who said the world was vile, to a place, where the red wine never ceased to flow, where the women were wildly beautiful and flung their lovely forms, in maddest movements, to the delight and admiration of their companions.

"Ah," she murmured, "at last I have found it—the life I searched for—how good and noble and sweet it is. But as the days went by, she grew tired, and languid, and thought of the violet; happy now with the master. Resting from her



"I HAVE SINNED."



BUT SHE MIGHT NOT ENTER.

merriment, she saw one of the dancers crouch away in a far off corner, weeping silently.

"What is it?" she said, as she stroked the weeper's hair; "why do you mourn?"

"Because," sobbed the dancer, "I have sinned."

"Sinned! and have all here sinned?"

"All."

Then the woman left the mourner's side, and crept silently away, for she had learnt the meaning of the weeper's tears; she knew the terrors of sin and death and why the world was vile.

"I too will go back to the beautiful garden," she said; "I do not want life any longer."

So she journeyed back to the gates of the garden of flowers, and knocking, weary and faint, begged for admittance.

But she might not enter: she had found life, and it had left her sullied.

She was not without blemish, as those within; for, having sinned, the gates of the garden of flowers were closed against her for ever. And on the stem of the rose, inside the garden, there was room for no more thorns.



INCIDENTS OF THE MONTH

SOCIAL, DRAMATIC, MUSICAL & GOSSIP.

From among the many good plays running at the time of writing, I have selected the following for my illustrated dramatic notes for this month:—

THE BAUBLE SHOP.—Mr. Charles Wyndham has given us, in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Bauble Shop," one of the best up-to-date plays we have

had for some time—the characters are so life-like and true to nature.

"The Bauble Shop" is not, as may be supposed, the House of Commons—"The Babble Shop" would be a more fitting

title for that—no, it is the toy bazaar and emporium of Mr. Stoach, M.P. The opening of the first act finds Lord Clivebrooke just made

Leader. His father, the Earl of Sarum, is anxious now for him to marry and settle down.

Unfortunately, Lord Clivebrooke seeks refuge from some roughs in this bazaar, managed

by one Matthew Keber, a clever but drunken old humbug. Keber has a pretty

daughter, whose beauty captivates Lord Clivebrooke. Lord Clivebrooke, like many a man we wot of, makes

a fool of himself over a pretty face, and nightly, after his parliamentary duties, pays secret visits to Keber and his daughter. This act is enlivened by a deputation from the Balls Pond Road, who are there to

protest against the establishment of a dancing saloon in their neighbourhood. The author here holds up the faddists to ridicule, and lets us see what this class of gentlemen would do with us, "an they could."

Another amusing scene is that with Gussy Bellenden, daughter of Lady Bellenden, and ultimately wife of the Hon. Charles Teviot. This young sprig of the

aristocracy is very fond of music hall artistes, and horribly shocks her mother and the Earl of Sarum by singing one of the latest songs from the music halls.

The old Earl waxes very wroth and says: "In my day the lower classes aped us, now *we* go to the lower classes for lessons: this is democracy indeed!"

Act II. shows us that Lord Clivebrooke is still infatuated by Jessie Keber, and constantly meets her. Stoach, M.P., Keber's employer, has Lord Clive-



MISS MARY MOORE.
From a Photo. by R. E. Kaddock.



MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
From a Photo. by Falk, of New York.

brooke watched, and eventually discovers him. Lord Clivebrooke purposes introducing "The Public Morals Bill," and the night before his introduction of this bill, he is dis-

covered in the toy shop, being entertained by Jessie. Lord Clivebrooke wishing to protect Jessie and offers terms to Mr. Stoach, but the only answer this puritanical Radical vouchsafes is the one stolidly given, "I'll tell you to-morrow."

Act III. is the leader's room in the House of Commons, and a very fine scene Mr. W. T. Hemsley has given us. Mr. Stoach comes into Lord Clivebrooke's room to tell him his terms, viz.:

1st, He is not to introduce the bill.

2nd, He is to at once resign his seat in the House.

3rd, He is to sign a retiring address to his constituents which Stoach has prepared.

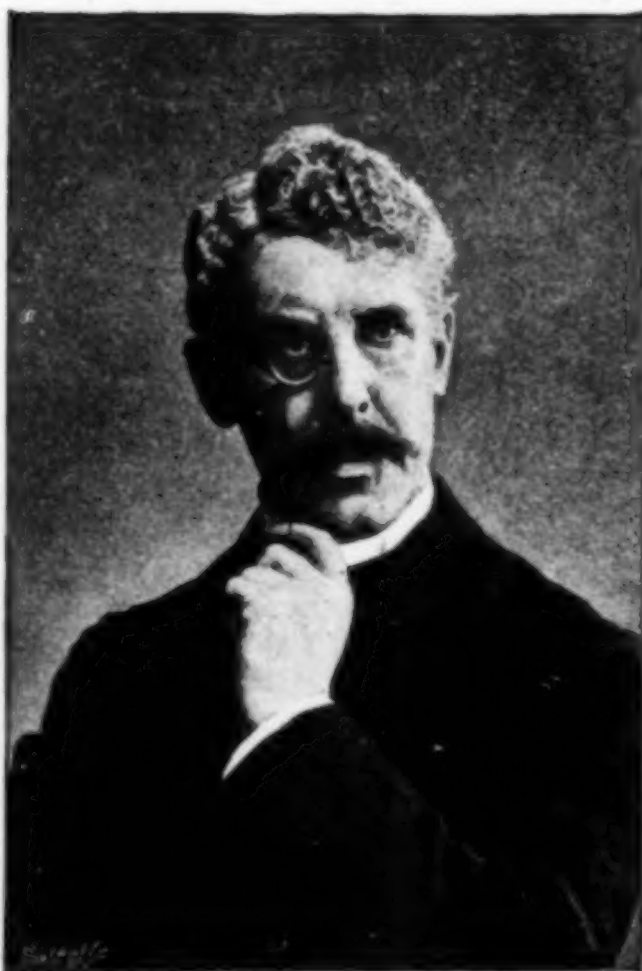
Lord Clivebrooke refuses; Stoach at once goes into the Lobby and spreads his malicious lies around. Lord Clivebrooke introduces the bill and the Government suffer a crushing defeat. The end of the act shows us Lord Sarum in his son's room, consoling him. Lord Clivebrooke sends for Jessie Keber and for Stoach. He then demands that Stoach should withdraw the lying statements he has made about the lady Lord Clivebrooke has asked to be his wife. This turn of

events staggers Stoach for a moment; but he, as is usual with his class, refuses to believe it, and sneeringly asks if "the Earl of Sarum has given his sanction to this pretty fairy tale." The old Earl's anger is too great for words; his aristocratic blood boils at such a puritanical cad talking to him; he bristles up, walks across to his son and Jessie, joins their hands, and with a look that cannot be misunderstood, and an imperious wave of his hand, points to the door. Stoach takes the hint. Slow curtain.

A more beautiful finish to a play has seldom been given before. Mr. Wyndham, as Lord Clivebrooke, and Miss Mary Moore, as Jessie Keber, are, as they always are, artistic, consistent and interesting throughout. Mr. W. H. Day gives us one of his fine character sketches in Matthew Keber and adds another good performance to his already long list of successes. Mr. Frank Worthing, as Ireson, private secretary to Lord Clivebrooke, is lost, the part being

totally unworthy of his talent, for he has absolutely nothing to do. The same remark applies to Mr. Blakeley, as Mr. Bussey, M.P. Mr. S. Valentine, as Stoach, M.P., is excellent. Mr. Somerset, Miss Ellis Jeffreys and Mr. Allan Aynesworth all contribute to the success of the "Baubble Shop."

DIPLOMACY. The revival of this play at the Garrick was chiefly remarkable for the fact that Mr. Hare had gathered together under one roof perhaps the strongest cast he possibly could. He had persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to return to the stage, and Mrs. Bancroft's return was made the feature of a great ovation. To many of my readers "Diplomacy" will come as an entirely new piece, it being some fifteen years since its production. The interest of the play commences when we



MR. BANCROFT.
From a Photo. by Walery.



MRS. BANCROFT.
From a Photo. by Walery.

have the Russian Count, Orloff, who has just returned from prison, and is smarting under the disgrace and gross injustice that has been done him. He, unconscious of what he is doing, blurts out his suspicions of Dora, accuses her of being in the pay of the secret police of Russia, and this before the man who has that very day married

her. The suspicions of all three—Count Orloff, Henry Beauclerc and Julian—gradually get confirmed; the discovery of the missing State papers seems to add conviction to their suspicions, and when Julian finds that the letter betraying the plans and fortifications was written by his wife to Baron Stern, the proof seems absolute. This brings us to the end of the second act. In Act III. Julian and Dora have a most powerful scene, Julian accusing her of her treachery and perfidy leaves her in anger, locking the door behind him; then Dora rushes frantically to the door, beating the panels madly with her hands, and wails more than cries, "I love you! I love you!" realising that a chasm has formed between her, the bride of only a few hours, and her husband; and she falls back in a swoon.

Act IV. is Mr. Hare's opportunity, and he makes the most of it. He, as Henry Beauclerc, has an interview with the Countess Zicka, and worms her secrets out of her, and exposes her villainy; Julian and Dora are reconciled and everything ends happily.

Such a "first night" as this revival of "Diplomacy" has not been seen in London for many years past—indeed, if it ever has been. For, as the evening had begun in excitement and expectation, so it closed in unrestrained and unstinted applause and enthusiasm; and amid loud and repeated cries for Mr. Hare, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Bancroft, Miss Olga Nethersole, Miss Kate Rorke, and, above all, for the lady whose reappearance on the stage the entire theatre were united in welcoming, an al-

most unparalleled and unprecedented scene of congratulation, triumph and wild enthusiasm came to an end. When all were so excellent, it would be invidious to select any one for particular criticism. To my mind, one of the most remarkable features of this great first night was the number of notabilities assembled. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke and Duchess of Fife and Sir Horace Farquhar occupied the Royal box, while in other parts of the house were the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, Lord Chief Justice and Lady Coleridge, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Carrington, Mr. Asquith, Sir Chas.



MR. JOHN HARE.
From a Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON.
From a Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.



LADY MONCKTON.
From a Photo. by the Stereoscopic Co.

and Lady Russell, Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, Mr. Justice Barnes, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir George Arthur, Sir Richard Quain, Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Douglas and Lady Straight, Mr. George Lewis and Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A.—truly a notable gathering.

❖ Puzzledom ❖



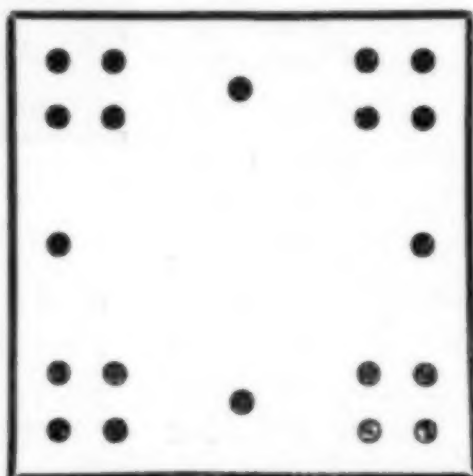
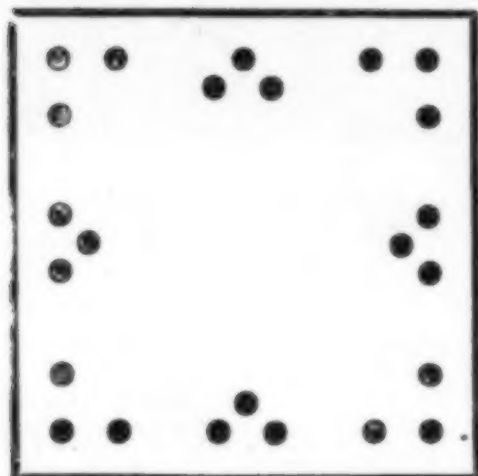
29. Divide the above square into four equal parts, each part to be of the same shape, and each part to contain three dots.
30. Why is a nail fast in the wall like an old man?
31. When do two and two make more than four?
32. Why is a joke like a chicken?
33. What is that which the more it is cut the longer it grows?
34. What am I? I am neither fish, flesh nor fowl, yet I frequently stand on one leg; and if you behead me I stand on two legs; behead me again and I stand on four legs.
35. They say my first is very bright, and what they say is true:
But only in my second can my first be seen by you.
My second would without my first be far from being bright;
My whole is what the busy man welcomes with much delight.



Five Prizes of Three-Volume Novels, cloth bound, will be awarded to the First Five Competitors sending in correct or most correct answers by 20th May. Competitions should be addressed "May Puzzles," THE LUDGATE MONTHLY, 1, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London. Postcards only, please.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

No. 22.



23. 30 pears, 50 apples, 70 oranges.
24. There are over sixty words.
25. Because we must all give it up.
26. The Crane.
27. A Joke.
28. Because for every grain they give a peck.

The following are the names and addresses of the five winners in Puzzledom in our March Number, to whom the Three-Volume Novels have been sent:—E. G. HENDERSON, Fordown House, Waltham Abbey; Miss C. PRIESTMAN, 1, Monk's Road, Lincoln; Rev E. A. PARKINSON, Rowledge Vicarage, Farnham; M. W. FARQUHAR, 29, Canonbury Park, London; Miss E. BRIDGES, North Villa, Lampton, Hounslow.